THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

THE MAGNETIC WEST—By Joseph Hergesheimer

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

At Council Bluffs They First Met the Indians, Under an Awning Formed by the Mainsail. The Ricara Indians Refused Gifts of Whisky

The Shining Mountains

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THE return through Kansas from all the amazing West fell, happily, in the afternoon, the late afternoon and dusk, before night hid the wide spring fields. Nothing, than those expanses, could have been more tenderly green, more tranquil and pastoral. The towns, with their broad central streets, dusty so soon, set with low buildings, wooden façades, occasional faces of brick, swept back into their quietude. Their outskirts held simple scattered dwellings, informal fences and small sheds; and immediately beyond them on every side the open farms spread one from the other to the horizon.

At once bright and tender under a sun slipping into a veil of impalpable blue mist, it seemed to be a land rich beyond exhaustion. The cattle grazing in the deep grass by the clear streams were ponderous and silken; pennants of smoke unfolded from the chimneys of the farmhouses; the evening filled the walled barnyards with its stir of events. Earlier I had seen the closing of a schoolhouse for the day; it was by a road where there was a trace of water and old willow trees. For a second it was before me, complete and vivid and memorable. The teacher, a virginal figure in a brown skirt, locked the door and turned to the road, followed by a group of children with a contented black dog. A girl had on a red hood, there were pinafores, lunch boxes, a skipping rope.

For a moment they were visible, under the willows by a grassy bank, going home to the simplicity of their countryside; and then they, too, together with so much else, were lost.

The remarkable, yes, the stirring thing there was the completeness of its survival into a period when practically all that was natural had vanished. It was enveloped in a glow like a magic that had preserved it from the destructive spite of time, of progress. Merely to see it filled the heart with peace and regret. But it was more than that—it was a picture of the whole Middle West, which had an air of suspension. Spread in the valley of the Mississippi, between the East and the West, all that immense region seemed to be invested with a pause, to be waiting, rich with evening and verdure, for the loud and inescapable summons of change.

Kansas hadn't, of course, always been peaceful; not long ago, hardly more than yesterday, it had been the darkest and bloodiest of grounds; and I recalled how Stephen Douglas, in his bitter sectional animosity, had spilled its blood along Pottawatomie Creek. Not Douglas himself, but in his Kansas-Nebraska Bill. That had repealed the act of the Missouri Compromise, setting a western line between the North and the South, the free-soil and the slaveholding lands, and gave the inhabitants of Kansas Territory the right of vote upon that issue. This privilege had resulted in war, with the Southern faction led by Senator Atchison, of Missouri, and the Northern, supported by the New England Emigrant Aid Company, with Eli Thayer at its head.

Two opposing legislatures were formed; the free-state men of Lawrence, repudiating Governor Reeder and President Pierce, held a convention at Topeka under Doctor Robinson, and framed a free constitution for Kansas. Reeder, soon giving place to

Governor Shannon, illegally established election precincts in unseceded Indian lands; and in 1855, with three thousand qualified voters in Kansas, six thousand ballots were cast. Bands of men had ridden over from Missouri to carry the election. The Wakarusa War followed, and a sheriff of Douglas County, in an attempted arrest, met the Sharpe rifles of New England. A Missouri rabble sacked and burned in Lawrence; a free-state mob attacked Lecompton; five slavers were shot in their settlement on the Creek. And then, at Wyandotte, the fourth constitution drafted carried Kansas into the Union.

All this, far from belonging to the remote past, happened within memory. Kansas became a state in 1861. And yet, recent in time, it was a part of the earliest American tradition. A few years before, Kansas was beyond the frontier, unthought of as a territory of the United States; but in less than a decade the vitality, the spirit of the men who settled there wrought it forever into their land and ultimate conception of justice. That, the spirit, was the important phase; never the politics.

And watching the quiet flat towns, the meadows bound with narrow water, fading into evening, I wondered what had become of the restless strength which had made possible their serenity.

The bitterness of factional warfare had sunk to a silence broken only by a distant lowing of cattle; the lurid volumes of incendiary smoke had thinned to those plumes from domestic chimneys; John Brown would never march again. The plowing of soil had replaced the plowing under of bodies. It was, certainly, greatly improved, tranquilized; everywhere grazing took the place of the wilderness; orderly towns stood where frontier settlements had rudely faced so many possibilities of death. Yet a question, almost a doubt, came to a troubled birth: Was it better to live in a state from which slavery had been banished, to live in harmony; or to have fought for that consummation? Did the spirit that made freedom possible survive the security which was the reward of its valor?

A Great Man's Empire

THE hinted reply of the luxurious train hurrying into the East was not reassuring. The faces bending over the complicated silver and linen in the dining car were not those to which I should turn for any free-soil crusade; the men around me—and none more than I—would have been useless to Kearny or Zebulon Pike or Frémont in Antelope Park; that Alonzo de Pineda, who found the Mississippi River, calling it the Rio del Espiritu Santo, would have soon flung us into the fever brakes of its marshes; we could not have held a place in the canoe Manuel Lisa forced through the snow water of high rivers. No, that bravery was finished; by it the plains and mountains and rivers had been conquered, made safe and easy of traverse. The Santa Fé Trail that I knew, over which I was then smoothly passing, was no longer scarred by the empty bones of the fallen, but by steel rails; and I couldn't tell whether I was the loser by this or whether I had gained.

It was impossible to say, on that plane, whether the country was better or worse. If it had been deprived of its spirit, the rest, the mechanical substitutes, were less than nothing. Either that had occurred and, scarcely begun, we were already reaching the end; or what I thought of as spirit was changed with the changing years. Outside, Kansas, dark but no longer bloody, disappeared in a hush filled with the pause both of day and of fate.

The truth was that the whole magnificent panorama of the West, which I had just seen, had impressed me as the gorgeous setting for a drama, both romantic and fine, that was very nearly over. The scenes were infinitely too spacious for the people now occupying them; it was exactly as though a setting of incomparable beauty, emptied of its appropriate actors, were being examined by mobs no more than curious. The throngs, clamorous and blinded by their own dust, were literally overrunning every heroic or merely picturesque foot of land. Chicago, that had been a fort by the portage to westering waters, had become a stupendous obliterating pile of steel and concrete; and I went up from there to St. Paul with a swiftness that marked, forgot, a whole history. St. Paul, inseparable from the memory, the empire of James Hill—the grinding of flour mills substituted for its slain forests—was repressed, blanketed in respectability and snow. It was unemotional, indifferent to Minneapolis, an indifference which Minneapolis met with displayed tables of facts.

Back I swung to St. Louis, as placid, except for the mills east of the river, as Philadelphia; a city which, inconsiderable in size, had held the heart of the frontier. It was large now, reaching from the Mississippi through the gates of places and shaded streets to its university and golf clubs. Its leafy ways and hospitality were charming; but the vivid days of the Planters Hotel were gone. The Missouri of the Compromise presented untroubled its fields with the stacked hay from which cattle fed; and the energy, the generated power of Kansas City, was audible like the speed of dynamos. Kansas City was vital, but it was the vitality of machinery, of banking, of steam, and of the wholesale combinations of men and slaughtered animals and wheat.

Oklahoma, the bare land given the Osage nation in return for its home on the Missouri, revealing itself with a supreme irony of circumstance, fabulously rich with oil, had shifted from rodeos to the stark rigs of wells, a country of pipe lines and monopolistic control. And in Denver, the Rocky Mountains, the Shining Mountains, seen for the first time, retreated into a rosy haze like the solitude of memory.

They, too, no longer the legendary Shining Mountains, the supreme reward of a toiling courage, had lost their significance with men. Crowned with the silver of their snows they no more dominated the dreams of the prosaic East. Once a promise, a symbol, they had become a mere fact. Lying beyond Denver, the rose fading to a cold shimmer under the advancing blue tide of night, they had a look of vanishing utterly. Yet at Salt Lake City they pressed forward again, a barrier holding within the great paved squares the grimness of a secret.

The temple of Mormon was grim, but the surface barrenness of Butte was incredible, as though the copper in its mountains had killed the soil of all other fertility. That bareness, however, I lost at once in what had been the Oregon; it was now Washington, a state; Oregon lay southwest; and Spokane was no more than an incident in the flight of Douglas fir, rocky peaks and cascades and walled valleys. Spokane was followed by Seattle, built above the thrusts of the sea, its many harbors burnished by the late sun. The ruggedness founded on the great trunks of trees had given place to the smooth dimensions of fashioned boards.

Portland was still more repressed, filled mainly, while I was there, with the strains of opera, the muted violins of old attenuated tragedies. On top of the building of the Portland Oregonian I listened to Edith Mason singing into the radio, so that people need no longer make even the effort to be present. Portland I left, and, borne swiftly south through desolate rock to the Sacramento Valley, I reached a San Francisco risen from fire. If incidentally it had been purified it was not within the scope of my knowledge; but certainly the brutality of its catastrophe had taken away its first rude vigorous tang. The clipped turf of the golf clubs absorbed its energy; in the restaurants by the sea the stamped boots of masculine reels had given way to measures, dances, like a perverse whispering in the secrecy of palms.

An Era of Change

THE passage along the coast, the Camino Real of Jean de Anza, that later sounded to the lonely hoof beats of the mules of prospectors, was laid in paved ways and gardens; streams of automobiles wound over the hills and above the sea; the Yosemite was preparing its camps for the dancing of its myriad summer visitors; and Los Angeles was clearly the climatic paradise for the Mississippi Valley. There, as well, the viscid rigs of oil wells clustered on the hills; orange groves alternated with the black pools of petroleum. The fixed and conscious perfection of faces cast on the moving-picture screens of the world went by in elaborate and special motors.

That, too, I deserted for the appalling downward space of the Grand Cañon and the high keen mesas of New Mexico. At Albuquerque, Indians, obscenely fat, were selling toy bows and arrows at the station; and an architecture which had once been characteristic of a great race was nothing more than the property, the mark, of a railroad. From there I went to all that was left of the adobe, the traditions of Santa Fé. The other end of that trail I had touched at Kansas City; once reaching from a city now electric with energy to one somnolent about its plaza, all that was left was its trace mapped on a stone.

So much, then, I had seen, experienced; and with all its variety it assumed a concrete, almost a single appearance—the stage for that American spirit, that special individual heroism, which seemed to me to be so rapidly dwindling. It was going because the conditions which gave it birth, nourished and rewarded it were no more. It had made a nation, and, that accomplished, a different, a more cautious genius was necessary. That might or might not be in the process of formation; which, it was difficult to determine. What tragically, perhaps unavoidably, was occurring was a general forgetfulness that the other had so magnificently taken place. This, if it were entirely to happen, would in itself be fatal to all the rest, to the future. But against that were the mountains which were monuments, the valleys where America had camped; they could be preserved in the affections, in memory and

In the Service of the Railroads Captain Gunnison

in fact. The conquest of insuperable difficulties had bred ease; and ease, unalloyed, was destructive; but, fortunately, the ease was only relative, confined; and here was a region which merely to see was a refreshment and a stay.

What more than any other quality distinguished America both in its discovery and founding was an indomitable spendthrift and adventurous courage. The United States, through all the period of its birth, was not an asylum, in the sense of an easy escape from oppression, but a challenge. Again and again I recalled how America was regarded as a Promised Land, a place of perfection without effort; it was still thought of as the Golden Chersonese, the Cipango, of the ancients—a country of precious metals and peacock feathers and emeralds. In addition to this there were many who felt that it owed its being to a principle of religious toleration, forgetting that the Puritans were in search of a spiritual monopoly of their own rather than a freedom for others.

Far back of the Pilgrims great Portuguese and Spanish traditions had carried navigators in Toledo steel to the middle and southern coast of the Americas, sailors who were soldiers always, splendid in their reckless strength. Like the French, when settlement became a fact, when there was a need for organization, they vanished. The age was through with them; their ships, lonely in pairs, the Seville Fleet sailing by the Canary Islands, the single pirates that were their last trace, gave way to the beginnings of a different but not new civilization; yet the heritage of their courage, their sheer accomplishment in the flesh, was upheld and continued.

Early Voyagers

FERNAM TELLEZ had already been granted what islands he might find save in the sea of Guinea when the son of an Italian wool weaver, saturated with the General History and Geography of Æneas Sylvius and the Imago Mundi, was annotating Marco Polo and voyaging in heroic dreams. Whatever lay in the minds of their patrons, nothing ulterior contaminated the fortitude of Gaspar Cortereal, reaching, in his beautiful phrase, a land that was very cool and with great woods; of Magellan on that far search for the Spice Islands, with his crew of Basques and Flemings, Neapolitans and Corfiotes and Malays; Ayllón dead of fever; Pánfilo de Narvaez lost off Matagorda Island in the shell of a boat; and De Soto, wasted with privation, left to the Mississippi. With nothing but imaginary maps, like those of Fra Mauro and Graciosus Benincasa, they found what they thought was Antilia and its seven fabulous cities. Cabeza de Vaca penetrated through Texas, along the Rio Grande, to the Pacific; De Soto had seen Georgia and, following the Savannah River to the Blue Mountains, Arkansas beyond; Friar Marcos, with a negro, gained the adobe villages of New Mexico; Coronado passed into the pueblos of Arizona, over the Colorado; and Pedro de Tovar led that march into Tusayan when De Cárdenas discovered the Grand Cañon. Here, irrespective of Spain or Portugal or France, was the nativity of America; this was America. It was made out of the elements of measureless courage and appalling hardship, of bitter individual perseverance. The conditions of its conquest demanded so much; and with that necessity gone the virtues it bred showed signs, as well, of having departed. Certainly they were not evident in the ease of the California Limited train, obliterating the distance between Lamy and Chicago.

A Border Hunter From the Newer Missouri

The Spaniards gave way to the French, the subtropics were lost sight of for the fur traders of the Tadousac. Chauvin and Pierre de Guast sent out Champlain; and Biencourt, with that special French affinity, became no more than an Indian. D'Aulany, Saint-Castin and Marpain left the court for the canoe; and La Salle, at last murdered and stripped on the great river that had taken De Soto, paddled to Louisiana. Men of supreme endurance! Those, again, were not European, they were American; the magic of the forests and rivers, of the land, which, little by little, they knew, called them to it forever. Jean Nicolet went into Wisconsin; Pierre Charles Le Sueur raked the Mississippi for copper and lead; La Harpe traded in the Red and Arkansas rivers; Laurain was familiar with the Osages of Missouri; the Mallets reached Santa Fé and Chaussegros de Lery surveyed the Ohio.

With them, it was true, the church went step for step, the gray habit of the Recollects and the black robes of the Jesuits. But it was a new priesthood that Father Marquette owned, going, by St. Lusson on the Great Lakes, on to the Mississippi. Steadily the French advanced; over Lake Erie west to Presq'isle and the Allegheny; through Lake Michigan by Green Bay and the Fox River, crossing the portage at Wisconsin bog to the water beyond; Verendrye, dreaming of the western sea, strung his posts from Rainy Lake to the upper Saskatchewan, bringing about the discovery of the Big Horn Range from the fort at La Reine.

They reached from New Mexico to the English Carolina, along the Mississippi and Missouri, the Ohio and the Wabash; from the sea to the Illinois they voyaged and explored and traded in peltries; they became absorbed in the Indians, in the Hurons and the Abnaki, married them and painted their bodies, counted as notable their strings of scalps; and then, instinctively recognizing the menace of the civilization that was to supplant them, they warred with the English farming interest. Already the greatest fur-bearing animals were retreating north and west to the interior; already Nicholas Denys had begun lumbering; the French vanished as though, man by man, they were failing to return from the wilderness, the forests, it was their passion to cherish.

That spirit had no hope of survival before the pressure of colonization; it was in its essence incapable of colonies; its part and accomplishment were over. The French in America had caught up the earlier splendor and handed its bravery to those who followed. They in turn, consolidating, growing, held a trust which in its development brought them the shape of freedom. Yet so vigorous was their independence that in a decade they were moving west, away from the land they had won.

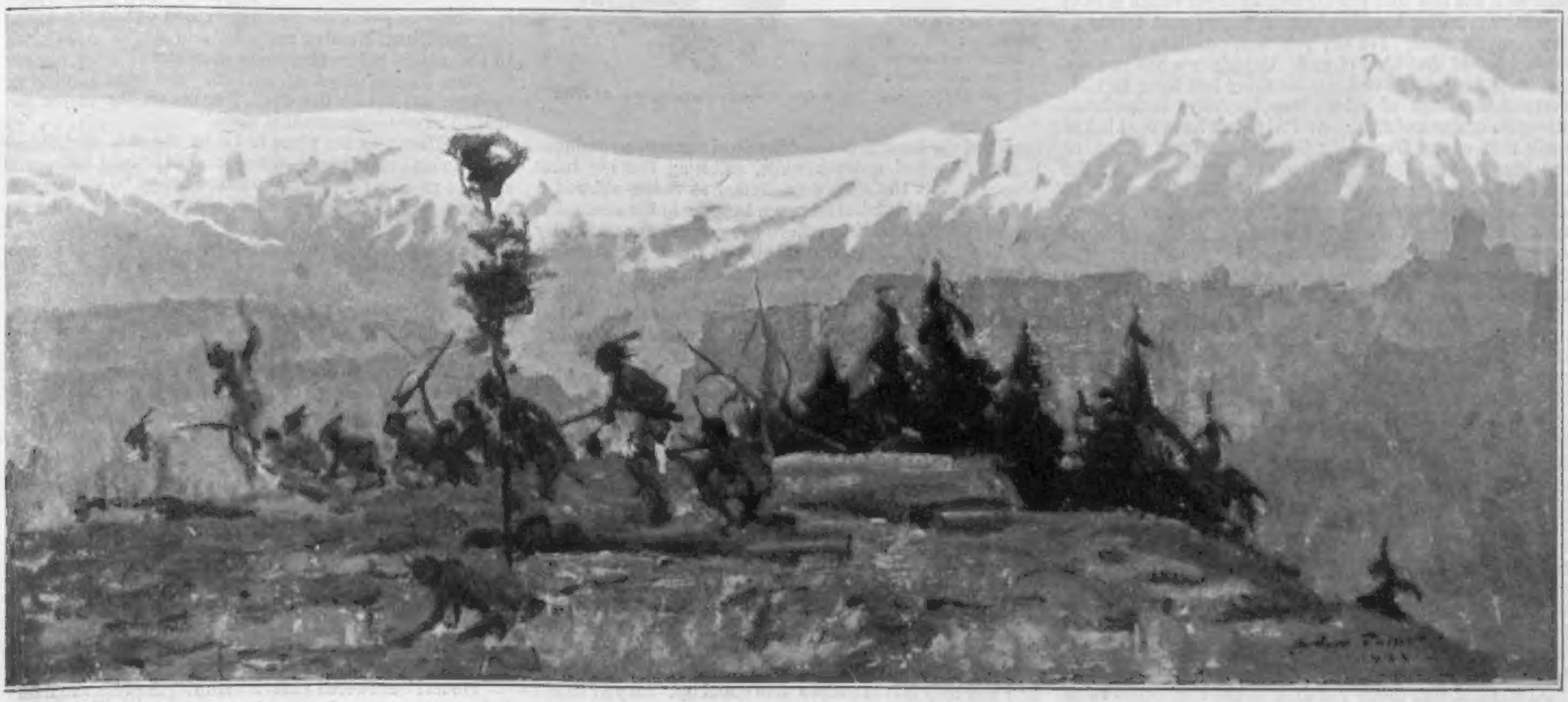
Three Dominant Personalities

THEY moved westward at the constant promise of a new and more adventurous—but never easier—country, toward the Shining Mountains; they fell away from cities, from hardening forms of life and habit and government. With scarcely a thought they broke the ties of safety and association; and in company or alone, with horses and oxen or only a dragged hand-cart, they went forward over trails which they left behind rather than found. It was the West, and not Eastern traditions, that wrought the fiber of the American nation.

In the time immediately following, such accomplishment was American not only intrinsically but in fact; and three men became forces in the Government, who represented, more than the established order, the fluid but strong settlements on the border: Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. Jackson riding eight hundred miles to the Congress in Philadelphia, took the floor with his hair hanging about his cheeks and tied at the back with an eelskin. But first it was Thomas Jefferson who embodied the republican spirit. The exploration of Lewis and Clark, so remarkably coinciding with the acquisition of the Louisiana Purchase, he projected and put into being. In its details it was, inescapably, political, and the characteristic defiance of law and justice was amazing in the magnitude of a sheer attending luck.

There was even, on Jefferson's part, no intention of assuming so much; only the question of the navigation of the lower Mississippi was initially involved; but his agents in France, confronted by the necessity of an immediate decision, undertook the greater responsibility. The United States bought from Napoleon, who was without the right to sell, a great region, the boundaries of which were unfixed. It included eight hundred and eighty-three thousand and seventy-two square miles, from which were made Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Indian Territory, together with most of Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Wyoming, Montana, Minnesota and Colorado.

(Continued on Page 94)



Had Died Under the Arrows of the Indians

SKULL CRACKER

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

AL HOLLY got fired. They tried to can him; you know—like they do to a mutt; but it didn't work. There's a world of difference. When you get canned they tie it to you and give you the boot; so that when you land on your ear in the middle of the road the racket in back of you keeps you stepping. You never stop to argue about it when you get properly canned. If you only get fired, however, that's soft. Most times when they let you out that way you do the thing that the hunkies epitomize so perfectly out of their twenty-nine-word vocabulary. You "go up traak, talk you'self." You shuffle resentfully on your way, and with frequent pauses and frequent ominous mutterings down into your pay envelope, you vow a revenge of some sort.

If you're one of the Chinese help you'll start trouble, tell your buddies all about it over the bar that night, get 'em with you, cause a strike. If you're a gang boss you'll get a job over the way on the strength of the promise that you can bring thirty good pick swingers out with you in the morning, and then you'll steal your guineas off them and leave them flat. If you're a young technical man, a recent senior at Valley Tech, but now a verdant freshman just finishing up your first year in the University of Hard Knox, you'll show 'em. You'll land some kind of job at Ironville, down in Pennsylvania, and, in the capacity of general super there, show up this Lakeside crowd on costs and tonnage in about five years in a way to make them sicken at the mere thought of you.

So you'll talk to yourself, going up the track—provided you only get fired. But if you get properly canned—oh, boy!

Old S. B. Carnahan, Satan for short, general superintendent at Lakeside Steel, stood back for no man when it came to the gentle diversion of canning. When he put the boots to you you didn't slouch up the track talking to yourself. You went away from there speedo and pronto; and you kept right on going till the rope frayed through. And that's the kind of job that he planned to put over on Al. Only Al was a pup that had had the can tied to him before. First thing Al did after he gathered himself together in the middle of the road was to turn around and gnaw through the cord. Then he shook off the dust, while a light came into his eyes—something of the disconcerting fire that a man might see flaming in gentle brown eyes who made the error of picking out for his can-tying proclivities the low-set-on tail of a full-blooded English bulldog.

Old Satan didn't get away with his canning so well with Al Holly. But the fact remains that Al wasn't asked to resign. He wasn't even respectably fired. They tried to can him, you know—like they do to a mutt.

You won't believe it of course; not after being knocked stiff with the line that the big fellows shoot in the helpful magazines, telling how the earnest young man forges to the front in steel. No sir, you won't believe it, being stuffed full of that kind of guff. Especially when you are told that Al Holly gave Lakeside every last thing he had; every last ounce of effort, pep, loyalty, enthusiasm, strength, brains and fight. And Al didn't have the kind of body that comes from snipping ribbons for a living, or the kind of head from which you cut sauerkraut, or the kind of soul that misses the greatest of all life's raptures, a stand-up-and-knock-down fight. Just the same, old Satan tried to give him the can; gave Al's case his individual attention, serving personally as the firing squad, sent word to Al's house and rooted Al out of bed to report at the conference room at eleven.

The usual conference gang was on hand when Al showed up. McIntosh, from the open hearth, chewing his everlasting cigar butt; Henry, of the transportation department, the grandest bluff slinger of history, holding down by mere bravado the toughest job in a steel plant, which means the toughest job in the world; Odel, from the blast furnaces, a cloud of stogy smoke hovering above him like the ore-dust cloud from the kick of one of his big stacks; little Degrasse, hawk-nosed and strident-voiced, most unprepossessing of men, yet with the electrical department under him running as smooth as an oil-bathed bearing; big Chancery, from the roll shop, the champion goat-getter of North America, hiding a keen sense of fun so deep beneath a surly exterior that only a few men ever discovered it chuckling there—all the heavyweights were present when Al Holly ascended the guillotine steps. Old Satan was going to see that when Al sneezed into the sack it would put the fear of God into the hearts of the lot of them.

Al stopped just inside the door of the conference room and waited. The weekly palaver concerning the state of health of the innards of Lakeside Steel came to an ominous hush. Al stood quiet a while, awaiting the big boss' pleasure; but the silence continued as Satan allowed a little space of theatrical suspense to usher in the obsequies. In the pause Al tried to relieve the general discomfort by nodding cheerfully to one or two of those present with whom he was most closely associated out on the plant. And then suddenly, in the strained acknowledgments that answered his greetings, he saw it all clearly: the end of this grueling first year of work in the world; the end of twelve months of loyal and steady trying. With strange doubts in his heart as to whether he would ever be able to give another firm a year as leal as the one just about to end so bitterly, but with no doubt at all as to his ability to laugh at the coming bump when he got it, his embarrassment left him, and his usual coolness under fire manifested itself.

As Nick Yaneff's Groping Fingers Came in Contact With the Little Black Handle a Hideous Cry Went Screaming Out of Him

He bowed to Satan.

"*Morituri salutamus*, or words to that effect," said Al, "and I'll bet you've had Wightman lined up for my job for a month." And Al skated a chair over to the head of the table beside the chief, and very deliberately sat down.

"Stand up!" barked S. B., who got like that sometimes. "Who invited you to sit in on this conference? Climb out of that chair!"

"Ha, ha!" said Al to himself; and then suddenly realized how easy it is to make a man stand up. All you've got to do is to make a pass at him. After that, if he's any kind of man, the job cut out for you is to make him sit down again. Besides, Al decided, he'd rather take it standing. So he got up.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, Mr. Carnahan?" he inquired considerately.

"You can tell us," snarled S. B., glowering wrath, "just how much you cost the company last week."

"Let's see," mused Al, calculating. "July first to seventh, inclusive, counting the Fourth, which I worked, and one Sunday double; eight days, ninety-six hours, count 'em. Eight thirty-firsts of a hundred and fifty; forty dollars, roughly, and cheap at half the price. And please don't glare at me like that, Mr. Carnahan. I was raised a pet."

"Forty dollars, eh?" sneered Mr. Carnahan. "Forty hundred dollars would come a lot closer; and at four thousand a week we'd find you an expensive luxury, Mr. Holly, even at half the price. Seven pots skulled solid and the wind off of two blast furnaces for almost an hour. Last Sunday night, after the Bessemer started up you ordered seven ladles of blast-furnace iron in on the mixer spur, didn't you?"

"I did that thing," stated Al, "and I still think I made a pretty good play. The mixer was full and I knew that the pots would skull up a bit before we could pour them, but I went down to see Jumbo Dan first and found that he had his ladles in pretty fair shape, and as B Furnace was making some fine low-phosphorous pig I grabbed an extra armful before the open-hearth crowd got their talons onto it. I figured that Lakeside Steel would make more than enough extra profit blowing that low-phos pig to pay for breaking a few light lip skulls out of those ladles."

"Very laudable," admitted S. B. with a curl of his lip. "Very commendable.

"I've been thinking of offering a 10 per cent raise to any man in the organization who manages to put anything over on the open hearth to his own advantage—with a 10 per cent reduction for every time such a try turns out wrong."

All eyes turned for a minute toward the chair on which sat, in innocent relaxation, gazing vacantly out of a window, old foxy open-hearth grandpa, pulling reflectively on a cigar stump so short that it strengthened belief in the legend that Tom McIntosh, out of a long experience with refractories, had developed an asbestos mustache.

"And I'll start right in now," roared the chief inquisitor, bringing all attention back to the culprit at the bar, "by reducing your wages ten times 10 per cent. Do you know that those seven pots stood out in the mixer spur until ten, Monday morning, and skulled solid clear to the middle before they were discovered?"

"Sure I heard about it," said Al, "and what I'm trying to dope out is why the devil I'm up on the carpet for that. I'm on night turn this week."

Ha! Here was the place to tie on the can. Old Satan filled up his lungs in preparation, and as he held his breath so as to reach an exploding pressure before he let loose he shook a short forefinger, in lieu of a pitchfork, under Al Holly's nose.

"In this little steel works, Holly—and all the rest of you here sit up and take notice—we've got no room for the buck passer. I've heard that song and dance about the other turn for forty years now, and it doesn't go down with Carnahan no more. Three goats there are in every steel plant—the drafting room, the transportation department and the other turn—but when you fall down in Lakeside Steel don't dust off your clothes and blame your tumble on one of these three. I know all them worn-out gags. God knows the drafting room and the railroad have sins enough to answer for in this dump"—and S. B. shot a wicked slant at the chief engineer and the superintendent of transportation—"but when they deserve to get hell I'll work the bellows. That's the only fun I get out of my job, and I'll have no one butting in on it. But don't any of you Johnnies try to dump the load of your shortcomings off onto other shoulders or you'll find me riding the back that you've just unloaded. Holly," he bellowed, turning upon the young fellow who stood quietly, smiling a frank disdain for all this oratory, "what's your understanding in regards to hours on that job of yours?"

"Hours?" answered Holly. "Huh!" And his shoulders jerked forward as he expelled a grunt of amusement.

"I'm not working at the state capitol. I've got a job on a steel plant, and believe me, I know it. I stay on as long as I'm needed."

"Well then," Satan leaped to his point, "what do you paddle off of the job for at five in the morning? When you're on night turn you labor foremen at the Bessemer are supposed to look after the blast-furnace metal, aren't you? And you're supposed to stay on until you can make a report to Baker when he comes out in the morning, aren't you? And you beat it early last Monday, didn't you? And never made a report, did you? And seven ladles freeze up out on the mixer spur, don't they? And we shut the wind off of two blast furnaces for the best part of an hour, don't we; because, by all that's disgraceful, we're short of hot pots to tap into! And we become the laughing stock of the steel world because of that miserable fall down, ain't that a fact? And all because one of our men either has to toddle home early because he can't stand the gaff of a twenty-four-hour turn or else thinks that something else in a steel man's life is more important than steel!

"Get this, all of you here: Any time you feel that you can't do a thirty-six-hour trick or a forty-eight-hour trick if the company needs it, or that there are other things in your life more important than steel, you'd better be getting in your application for a rocking-chair in some old ladies' home, and writing out your resignation papers at the same time!"

S. B. threw a running hitch into the cord that had the can fast to the other end. He turned his lord-high-executioner glare upon Holly, and appropriately asked, "Have you got anything to say for yourself?"

Holly's face was crimson, not with shame at insinuations against his capacity to absorb steelworks punishment, but with effort to restrain an anger that almost forced him to try just one healthy swing on the old boy as he sat there enjoying his windy tirade. Holly's fists were so tight that the knuckles were bloodless.

But all that he said was "Where's Baker?" In the moment of silence that followed his question he repeated "Where's Baker? Where's the chief metallurgist? He always comes to this conference, doesn't he? How does it come he's not here this morning?"

"What has that got to do with the price of ducks?" snapped Satan impatiently.

Holly whirled on him.

"You know damn well what that's got to do with the price of ducks!" he spat out. "Hundred-to-one shot you ordered Baker to stay away this morning. You know that with Baker not here to defend himself the conference gang would think me a short skate to ask why he didn't have guts enough to look over his job first thing when he came out in the morning and didn't find me there to report. He knows me well enough by this time to know that only some most unusual thing would take me away before he came out; something even more important than steel; friendship, for instance; whether your opinion as to that is only high-sounding bluff or whether you're actually idiot enough to be sincere in it. But poor sport or not, I'm telling you now that any man who glues the seat of his pants to his desk chair for the first two hours of his day without taking a look at his job, when his night man fails to make him a report, and then stays away from this particular conference, whether under orders or not, is a short skate.

"I'm on my way, Mr. Carnahan; but not with any can tied to me. I'm telling every man here as I go to look for Wightman on my job tonight; and I'm telling them, too, to look out for Wightman's smoke. I figure that someone has got to appease the gods for this hot-pot mess, and that Baker has got a bit deeper draft than I have; and as it's about time for Wightman to stop spying around and get to work on his climb up the ladder, out goes Al Holly; but not with a can tied to him; not by a long sight!"

Al swept his eyes round the table. Satan took a swift angry breath; but Al beat him to it.

"When you folks see Wightman steaming up the track with Upson the general manager shoving behind, you'd better get in to clear on a siding or you'll get run over. And that applies to you, Mr. Carnahan. Just feel at your head right now and see if it doesn't wabble a little bit on your neck. Menfolks, good day!"

And before the canner could reknot the rope that Al had chewed through, the cannee had quietly closed the door on himself and headed toward the cashier's office.

So you see Al Holly, at the end of a year of giving his honest best, got fired; pretty nearly got canned—like a mutt.

Steel men know that it's a grim world in which they are competing for bread and cakes, and that steel is a congruous part of that world; a world which is a queer combination of squareness and aliminess, fairness and muck; a world that is, after all, taken fore and aft, a good place to put up a fight in. But they would like to see the facts in print; just once. They would like the outside to know that steel will squeeze you dry as a dog biscuit in quicker time than any other business will do it; that steel has a habit of sucking the last drop of juice out of you and leaving you shriveled up like a dried apple skin at the end of the best ten years of your life; after which the garbage wagon will overtake you and gather you in.

Who ever heard of old-age pensions in steel? They don't last that long in steel. Also it is worthy of note that in a direct line of descent from Cain the ruthless there came, in a few generations, out of the loins of Lamech the killer, Tubal-Cain, first worker in iron.

It's a merciless game, this steel, as even the writer of Genesis knew, and in many plants no holds are barred; but if work is the earnest young man's dish let him earnestly hop right to it.

The surge of stupendous forces: mechanical forces, chemical forces, physical, mental, even spiritual forces, the latter the greatest force of them all, although now in only its very first growth; the fearful chaos and man-breaking labors when these stupendous forces get out of hand; the glorious symphony of unbelievable power for the advancement of man that roars its terrific music when they blend into harmony; this is the romance of steel. And the opportunity of steel is the chance to become a part of this gigantic thing; to plunge into its soot and grease and fire and dirt and filth and endless toil and merciless drive, and take your chances at fairness or injustice, recognition or disregard, advancement or canning, the same as you would in any other business; but with this difference—that in steel you are mixed up in the biggest, two-fistedest fight that man has yet put on since Cain and Abel staged the first bout in the pitiless, age-old free-for-all for the survival of the fittest.

Jumbo Dan ran the hot-pot house; and the hot-pot house was no place for Prince Charming. Jumbo Dan was a bohunk: a thick-necked, thick-headed, broad-faced, broad-shouldered bohunk; nothing more to most folks. But to those who came in contact with him in his daily whirl with the hot pots of Lakeside Steel, Jumbo Dan was a man and then some. Jumbo Dan had a wild mustache that sprang off, not from his lips, but that traveled clean across his face and went out from the sides of his cheeks in a bristling brush, unpointed, that reached halfway to his mighty deltoids. Dan wore, day and night, week in and week out, through winter and summer, a yellow sou'wester; a headpiece for the most part affected only by sailors and shaft men, gentlemen of crafts that have never attracted the world's gentle Annies. And yet it can be truly said that no follower of the waters over the earth or seeker for treasures under it ever presented beneath a sou'wester's brim a mug more suited to this particular he style of headgear than that of Jumbo Dan's. Dan's face was pitted and fierce, pockscarred with the heritage of a land so little advanced from the Middle Ages that his countrymen consider an epidemic the just scourge of an angry God and practice no sanitation to stop it. Dan's face was savage and wild, but that brigand mustache of his hid as kindly a mouth as a woman would want to touch with her own, and as fine a smile as ever belied the ferocity of a Turk hater's features. Great shaggy brows, beetling out over his pale gray mountaineer eyes, succeeded in concealing from all but his friends the softness that stole into them so easily and so often, back there under the shield of their frowning and villainous penthouse.

Al Holly was one of the friends to whom Dan's whimsical smile and kind eyes were no hidden things; for between Al and Dan there had sprung up a comradeship based on the peculiar brotherhood that exists between big men. Passing each other for the first time one day, each had sized up the breadth and heft and thickness of the other in that appraisal of strength between wide-backed men which knows no limitations of country or breed. Their eyes met at last as men's eyes do at the close of a mutual scrutiny as to physical worth, and Dan's whole left side shrugged up, his arm stiffly lifted with it, and his yellow sou'wester tilted out over the hunched shoulder in a characteristic Slav gesture of greeting.

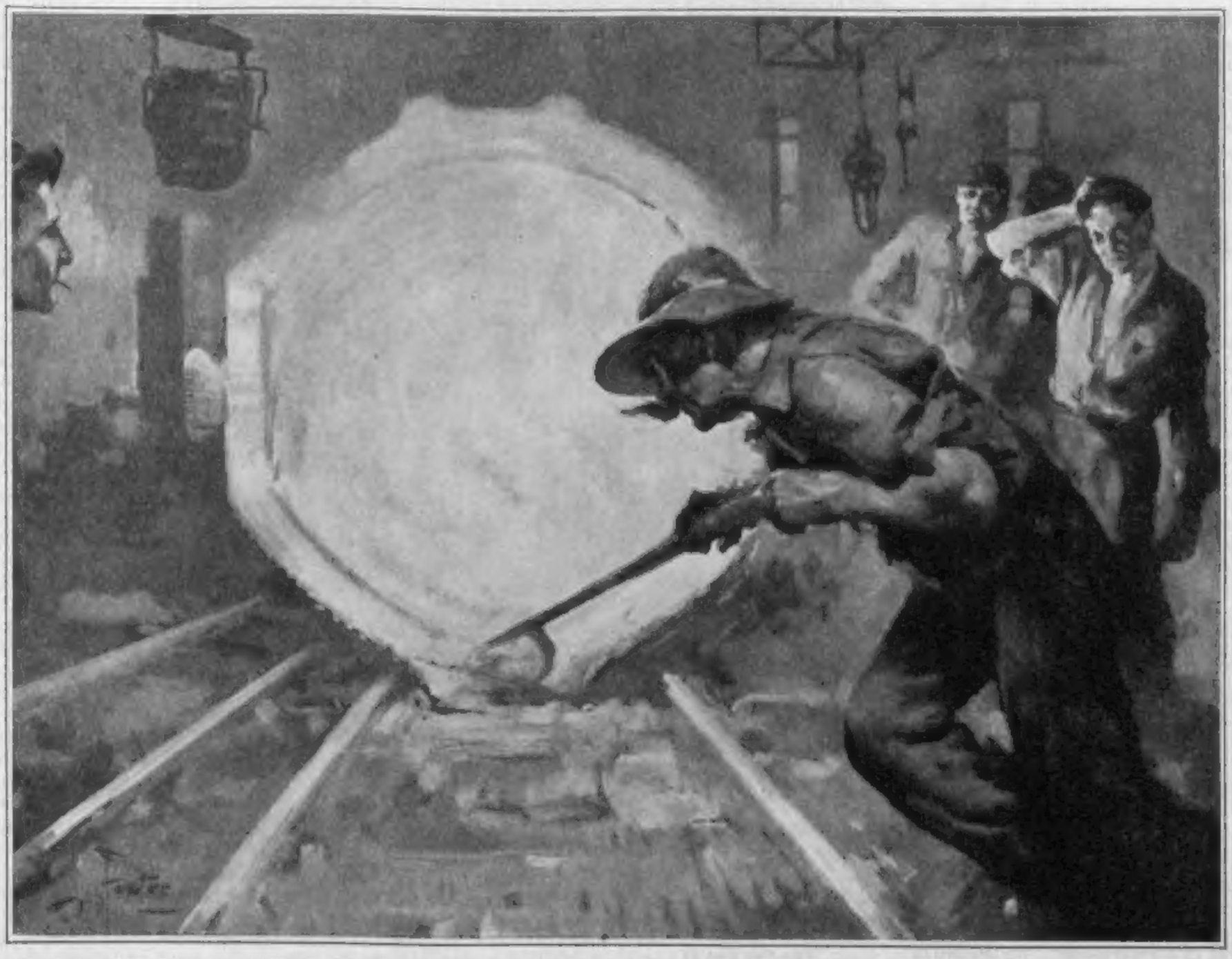
"Allo, John," said Dan. "You new man Lakeside, no? I no see before. Which place *dela?*"

"Allo, Jumbo," Al returned, and stepped over a couple switches and frogs toward the comradely big man. "I work for Bessemer. Last week start. Me greener." And Al caught the immediate gleam of humor that played beneath the lowering brows at his application of the term of a newly landed bohunk to himself.

"You old man, Lakeside, Jumbo, huh?" Al inquired.

Dan nodded his head.

"Five year dis place *dela*," he stated, and then introduced himself. "No got nem Jumbo," he explained. "Got nem Dan."



He Jammed the Pinch End of It Between the Scrap Lip and the Ladle Lining, and Flung His Huge Body Against the Far End of the Bar

"No got name John," returned Al, grinning at this primitive method of exchanging cards. "My name Al," and he pumped at a giant arm. "Me, Al. You, Jumbo Dan."

Dan's eyes showed puzzlement at the persistence of this man in assuming to know his family name.

"Tancovic Dan," he corrected.

Whereupon Holly dug in his pocket and fetched up the ever-present piece of soapstone which together with any convenient wall or steel plate makes up the demonstrating outfit for half the problems that arise in a steel plant, and with it he sketched against a handy gondola side a passable likeness of the tusker that Dan's huge bulk had conjured in his imagination.

Dan Tancovic stood back with head to a side and surveyed the work of art, and a smile of comprehension and pride lifted the ends of his far-flung mustache.

"Ha!" Dan exploded appreciatively. "Me, I plenty versteh dot fellow. You say Jumbo dot fellow, English? 'Aht's aw-right. Me, I like nem Jumbo Dan!"

So at that instant the name attached itself to Mr. Tancovic, much to that gentleman's evident satisfaction; and Jumbo Dan he was from that day forth forever. Also at that same instant there sprang into life another attachment, another one of those grapplings with hoops of steel which have made the world and its steel plants and throne pavilions beautiful since that far day when a warrior prince, watching a scene in the field headquarters of his victorious father, felt his soul knitting fast with the soul of a herdsman, an unarmored slinger, who stood there, thick-chested and bloody and straight before Saul, a hawk-nosed Philistine head still dragging adrip in his battle-clenched fist.

The hot-pot house, where Dan Tancovic held forth, is no summer resort, as we may have hinted before. It begins at one end with the pigger; and, as if that isn't bad enough, it stops with the skull cracker at the other. And if the beginning and the end are bad the in-between is a dog-gone sight worse.

In the old days, before they started to lug big ladles of molten iron all over the plant like so many growlers of beer, there was no use for the pig machine. In the old days all blast-furnace metal was cast in sand, run direct from the tap hole to long troughs, off of which long troughs were little connecting depressions, each of these just of a size to make a chunk of iron as big as a man could conveniently handle—say, a hundred pounds or so. The molten iron ran down the big sand gutters and off on each side into the close-huddled rows of the small molds; hence, in the delicate fancy of the blast-furnace men, the long pieces of iron resulting were sows, and the little, clinging, hundred-pound pieces were pigs; whence pig iron came by its name.

But the day of handling hot metal in ladles arrived, and with it the old casting floor with its thousands of little pigs all nosed up tight in gleaming row after gleaming row against the steaming sows passed on, along with the picturesque wooden-soled, muscle-bound breed of giants in Celtic and African skins that used to break up the pig beds and load the scarcely cooled iron by hand. In place of the pig bed and the big-hearted, big-fisted, hard-drinking, hard-fighting, wage-squandering burlies that served it, there now lives the pigger, a device by which the pigs are formed in an endless procession of little boiler-plate molds that crawl along under the narrow spout of a pouring runner.

An iron ladle, mechanically tipped, drops its sparkling contents into the wide receiving end of the runner, and each mold as it creeps along on its many-wheeled endless chain is exactly filled. Screeching and squealing as though it were dragging sure-enough pigs from the butcher's knife to the scalding tank, the mighty double-tracked chain lugs the molds along on a horizontal stretch of track until the iron has taken a surface freeze. Then it tilts down, and with violent bubbling and hissing and the rise of great clouds of steam it descends into a long trough of water, from which the pigs emerge after a while, solid and comparatively cold, for a climb uphill to the height of a gondola car. At the top of the rise the chain turns under its track, the molds turn upside down, the pigs drop into the car, and the little boiler-plate troughs go wailing on water-washed bearings downhill again, dive under the bottom of the long cooling tank, to bob up presently back at the iron runner, which fills 'em up again. Simple as that.

And yet all is not sweetness and rest for the blast-furnace boss, for every so often a link lets go under the terrific strain of hauling that long train of iron and molds, and before the proper switch can be thrown some giant motor keeps right on a-winding up chain until links and wheels and molds and shafts and bearings and tracks have heaved themselves up and wound themselves about and tangled themselves into such an inextricable mess around framework and tank and columns and freight car and driving gear as would make a coast-resort sea serpent hang his head for pure shame.

So starts the hot-pot house with this devil's contraption at one end.

At the other end stands the skull cracker. High up in a little cage that hangs like a kite's nest against a movable bridge that spans the skull-cracker crane runway, sits Mr. Nick Yaneff, a nimble-handed young man of ancient Tartar-Slav lineage, and plies his numerous levers. A reach of his arm and certain mighty fingers, clothed in gloves of invisibility, take hold of a seven-ton ball of steel. A flip of Nick's hand and a magnet the size of a washtub ascends, and a minute later that terrible drop ball hangs high up between the crane girders, directly over some big slab of scrap that is to be cracked up into usable size. And then Nick pulls out a little black-handled switch.

Until you have seen those invisible fingers let go you can never sense the peculiar deliberation with which that seven-ton drop ball rushes to earth. With seeming reluctance it parts with the magnet above it. Then, when at last it is free, it slowly floats earthward; sinks down through the air like a marble finding its way to the bottom of a jar of molasses. Someone may try to tell you that this great ball, like all other falling bodies, obeys certain immutable laws: $v = gt$ and $s = \frac{1}{2}gt^2$, and all that sort of rot. But according to such fool hieroglyphics that seven-ton ball would be hitting about forty an hour when it got to the ground, and that's nonsense, as anyone watching it float lazily down can see. And yet, if you get near enough to it to feel the quake that comes when that rushing mass of solid steel is brought to an instantaneous halt, doubt enters your mind regarding your estimate as to speed; and there also enters your mind the diverting conjecture as to what might become of your skull should it ever be used to bring that cracker ball to a stop.

But the kind of skulls that the drop ball lands on are ladle skulls; so named from their rough resemblance, in shape and congenital hollowness, to the human article. All liquids freeze, including iron, so by reason of various delays in pouring, much metal solidifies against the comparatively cold sides of the container. In time this must be removed; hence the hot-pot house, where Jumbo Dan and his huskies dig and pry, hammer and slug, scorch and sweat in effort to keep the pots trim and clean for the furnaces. In no activity of man does the vicious circle work more heinously than in the matter of hot pots. For any reason let pots get scarce for a time—a wreck, for instance, that puts a train of them all in the shop at once—and a mighty roar for ladles ascends that subjects the remaining ones to constant and increasing abuse. Then Jumbo Dan and his worthies scarcely get started to work on a draft of badly skulled pots when along comes the blast-furnace shifter, hooks on, and snatches them off just in time to save shutting the blast off of one of the stacks and to prevent spontaneous combustion on the part of the blast-furnace superintendent. Next time, these pots come back to Dan in still worse shape, until finally sheer necessity will hold one or two more of them in the hot-pot house; which means that the balance of them are given still rougher treatment; and so on, approaching pure feeble-mindedness as a limit.

Meantime Jumbo Dan stays with 'em; and setting his wearying, burned-out men a splendid example with that pachyderm carcass of his, he pries and cuts and bars and hammers and tugs and hauls, with the ladles turned down horizontal and their red insides pouring heat out over a man in a way to scorch the heart out of him in an hour. Twelve hours every day, seven days every week, no rest day, Sunday the worst, double turn every fortnight, Jumbo Dan stayed with 'em. His men, played out, took a day off once in a while; but Dan was the foreman, and every day Dan was on hand, fighting the fight that made him no flat-faced bohunk to those who knew his job, but a man.

On the rare occasions when things were running smoothly at the Bessemer, Al Holly would slip away to the hot-pot house on one of the visits that make life in a steel plant worth while, and which, instead of being a waste of time, are perhaps of more value to the organization than any other hours in a steel man's day.

"Say, Dan," said Al, as the two of them took a seat for a blow and a chat on a tool box one night, "you never tell me which place you momma stop starry country." Which, being translated, is "Where does your mother live in the old country?" or "What is your native land?"

"Me Slavishman," Dan explained.

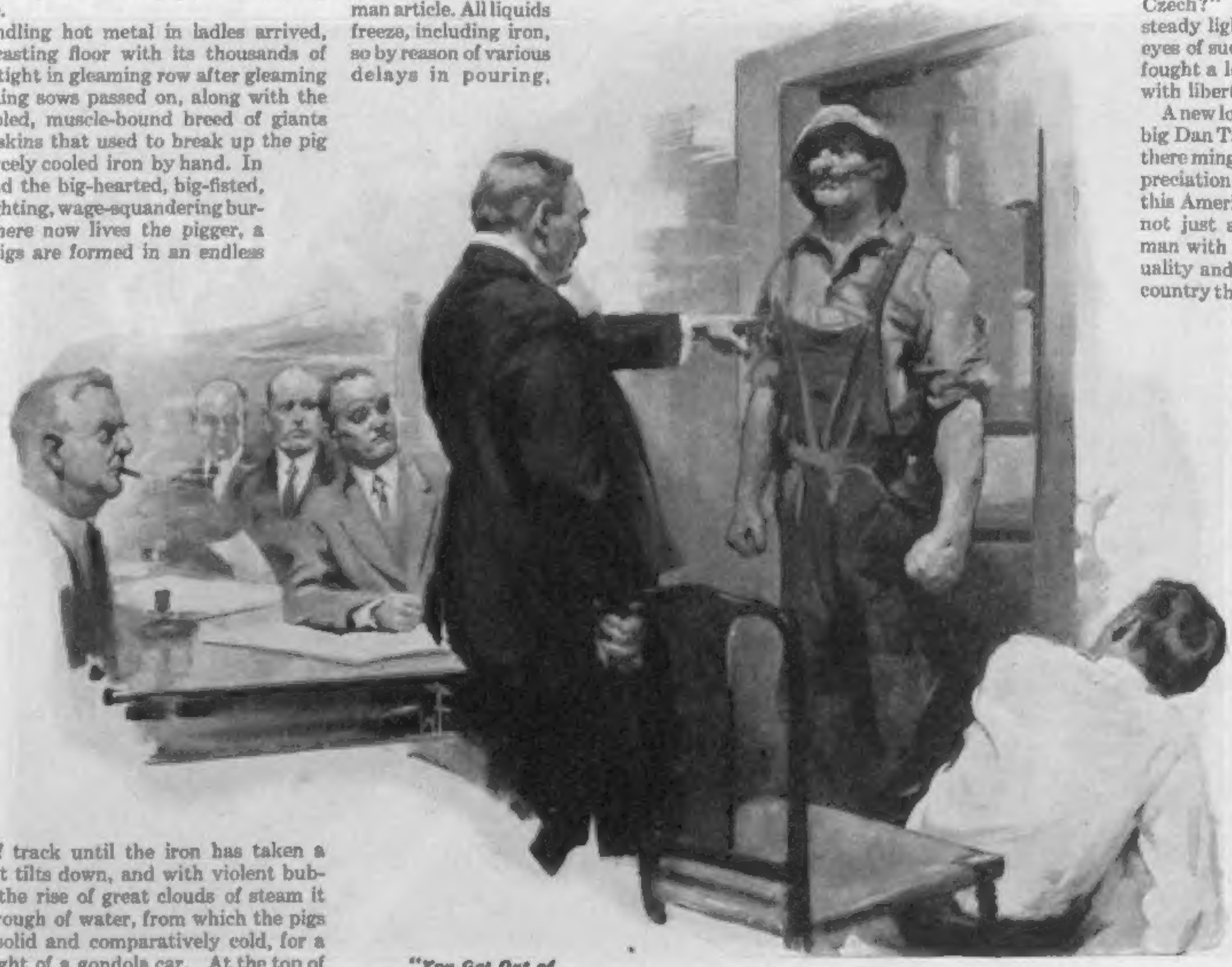
"Sure, I know you're a Slavishman," said Holly, and made a suggestive sweep with the flat of his hand across his own face from cheek bone to cheek bone, keenly expressive of the high flat contour of features so typical of Jumbo Dan's breed, "but which kind Slavishman, Dan? Maybe Czech?" asked Al, sensing the steady light that smolders in the eyes of such races of men as have fought a long and relentless fight with liberty the goal.

A new look came into the eyes of big Dan Tancovic, a look in which there mingled several things. Appreciation of this friend was there, this American who looked on him not just as a hunyak, but as a man with a distinct race individuality and pride, the son of some country that had perhaps as proud a history as any land in the world. There blazed out, too, from under those shaggy brows a fire that lights up the eyes of those who have not only fought a good fight but who in a thousand years of fighting have never been overcome.

"My country," said Tancovic Danilo, and rose, and took off his yellow sou'wester. "Crnagora!"

Al frowned with mental effort. "Tsernagora," he repeated, searching his brain for a clew to the translation of this unknown native name. Gora—that might help. He knew gora, all right.

(Continued on Page 48)



"You Get Out of That Door, You Big, Slab-Footed, Flat-Headed, Peck-Faced Bohunk," Yelled Satan

Through the Looking-Glass

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

We Ladies are Really Awfully Clever About Putting it Over. Our Front Can be Put Up for a Long, Long Time Before Anybody Gets Wise

THERE comes a time in every woman's life when she has to decide the vital question, Will I touch it up or shall I let it get gray?

No member of the female sex escapes making this decision. No, not even those ladies whose hair is exactly the same, my dear, as it was when I was a girl. The only difference between these and the women who admit, preferably in public for the comfort and reassurance which they derive from so doing, that the gray streak here over my left eye is inherited from mother; she grew gray very, very young; and yes, it's a family trait—the only difference, I say, between these two classes of girls is that one of them uses what the advertisements so tactfully refer to as restorer, while the other group of us frankly contemplate dyeing it, either in the privacy of the home or in one of those well-named scalp parlors where scalp treatment can be obtained at regular scalper rates.

The necessity for this momentous decision of course arises when it first dawns upon a female's consciousness that she will not be forever young. She has been told so for years, but she has not believed it. Indeed her own folks very likely began telling it to her way back before she was married when, as is customary in most sound American homes, mother called attention to the fact in connection with the desirability of "asking that nice Jones boy over to Sunday supper, he's home from college, and I hear the old man is feeble and pretty well fixed, and of course your father and I think the world of you, dearie, and wouldn't want to lose you except for your own good," and so forth.

You know the line. If you are a woman and ever had a mother you do. One of those why-and-the-deuce-aren't-you-married-yet-I-was-at-your-age remarks, which in any other words are just as sweet.

Well, anyway, as we were saying, the dear girl has always known, theoretically, that some day she would cease to be a broiler, and graduate into the class where they have to be thoroughly stewed in order to get by. No, I don't mean what you do. I mean a fricassee, like, with lots of tasty dressing. But in spite of all this no woman ever really believes that she will become old, or even middle-aged. And it is watching the struggle most ladies make against this inevitable happening which has brought me to the study of an undeveloped phase of human education—to wit: how to prepare for middle age, and why.

Symptoms of Middle Age

FIRST of all, exactly what is middle age? Roughly speaking, it is fifteen years older than whatever age you happen to be when you think of it. Middle age then being as one might call it a movable feast, how is one to recognize the symptoms when they first appear, in order that the condition may be tackled in time and handled to the best advantage? For the convenience of those who are in sympathy with the study of this pretty general—one might almost call it epidemic—condition of the human race, I will list a few of the salient characteristics of the first stage.

In a man the earliest danger signal will probably be the fact that his wife tells him he is getting a bald spot and his barber simultaneously assures him that he is not, and he finds himself unable to decide which to believe. Another definite symptom is when he accidentally discovers in the privacy of the bathroom mirror that a pod, somewhat resembling a badly inflated football, is beginning to develop in the region slightly north of the pelvic structure and due south of the chest. Another alarming indication is that he instinctively drops the term "Well, old man," and begins to use "Hello, boy," instead. He catches himself unconsciously whistling Daisy Bell over his work, when of course the tune ought to be Say it With Peanuts or some other modern jazz number. He begins to crack chestnuts about not being as young as he was, but does it in a tone which dares you to agree with him at peril of your life. He takes less notice of the handsome young married ladies in his set, including his wife, and begins to develop a kindly interest in the tender green sprouts around sixteen with skinny legs and long hair flying around their faces, and when you accuse him of it he laughs uneasily and says "Good Lord, no, I am not as old as that, yet!"

The above are all obvious and infallible symptoms which must not be ignored. Other and more subtle indications of the condition, such as a revival of college colors in neckties and a gradually increasing disinclination to go out nights, should be taken cognizance of and treated instantly upon first appearance.

In professedly lovely woman the signs are, as I have hinted, harder to detect, owing largely to the fact that an enormous per cent of our national industries exist solely in order that she may be effectively camouflaged.

Counting all the way from wigmaker to shoemaker, from textile manufacturer to milliner, including members of the steel industry which so largely concerns itself with her corsets, and the rice growers and copra jobbers who exist mainly in order that her face may be coated and quoted, fully one half of the adult male population of our country is engaged in making disguises for her, and the other half is busy making the money with which to pay for said disguises, the while they wonder how old she really is.

And we ladies are really awfully clever about putting it over. Our front can be put up for a long, long time before anybody gets wise. But there is an end even to the efficacy of make-up, and alas! we are as a rule the last to realize that the bluff is no longer going over as well as it used to and never did.

Nevertheless we manage to keep the public at least puzzled about our age for quite a while, and it is not so much for the enlightenment of the men as to warn my sisters that I follow these few remarks by a brief catalogue of the unconscious betrayals by which the approach of middle age may be detected in women.

First of all, there is that tendency to speak critically of débutantes. Secondly, but not less significantly, there is the effort to imitate débutantes, which effort occurs almost simultaneously with the criticism. Thirdly, a tendency to reject even quite expensive hats if they are too mature-looking. Women approaching what we will now tactfully refer to as maturity generally develop a mania for attempting to drag their husbands, if they have one, out evenings on the grounds that we never go anywhere any more, George, and I'm too young to stay in night after night like this! If they haven't changed their shoes before throwing this line they are not sincere in saying it. They don't really want to go out, but merely feel it a matter of duty to themselves to protest. And if they don't really mean it they are getting well along toward the danger zone.

Checking Up

ANOTHER way to tell a woman's approximate age is to check her up on the shows she remembers, and about stuff like the World's Fair. This requires finesse, but it can be done. In both sexes the ability to see changes in one's contemporaries, while refusing to admit them in oneself, is a preeminent indication of approaching middle age.

But no matter how young a woman succeeds in looking, and how careful she is with her memory, believe me, she is having a constant, unceasing, embittering fight to maintain her bluff, and I as a woman claim that the greatest of women's rights, the one which will make her most truly free, is the right to be the age she is.

It is the duty of everyone to dress as young as they decently can. I said decently. Heaven forbid that I advocate the well-known middle-age slump for either sex. Far from it. Nor do I exaggerate the advantages of leaving youth behind. But I am not blind to the fact that we are afraid of being middle-aged more because we fear being classed as back numbers or considered ridiculous by our juniors than because we dread the actual accumulation of years. The constantly uprising new generation is amazingly cruel in their blind ridicule of the middle-aged, and their elders are even more astonishingly sensitive to it. For the work of the world is practically all done by the middle-aged, even though the world's impetus is supplied by youth. And we who are on the far outskirts of youth have first of all to learn that we are to be compensated by an increasing sense of power for our decrease of mere physical vitality.

Now it seems to me that the whole painful unconscious educational process which infancy suffers through, and the more lucid and hardly less thorough conscious education which is handed out to the w. k. school child, are merely preparation for life up to, say, the age of thirty. Anybody would think that life ended at thirty, or thirty-five at latest, we are so obviously trained only for the first flush of manhood and womanhood. We are taught, whether we realize it at the time or not, the rudiments of such knowledge as will enable us to buy and sell, to get a first job, to speak in the language of our particular social circle, so that we may get through with the routine business of life by the

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THE WHISPERING GALLERY

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. SHEPHERD

IT MUST be something," said the Dresden shepherdess, "that all men would covet."

Old Telfen, bending over the table of rosewood at which she sat, had been drinking in her features with the exquisite appreciation of one who has studied line and color at the lapidary's bench. This was old Ludwig himself—Ludwig the First, and Ludwig the Last too; the king of lapidaries. He was now an old, old man, who loved beauty to distraction. He had just placed an unset diamond before her on a tiny black velvet pillow, to test her. Her flutelike cry and the rose flush that flowed through her cheeks repaid him. But it was the contour of her downcast face as she played with the fire of the gem that most pleased him; no plastic medium could match the texture or tint, no sculptor flow such a line—not even the old Greeks.

"Something," she said, sounding the note again, "one could never forget. I wonder is there such a thing!" She raised her hazel eyes to his.

"Grief," sighed old Telfen. "That is unforgetable, madame."

"Ah! And beautiful! And precious too! One covets the privilege of it. But not the thing itself. Ah, no!"

Her eyes fell; and she touched the glowing gem with her finger tips again. Old Telfen suddenly realized that a glistening tear, revealed beneath the lashes that swept her cheek, would finish the picture. She wore a barely visible stripe of purple through all her things; she had been recently bereft, he thought. Yet she sought for a gem, or what not, that must inspire envy, cupidity in all beholders.

"Did you ever sit for your head, madame? Pardon an old man."

"Yes. Van der Heusen."

"In Antwerp! Ah! He could "

"But he did not." She shook her head with a wistful smile. "He smashed it! My Chinese boy called him Ten Thousand. We adopted it for short. And his little boy—One Thousand."

This pleased the old man.

"Do I know you, madame?"

"No," she said.

"Your husband ——"

"Please!" she said, and made a little imploring gesture that went straight to the heart of the old gentleman.

There was a moment of constraint, which he sought to bridge by bringing her back to the gem on the soft pillow.

"This pleases you, madame?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And this?"

With a curious sleight-of-hand movement he produced a second stone and laid it gently by the first. She was about to pick it up, but checked herself and looked questioningly at him.

"Ah, you cunning frauds! You counterfeit everything—except life, don't you?"

"It deceives many," he said. "It even deceives the fingers. Touch it, madame."

"Oh, no!" she said with a quick movement of withdrawal.

Either, thought old Telfen, she was a clever actress or else a creature after his own heart, of whom this earth does not hold a baker's dozen; one with an instinct for gems, to whom artifice is loathsome. This was paste, miraculously fabricated, true, possessing everything except, as she said, life.

"Something"—she came back to her motif with insistent charm—"that has a universal appeal. To a Hottentot. A stevedore. A child playing in the sand. A *grande dame*. A shop girl. A savant. A witless fool. Surely we have not come so far from the beginning of things that there does not still exist the universal lure. Simple, eternal. Think! I wish to possess it! It must thrill one with joy and terror!"

"Eve found it," said the old man, studying her closely from under his brows.

He Touched a Pearl Button, and the Floor in Front of Them Fell Away

"And destroyed it—for all time," she retorted shortly.

The old lapidary's scrutiny abruptly ended.

"Come," he said.

He turned and unlocked a bronze gate, admitting her to a prison pen, in the middle of which sat like a sepulcher his famous strong box, a mechanism of fabled ingenuity. As the lock clicked behind her she started nervously. He touched a pearl button, and the floor in front of them fell away, while the jaws of the strong box opened with ominous stealth.

"Kismet!" Telfen always enjoyed this business. "Enter. My house is yours. Perhaps what you seek is here."

But it was not so easily found. His things thrilled her, but they did not strike terror to her heart. He roped a string of pearls about her neck and stood off, pointing to a mirror. Against the ivory of her skin and the black of her furs the opalescence seemed to wax and wane like an emotion. They were fit for the seduction of an empress. Yet the woman regarded her bedecked image moodily.

"They don't like me. They never did," she said.

"Let them get acquainted," he said soothingly. "They say Lady Astor wears hers night and day.

"This," said the old man as he placed a box in her gloved hand, "is without price. It is my pocket piece! It is my one vice! Sometimes at midnight I come here to gloat over it. It lives, madame! Look! Look!"

This last command he uttered with some acerbity, for she held the unopened case in her hand, intent on him instead of the treasure.

"Look your fill, and depart famished!" he cried.

She lifted the lid with a coral finger nail.

"Ah!" she breathed.

She turned pale. Snapping the case shut she held it away from her. It was a diamond. But such a diamond!

"Is that what you seek?" cried the old man, the veil lifted on the passion of his soul. "Because, if it is you may not have it! It belongs to me—to me! Tell me, do you envy me its possession—the joy, and the terror, that come from one look?"

"No! No!" she said, forcing it back upon him. "It is too dominating, too hypnotic. It demeans one!" she cried. "It could will me to do." She shuddered as she buried her face in her hands. Then, calm again, she said: "What I seek must not strike me down. It must lift me up! It may humble me, yes, as love humbles, but it must not rob me of my pride. This is—it is atrocious! Lock it up, sir, I beg!"

The two adepts—for old Telfen indulged his sense of the mystic shamelessly with this pocket piece of his—understood each other perfectly. Leering, the old man put the horrid thing out of sight. There were other things to show, merely for the pride of brotherhood. He knew he had nothing for her, and his heart bled for her.

When they were seated once more at the table outside she said again, "Think! Think! I have come from Paris to see you. I might have seen Hausman. But Hausman is not Telfen. At least so they tell me in Lahore."

"No; Hausman is not Telfen. Yet he is Hausman!"

"And this is your whispering gallery," she said, looking up at the domed ceiling. He looked sharply at her. "Ah, do not deny it," she said. "Salikanundra Das, Bombay," she added—"Sali told me. This is the table. That"—pointing to the arch above her head—"is your parabola. There"—and she indicated an ornamental filigree of bronze decorating a mezzanine floor in the opposite corner—"sits a stenographer making pothooks of my every syllable. Is it not so, master?" She touched his hand lightly. "My every whisper is distinctly audible over there. Yes?"

Her darker mood was gone. She looked at him, amused. She said in a low, melodious voice, "Bind your hair and look out of the window, child. Let me see your pretty face." She looked up at the grille on the hanging mezzanine.

"You play like a man," said old Telfen admiringly. He raised his voice: "Do as she bids you, child." A laughing head appeared and nodded at them from above, and was instantly withdrawn.

"I go even further," said old Telfen, wholly won by the entrancing creature now. "Do you see that glowing crystal in the wall behind you? There—to the right." He pointed with the famous finger that could appraise a precious stone in the dark. She turned and looked, plainly puzzled.

"I see it; but it is not a crystal."

"Jena glass," laughed the old man.

Her pretty lips fell apart. "A hidden camera?"

He nodded.

"You have stolen my picture, then?"

"Everyone privileged to sit at this table sits for his picture," he explained. "Oh, I take no chances on credentials. Credentials are frauds. Did Sali tell you that? No? You may tell him."

She ran her fingers through her hair. "I hope it is good," said the eternal feminine. "May I see it?"

"When you come again, yes."

"This day week?"

"Yes. Then I should have a thrill for you. I have word of a big stone coming out of Brazil."

"Probably another Black Prince," she said rather grudgingly.

"It may be. We shall see. You have struck fire in my imagination. You may have to travel."

"I will go to the ends of the earth for what I want."

"Ah! What a woman! We chart the face of the earth for precious things, you and I, like mariners chart the sea for sunken reefs and blessed isles. Tell me, are there a dozen beautiful things on earth?"

"Nine," she said, and named them, the old man, completely enthralled, supplying the legends of each; and the girl in the gallery, putting down in pothooks these rhapsodies, found them as remote as if sounded in a pagan tongue.

The woman arose.

"You don't know me, master," she said. "If you find for me what I seek, then you may. Not until then. For credentials I will leave these."

Her bag fell open on a spring, and she took out a freshly cut and stacked bundle of bank notes of opulent mien. Ludwig Telfen pushed them back, shaking his head. She was standing by a pedestal, whose capital supported a block of gleaming marble, in which floated, half submerged, a woman's head, so buoyant that it seemed fairly to stir among the ripples of the stone. It was Van der Heusen's piece, La Noyée—The Drowned One. The woman traced the lovely face with those long gloved fingers.

"He used my eyes for that," she said dreamily; she threw back her head and closed her eyes. The image was perfect. "The nose belongs to a *cocotte*. The mouth and chin are from the Palais Royal—a little seamstress. One doesn't find all the Beatitudes in one prayer, master."

"If you are a friend of Ten Thousand—he-he—you may come to me nameless," said Telfen happily. "You know him well then, madame?"

She brushed a tear from her eye, and Telfen divined a tale untold.

She was stuffing the rejected credentials back into her hand bag.

"A haul for some lucky pickpocket," said old Telfen.

"Tut! Who would suspect such a dingy bag? It is safer than a bank!"

"You should have been a man!" reiterated Telfen. "You are a clever woman, as well as a rich one, which is rare. You are right. Who would suspect such a bag? I send a dingy girl to the bank for my pay roll. She fetches it through the streets in a paper bag. Who would suspect a two-pound sack?"

His eye caressed La Noyée of Van der Heusen. The old man told himself he would never sell it, now that it had come to life in this extraordinary manner. Together they walked across the marble hall. She passed her carriage check to the starter, but Ludwig Telfen interposed. She must not leave in a public taxi. He would send her to her hotel in his own car. Telfen himself handed her in; he checked himself in the act of wondering if the heavens would fall should he salute that hand in the Continental fashion.

He watched her roll away; but even in this ecstatic moment he patted himself on the back that he had not forgotten eternal vigilance; sending her to her hotel in his own car was a clever move—his man would return with a complete report of the lady. He rubbed his hands briskly and chuckled as he crossed back to his desk. The stenographer in the whispering gallery and the gold-buttoned cadet who ran errands exchanged sophisticated winks. They had never before seen the old gentleman in so mellow a mood.

II

OLD TELFEN had been robbed once before. That robbery had passed into history as the night of a thousand thieves, because the thief, in order to get a look into Ludwig Telfen's big safe, had tripped a thousand burglar alarms by cutting the main cable; and while the police were running in circles in response to the clamor the ingenious rogue, with ample time, took his pick from the master lapidary.

Later Telfen moved uptown and established this show window on Fifth Avenue. The ivory-faced old jeweler was shrewd enough to drink all the free advertising he could swallow out of the move, and newspapers described ad lib. the impregnable fortress he established as the repository of gems and jewelry. Nothing was known of the whispering gallery. The peculiar acoustics of the room were accidental; even the architect who traced the blue prints with his French curves and protractors was never to suspect that he had by chance contrived a perfect parabola. It was Telfen himself who discovered the trick reflector, and, having grown overzealous since that famous night of a thousand thieves, determined to make use of it. He had a concealed stenographer in the tiny mezzanine to eavesdrop on every important transaction whereof a verbatim record would be valuable. The camera hidden in the wall had been installed after a regrettable occasion when a wayward son, having bought baubles on his family's credit, had later repudiated the affair. The irate Telfen swore that thereafter every customer of parts would be confronted by his own snapshot should a similar question arise. The prison pen, the disappearing floor and the ponderous jaws of the vault, with other details of this establishment, made one almost wish that, now Telfen was impregnable, some cunning knight of the road might come along and suavely pierce his armor.

Parr himself, hardened by a thousand thrills in his distinguished rôle as special deputy in charge of the Detective Bureau, could not withhold a dry smile as he mounted the steps and tapped on the revolving doors for entry. A uniformed man inside made haste to admit him. The glories of this realm had all been transferred to their pillows in their strong box for the night. The furniture in the hall was draped in dust covers, and in the half light suggested a mortuary chamber.

Parr's man indicated a shadowy figure at the table—the same table. It was Ludwig Telfen, a thousand years older, heaping ashes of contrition on his spare locks.

"Oh, I can't believe it! It is not true! Stetson! Stetson, I say! Search once more. I am too old!" the great lapidary was murmuring brokenly.

Stetson, a fashionable mourner, standing behind in the dusk, conveyed the completeness of the catastrophe to Parr with a shrug. Parr was wholly in the dark; he had come in from New England at eight, to meet the information that Ludwig Telfen had been robbed under his very nose—Telfen's nose, a long, acquisitive beak. Without asking details Parr had hurried here, knowing well that the roof must have been blown off. Seeing the old man himself beyond logic, Parr buttonholed the fashionable Stetson, chief of staff in this establishment.

"The lady walked off with his pearls," said Stetson with sepulchral brevity.

"Lady?"

"Undoubtedly." Stetson's whisper was decisive as to the quality of the person. He knew.

"Walked off. How?"

"Around her neck. Under her furs."

"But didn't he have wit enough to see her put them there?"

"See her? He put them there himself!" Stetson's forefinger was indelicate enough to point. "The old fool! She told him they were sick—didn't like her. Never did! He said 'Wear them a while; let them get acquainted.' Well, she did. They talked half an hour. Then he put her into his own car, sent her to her hotel in charge of his own man. He never thought about the pearls until the car came back, and the man said it was empty when he got to the hotel."

Parr grunted. He struck a light on his thumbnail and touched off a dead cigar.

"How much?"

"One of them was the Dolgoda," said the fashionable Stetson with fearful emphasis.

"That means nothing to me. Give me the total."

"Say two hundred thousand, duty paid."

"Nice little lump to get acquainted with," mused Parr. Then he turned to Telfen; he roused the old man with an assuring grip on the gaunt shoulder as he said, "We've been together in this sort of thing before, Telfen. This looks simple enough. But we've got to move fast. Describe her. Maybe she is a friend of mine."

"La Noyée—La Noyée," mumbled the old man. "It is a mistake! There should never have been an alarm. The pearls will turn up. They have been mislaid. I would die of shame to face her then. A marvelous woman! She gave me youth again. I can't describe it to you. Spare me the ignominy—her the shame. Oh, why did I call in the police? What is the money to me?" Confidentially: "She probably stepped out at a street corner in a traffic jam—told the chauffeur—he's a little deaf, you know. When she finds the pearls she will come in laughing. See that Van der Heusen on the pedestal." His wavering hand indicated the masterpiece of The Drowned One floating in the marble flood. "Those are her eyes! It is priceless. Money couldn't buy it."

All this came out in surges, incoherent at times, but towards the end the old man got himself in hand. Parr got up to look at the Van der Heusen, but to him, especially in the dusk, it was too real to be remarkable.

Stetson here interposed to hand to Parr a proof of the snapshot taken of the Dresden shepherdess while she sat there with old Telfen asking him to find her something all men would covet. Parr took one look and started as if shot.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded savagely.

"We took it," explained Stetson.

"Took it? What do you mean—took it? Took it from where?"

"We snapped it—while she sat here—this afternoon." Stetson whispered cautiously in Parr's ear: "It's one of his eccentricities—to snapshot every customer he brings to this table. The camera is there," he explained, pointing. "There—you can see the lens." And he indicated the bulging eye, set in a decoration.

"She sat at this table -this afternoon?" The deputy handled his words as if they were breakable.

"Certainly."

"Is this the woman that got acquainted with the Dolgoda pearl?" The deputy let his voice sink to a terrific whisper.

"Yes. I've been telling you ——"

"You've told me nothing! You can tell me nothing! Carson!" he cried sharply to the man on the door. "Go to my office—get Sweeney to give you the Huntington envelope."

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Two Young Men—Evidently Moving-Van Helpers—Suddenly Sprang at Each Other's Throats With Hoarse Oaths

THE GOOD EGG

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

AT THE freshman reception there were four hundred men packed into a space that wouldn't have been too generous for forty; and yet over in one corner there was a big rangy boy who was quite as lonely as though he stood lost in the middle of the Sahara. Literally and figuratively his back was against the wall.

He was hemmed in by classmates whose faces, whose manners, whose very tricks of speaking English were unfamiliar to him; and for an hour not one of them had even acknowledged his presence, except to rake him with a glance, and sometimes smile involuntarily, and struggle past.

And so in his bitter disillusionment he was merely waiting for a chance to escape, when of a sudden he perceived that an undersized youth with pale blue eyes and a very small chin was sardined beside him, and squinting up at the cardboard tag of identification that was in Gordon's buttonhole.

"Hello, you Lee Gordon," said the undersized youth flippantly. "If you feel half as low as you look, and I look half as low as I feel, it's fifty-fifty. What?"

Gordon reached down his ample brown hand. "Mister Man," he said, "you have lost your ticket, so I can't call you by name, but I am certainly glad to meet you."

"My name's Baker. Whitney Baker."

"Where were you raised?"

"Why—near New York."

"That hasn't hurt you any," said Gordon. "You may be a No'thern man, but you've sure got a few Southern principles. Let's go tackle this ice cream, Baker. You hang onto my coat tails; I'll tromple a way for us."

She Turned Suddenly and Gave a Little Gasp

"Gordon," said the undersized youth, "you're a darned good egg. Let's go get some food."

He had come up from the South as an utter stranger, but in spite of the freshman reception he refused to stay strange for even a fortnight. He stood six feet two and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds without a pinch of fat on him; he walked lazily and talked lazily, and wasted not a single gram of energy until he chose to explode his muscles and become cyclonic; and then if you happened to be wearing a blue jersey you were distinctly out of luck.

Furthermore, his personality was a magnet that made a great many people feel like soft iron. He had a perpetual smile that was as warm and soothing as his voice and a laugh that acted on his listeners like yeast. He was poor and he was partly working his way, but as far as the clock and his pocketbook permitted he was a born prodigal. He never made the slightest effort to be popular; he simply smiled and took the world as it came to him, and it came in bunches—not only undergraduates and débutantes, but also their mothers and fathers, who couldn't seem to get enough of him.

"But You'll be There, Lee"

Consequently it was a source of some bewilderment to the college that even as late as sophomore year he devoted so much of his time to a peculiarly weak and unattractive character called Whitney Baker. At first, of course, this was set down merely as an instance of Gordon's great-heartedness; but when it appeared that he was actually trying to make Baker the tail of the comet, even to the extent of getting him into Gordon's own club, it was decided that he would have to be interviewed and enlightened.

Long since, however, people had learned that for all his geniality he didn't like to have certain of his motives invaded; and consequently out of the entire class there was only one man who was willing to talk to him without varnish, and this was a fiery red-haired youngster named McKee, who played quarterback.

Gordon heard him attentively. "Billy, after what you tell me I shall let the club matter drop—not that I am afraid of queering myself, as you call it, but because I see it would be useless. I wish, though, you-all saw Whit like I do. Folks don't cotton to him because he's so different from what they are, so they ignore him—and that makes him all the differenter. But to make a man out of him, we got to treat him like a man. And a club would have meant more to Whit than to all the rest of us put together. Well, we'll let it drop. Only I won't ever drop Whit—not as long as there's a chance to kind of bolster him up—so don't you-all expect it."

In junior year they made Gordon class president; whereupon he refused at least a score of men who asked him to room with them and went instead to live with Whitney Baker.

"I don't pretend," he said half apologetically to McKee, "that it wouldn't be a heap more entertaining to camp out with most anybody else, but nobody else needs me like Whit does. If I shook him now, Billy, he'd go to pieces like a seed dandelion in a breeze of wind. I'd just feel better about it if I lived where I could kind of keep an eye on him."

Now Billy McKee's elder brother, who had once been a first-string substitute, did business in Wall Street under the name and style of McKee & Co, Investment Bankers, and when in due season he met Gordon he promptly added another brick to his pedestal.

"And that bird," said Jim McKee forcibly, "has got it in him to be the best bond salesman the Street ever saw. But who's his running mate, Billy? What's the idea of his playing the double zero?"

Billy shrugged his shoulders. "That's Lee all over."

His brother frowned a little. "But you know perfectly well, Bill, all of us in the office stick together more or less; we're all the same sort. Now this Gordon chap looks awfully good to me and I'd like to sew him up—but has he got too many friends like the Baker person? Because if he has—maybe we couldn't afford him. You know."

Billy was very positive. "Absolutely not! Lee's a good egg—one of the best eggs I ever knew. Of course, Jim, it's sort of magnificent, in a way—and it's sort of pathetic, too, because sooner or later Baker's going to turn around and bite him. That's his speed. But if that's all you're worrying about, forget it. What do you want me to do—a little missionary work?"

His brother nodded, and Billy became a missionary.

"That sure is a sporting proposition, Billy," said Gordon at length. "And I'm much obliged for everything you wish you could do for me. I'd rather work for McKee & Co. than anybody else I know. But how much are you-all offering Whit?"

McKee stiffened. "Why, I don't believe they want Baker—exactly; in fact I'm pretty sure they don't. To tell the truth, I know they don't."

Gordon looked at him steadily. "Billy," he said, "when I first came up here the acquainting was not any too easy, and up to the day I put my football pants on there was only one man so much as passed the time of day with me. After that I got along fine, but before that there was only one man offered me his paw. I admit, Billy, he wasn't sitting so very near the front steps when they gave out the brains, but it isn't all Whit's fault. His dad's a minister of the gospel, and he's seventy-two years of age, and he thinks Whit's only one degree lower than the angels; and as a matter of fact, Whit ought to have been raised with more hickory than hominy. And everybody's been mighty nice to me up here, but it was Whitney Baker came up to me first, when Whit didn't know, and I didn't know, and nobody knew I was goin' to be what you might call kind of a local success. So I'd be obliged if you'd give him what you might call a Chinaman's chance."

"I'll tell you how it is," said McKee presently. "All we're going to need is salesmen; salesmen that can talk up to people with money. Well, honestly, Lee ——"

"I know, but I have got to look after him."

"I'll tell you, Lee. We've got a pretty good drag with the Gibraltar Trust Company. They'd probably take Baker in as a clerk or something if we recommended him. That's right in our own building and you could nurse him as much as you want to. Only—you'd pretty nearly have to guarantee him, Lee, because if he didn't behave it would come back on us. You see that, don't you?"

"I see it," said Gordon, "and I would say it's a sporting proposition, Billy, and I will guarantee him."

And so, when he graduated, Gordon went straight to the office of McKee & Co., where he struggled for two days to understand the meaning of amortization. At the end of that period a small issue of equipment bonds came through, and Gordon went to Billy McKee with a question.

"Billy," he said, "I admit there are a few kinks about this business I can't learn in forty-eight hours, but if you want me to sell off some of these here bonds for you—why, I know some folks wouldn't draw a gun on me if I told 'em I was taking orders."

"Go to it," said Billy. "Just don't steal anybody else's customers, that's all. Check 'em up in the card file, and then go to it."

Three hours later Gordon came back. "Well, suh," he said, "I have telephoned to some of my friends, and I have sold off your bonds."

"You're off in a cloud of dust," said Billy. "How much?"

"One hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth."

McKee stood up without delay. "Why, Lee! Why, you can't get a confirmation on half of it! Why, our whole participation was only three hundred thousand! Of course everybody's been terribly busy, with all the new stuff coming out, but didn't anybody tell you?"

Gordon was looking bewildered. "Tell me what?"

They explained to him, then, what he had done.

"You see, old man, when a concern wants to borrow money it gets one of the big houses or a syndicate to underwrite a bond issue; and then the big house or the syndicate lets the rest of us in for different amounts. That's our participation. That's all we've got to sell. And of course it was a smashing start for you, but you ought to have got every one of those sales confirmed, and then you wouldn't have oversold us by about ninety thousand dollars. Now we've got to advise all those people that we can't deliver. Don't you see?"

"I can make the matter right with my friends," said Gordon, downcast, "because they will understand it was plain ignorance on my part. But if they break their legs to buy the bonds I offer them, like they did this evening, I would suggest we arrange for larger—participations."

The head of the firm put his hand on Gordon's shoulder. "Lee, my hat's off to you. But that's just where the smaller houses, like ours, are up against it. We have to take what we can get. But you've made a fat young commission today, anyhow, and we've got to celebrate." He turned to his younger brother. "Billy, did Jean get home this afternoon, do you know? Well, that simplifies it. We'll drop Lee at his room, and give him time to dress, and send the car back for him at quarter past seven. Get your hat, Lee; we'll meet you at the elevator."

As soon as Gordon was out of earshot the head of the firm said weakly, "Holy cat!"

Billy McKee was on a broad grin. "I tell you, these old bucks with white whiskers and a million a minute'll roll over, and lie down, and play dead, and jump through a hoop, any time he lifts up his little finger."

The elder brother was rubbing his chin meditatively. "Jean ought to like him, don't you think?"

"Well, if she doesn't," said Billy McKee, "there's a mighty queer streak in the family somewhere."

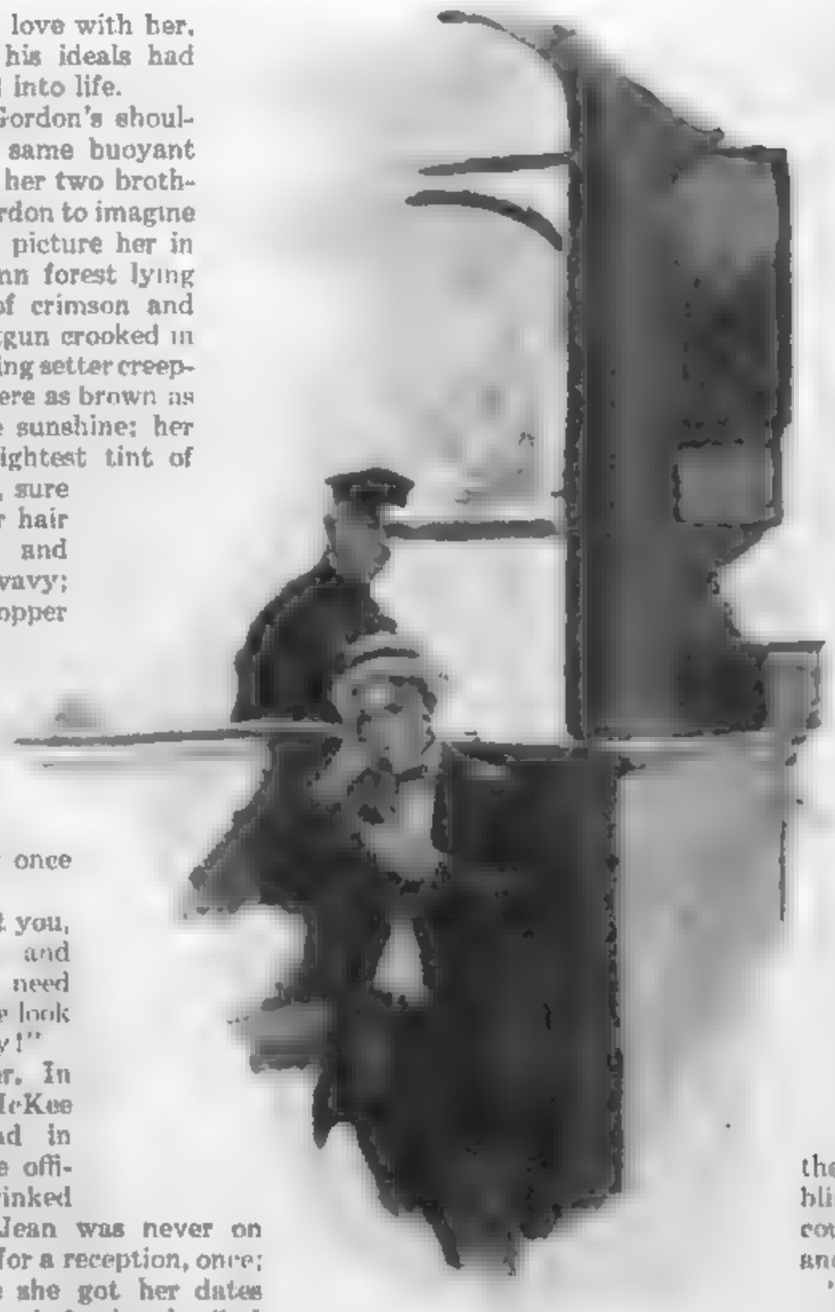
She came in almost breathlessly, and laughing. Gordon, who had been standing by the fireplace, turned, and caught his breath, and fell in love with her. It was as though all his ideals had suddenly been warmed into life.

She was as tall as Gordon's shoulder, and she had the same buoyant swing and freedom as her two brothers. It was easy for Gordon to imagine her on a hunter or to picture her in tweeds with the autumn forest lying at her feet in flecks of crimson and brown and gold, a shotgun crooked in her elbow, and a quivering setter creeping ahead. Her eyes were as brown as an October leaf in the sunshine; her complexion had the lightest tint of olive in it, with warm, sure color underneath. Her hair was chestnut brown, and amazingly thick and wavy; it turned almost to copper when the light struck across it. She was wearing a frock all of soft woodland browns, with golden touches in the way of embroidered threads, to remind him to look once more at her hair.

"I'm so glad to meet you, finally, Mr Gordon and tonight especially. I need protection. And please look at your watch quickly!"

Gordon stared at her. In the doorway Billy McKee was wagging his head in stern judgment. "The official time is 7:19." He winked across at Gordon. "Jean was never on time in her life, except for a reception, once; and that was because she got her dates mixed, and went the day beforehand. So I bet her ten dollars she couldn't get down on the dot tonight, and then I used low cunning. I told her the great Gordon was coming, so she went and got all dolled up like a plush horse; and I'm in ten beans."

"Billy! That's fraud, and it isn't fair, and it isn't true, anyway—and it isn't quarter past seven yet!"



"Jean! Maybe This is Good-by. Maybe I Can't Come"

Gordon cleared his throat. "There's a sayin' down home, Miss McKee, that among polite folks the correct hour is the hour on the guest's watch. I make it 7:14."

"Touchdown!" said Billy McKee disgustedly. "Rule 1, page 1: Don't ever let that guy get a clear field."

Miss McKee was smiling up at Gordon, and Gordon's heart was fluttering. "I was sure you'd protect me. Please keep right on. These two men have been picking on me ever since they came home this afternoon."

"It's born in 'em, Lee," said Billy's older brother indulgently. "All you've got to do is to furnish a woman with a good alibi, right off the bat, and you'll have her eating out of your hand."

"I certainly do hope," said Gordon, "you don't imply I would be too stingy to buy a fork. And how are they picking on you, Miss McKee? Is there any way I could exert my moral influence?"

"It wouldn't do you any good if you did," said Billy, "because Jim and I are exerting our resistless wills to the utmost. Why, Jean's babbling about going abroad for a couple of years alone; and Jim and I aren't going to let her."

"Going—abroad?" said Gordon.

She nodded. "If you really want to hear about it I'll tell you at dinner. Only you've got to promise to be on my side."

"That places me in a very difficult position," said Gordon, "because, from the facts, I can't be on the same side of the argument with you and be on the same side of the Atlantic with you." *(Continued on Page 75)*

He Might Have Been Forgiven if He Had Avoided Society, But as a Matter of Fact it Simply Never Occurred to Him to Play the Martyr

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE stock market was so dull and spiritless that it reminded you of a tired old man nodding in his armchair. Stocks barely moved. The tape recorded fractional gasps rather than fluctuations. It was difficult to believe that this same lethargic creature had ever displayed demoniac activity—a positive genius for doing what was expensive to the optimists. But now whenever one stock moved up an eighth there was a pause until another stock languidly sank an eighth. Then it deprecatingly slid another eighth; but as though that were too decided a tendency to be discreet it recovered the lost quarter and resolutely rested for the day.

It was the kind of market that drives nervous customers of commission houses to the verge of madness by its indecision. No gentleman can tell what to do; and to sit in front of a quotation board and not know what to do is one of the hells of a speculator. It doesn't pay to buy or to sell or to hold on or to stay short. Anything might happen; and when that is true, nothing happens. And when nothing happens broker and customer for once meet on the plane of a common misfortune: No business, and expenses going on for the one; and no hope of something-for-nothing for the other. Dead loss all round.

That was the one day when I did not hesitate to call on Lawrence Livingston during business hours. I never asked him questions about his market plans or intentions or even opinions, for all that our relations had become so friendly. I was not particularly interested in his calculations about the future; but I was keen to hear the story of his growth as an operator. That is why I sought him.

He was studying the quotation board as intently as though the market were active and going his way. It seemed to me that he was watching the effect of some test that he had applied to the market, on the lookout for some symptomatic reaction that would convey to him the exact degree of ripeness—or unripeness—of the moment.

Learning by Mistakes

I WATCHED him watching the stock market's puny spasms. Even in its dullness his eyes saw—their expression proved it—something that I for one certainly did not. Possibly I did not look far enough ahead. Perhaps I did not keep before me the recollections of similar periods of dullness that developed into bull or bear markets. For you will find differences in the quality of the dullness if you take the trouble to look for them.

As usual, the moment the tape stopped trickling into the basket Livingston's interest in the market ceased. I was eager to hear the next chapter of the reminiscences.

I began it by asking him, "Speaking about mistakes in the stock market, is it your experience that a man can learn only by his own, or can he profit by the mistakes of others?" I was thinking of the readers of these articles.

"I suppose that differs with the individual," answered Livingston. "The recognition of our mistakes should not help us a bit more than the study of our successes. But there is a natural tendency in all men to avoid punishment. When you associate certain mistakes with a licking, you do not hanker for a second dose, and, of course, all stock-market mistakes wound you in two tender spots—your pocketbook and your vanity. But I will tell you something curious: A stock speculator sometimes makes mistakes and knows that he is making them. And after he makes them he will ask himself why he made them; and after thinking over it cold-bloodedly a long time after the pain of punishment is over he may learn how he came to make them, and when, and at what particular point of his trade; but not why. And then he simply calls himself names and lets it go at that."

"You mean that mistakes for no par- your eyes wide open?"

"Precisely," said man, if he is both wise make the same mistake make any one of the ers or cousins of the The family is so large one of them around see what you can do in

"And what about cost you a million?"

"You mean what the mistakes that you have made ticular reason, with

Livingston. "A and lucky, will not twice. But he will ten thousand broth- original mistake. that there is always when you want to the fool-play line." the mistake that I asked him. about the first of cost me a million dollars," he corrected gravely. "Do you know, it seems to me that you are rather keen about my mistakes?"

"We learn chiefly by our own mistakes," I said, "but when we do not make them we must fall back for our education on the mistakes of others."

"And you never make mistakes?" asked Livingston.

"Livingston," I said, and I am sure my voice rang with sincerity, "I give you my word that I never made a million-dollar mistake in my life. But you told me you had."

"Yes," he admitted, "and as I look back ——"

"Hold on," I interrupted. "Start where you left off right after the big break of October, 1907. You had just made your first million. How did it feel to be a millionaire?"

"As far as trading went, having a million merely meant more reserves. Money does not give a trader more comfort, because, rich or poor, he can make mistakes and it is never comfortable to be wrong. And when a millionaire is right his money is merely one of his several servants. Losing money is the least of my troubles. A loss never bothers me after I take it. I forget it overnight. But being wrong—not taking the loss—that is what does the damage to the pocketbook and to the soul. You remember Dickson G. Watts' story about the man who was so nervous that a friend asked him what was the matter.

"'I can't sleep,' answered the nervous one.

"'Why not?' asked the friend.

"'I am carrying so much cotton that I can't sleep thinking about it. It is wearing me out. What can I do?'

"'Sell down to the sleeping point,' answered the friend."

"When I asked how it felt to be a millionaire I did not mean as a speculator but as a human being," I explained to Livingston.

Trading in Commodities

HE NODDED and said: "A man as a rule adapts himself to conditions so quickly that he loses the perspective. He does not feel the difference much—that is, he does not vividly remember how it felt not to be a millionaire. He only remembers that there were things he could not do that he can do now. It does not take a reasonably young and normal man very long to lose the habit of being poor. It requires a little longer to forget that he used to be rich. I suppose that is because money creates needs or encourages their multiplication. I mean that after a man makes money in the stock market he very quickly loses the habit of not spending. But after he loses his money it takes him a long time to lose the habit of spending.

"After I took in my shorts and went long in October, 1907, I decided to take it easy for a while. I bought a yacht and planned to go off on a cruise in Southern waters. I am crazy about fishing and I was due to have the time of my life. I looked forward to it and expected to go any day. But I did not. The market wouldn't let me."

"But I thought you bought stocks at the low prices of the year. They couldn't have shown you a loss," I said.

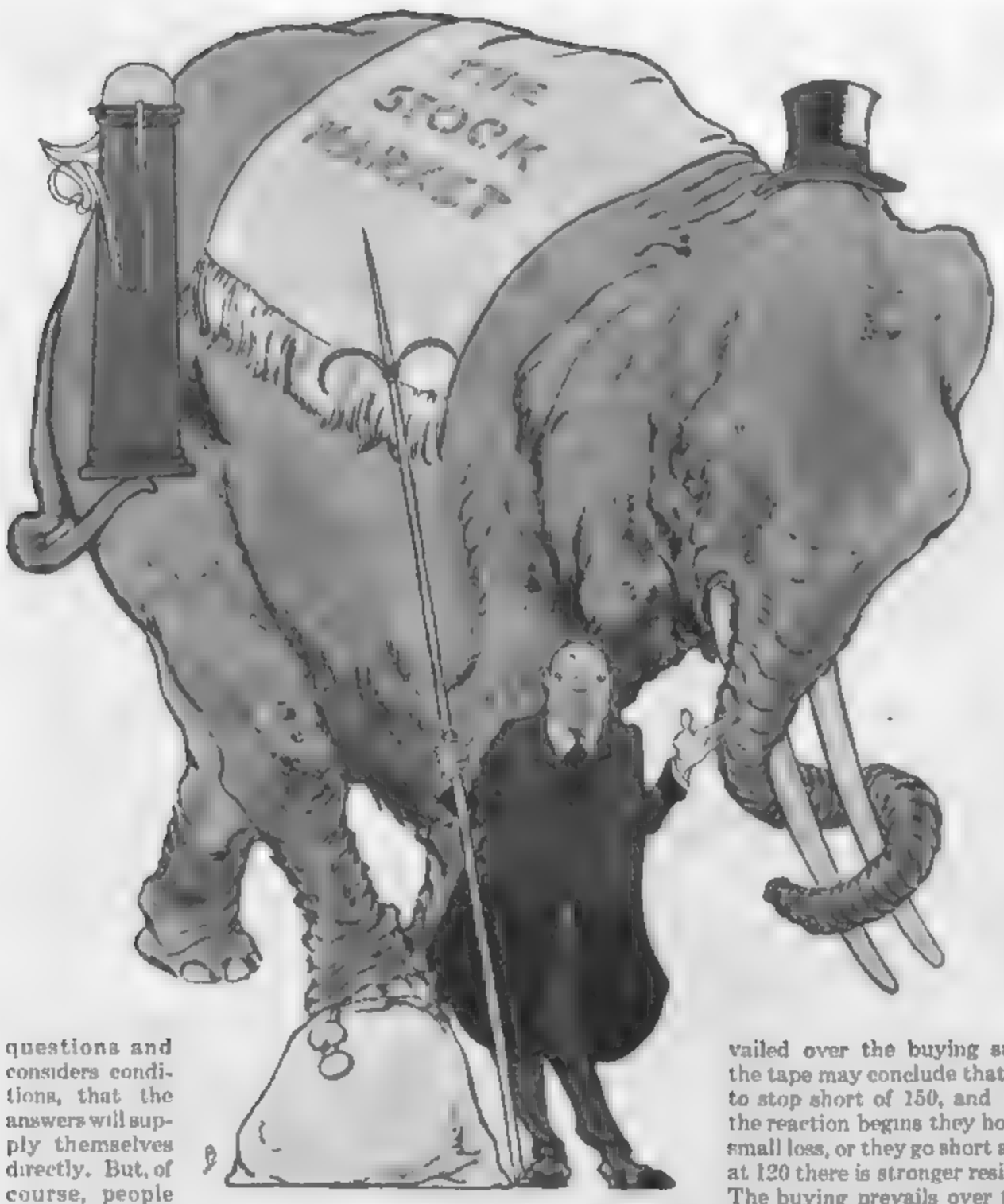
"No, they didn't. But my corn did," explained Livingston.

"I didn't know you ever traded in grain," I said.

"Oh, yes. I always traded in commodities as well as in stocks. I began as a youngster in the bucket shops. I studied those markets for years, though perhaps not so assiduously as the stock market. As a matter of fact, I would rather play commodities than stocks. There is no question about their greater legitimacy, as it were. It partakes more of the nature of a commercial venture than trading in stocks does. A man can approach it as he might any mercantile problem. It may be possible to use fictitious arguments for or against a certain trend in a commodity market; but success will be only temporary, for in the end the facts are bound to prevail, so that a trader gets dividends on study and observation, as he does in a regular business. He can watch and weigh conditions and he knows as much about it as anyone else. He need not guard against inside cliques. Dividends are not unexpectedly passed or increased overnight in the cotton market or in wheat or corn. In the long run commodity prices are governed by but one law—the economic law of demand and supply. The business of the trader in commodities is simply to get facts about the demand and the supply, present and prospective. He does not indulge in guesses about a dozen things as he does in stocks. It always appealed to me—trading in commodities."

"What essential differences are there in the tape reading?" I asked.

"Do you mean between cotton or grain, and stocks? None. The same things happen in all speculative markets. The message of the tape is the same. That will be perfectly plain to anyone who will take the trouble to think. He will find if he asks himself



questions and considers conditions, that the answers will supply themselves directly. But, of course, people never take the trouble to ask questions, leave alone seeking answers. The average American is from Missouri everywhere and at all times except when he goes to the brokers' offices and looks at the tape, whether it is stocks or commodities. The one game of all games that really requires study before making a play is the one he goes into without his usual highly intelligent preliminary and precautionary doubts. He will risk half his fortune in the stock market with less reflection than he devotes to the selection of a medium-priced automobile.

"This matter of tape reading is not so complicated as it appears. Of course you need experience. But it is even more important to keep certain fundamentals in mind. To read the tape is not to have your fortune told. The tape does not tell you how much you will surely be worth next Thursday at 1:35 P.M. The object of reading the tape is to ascertain, first, how and, next, when to trade—that is, whether it is wiser to buy than to sell. It works exactly the same for stocks as for cotton or wheat or corn or oats."

The Line of Least Resistance

"YOU watch the market—that is, the course of prices as recorded by the tape—with one object: To determine the direction—that is, the price tendency. Prices, we know, will move either up or down according to the resistance they encounter. For purposes of easy explanation we will say that prices, like everything else, move along the line of least resistance. They will do whatever comes easiest, therefore they will go up if there is less resistance to an advance than to a decline; and vice versa.

"Nobody should be puzzled as to whether a market is a bull or a bear market after it fairly starts. The trend is evident to a man who has an open mind and reasonably clear sight, for it is never wise for a speculator to fit his facts to his theories. Such a man will, or ought to, know whether it is a bull or a bear market, and if he knows that, he knows whether to buy or to sell. It is therefore at the very inception of the movement that a man needs to know whether to buy or to sell.

"Let us say, for example, that the market, as it usually does in those between-swings times, fluctuates within a range of ten points; up to 130 and down to 120. It may look very weak at the bottom; or, on the way up, after a rise of eight or ten points, it may look as strong as anything. A man ought not to be led into trading by tokens. He should wait until the tape tells him that the time is ripe. As a matter of fact, millions upon millions of dollars have been lost by men who bought stocks because they looked cheap or sold them because they looked dear. The speculator is not an investor. His object is not to secure a steady return on his money at a good rate of interest, but to profit by either a rise or a fall in the price of whatever he may be speculating in. Therefore the thing to determine is the speculative line of least resistance at the moment of trading; and what he should wait for is the moment when that line defines itself, because that is his signal to get busy.

"Reading the tape merely enables him to see that at 130 the selling had been stronger than the buying and a reaction in the price logically followed. Up to the point where the selling prevailed over the buying superficial students of the tape may conclude that the price is not going to stop short of 150, and they buy. But after the reaction begins they hold on, or sell out at a small loss, or they go short and talk bearish. But at 120 there is stronger resistance to the decline. The buying prevails over the selling, there is a rally and the shorts cover. The public is so often whipsawed that one marvels at their persistence in not learning their lesson.

"Eventually something happens that increases the power of either the upward or the downward force and the point of greatest resistance moves up or down—that is, the buying at 130 will for the first time be stronger than the selling, or the selling at 120 be stronger than the buying. The price will break through the old barrier or movement limit and go on. As a rule, there is always a crowd of traders who are short at 120 because it looked so weak, or long at 130 because it looked so strong, and when the market goes against them they are forced, after a while, either to change their minds and turn or to close out. In either event they help to define even more clearly the price line of least resistance. Thus the intelligent trader who has patiently waited to determine this line will enlist the aid of fundamental trade conditions and also of the force of the trading of that part of the community that happened to guess wrong and must now rectify mistakes. Such corrections tend to push prices along the line of least resistance.

"And right here I will say that, though I do not give it as a mathematical certainty or as an axiom of speculation, my experience has been that accidents—that is, the unexpected or unforeseen—have always helped me in my market position whenever the latter has been based upon my determination of the line of least resistance. Do you remember that Union Pacific episode at Saratoga that I told you about? Well, I was long because I found out that the line of least resistance was upward. I should have stayed long instead of letting my broker tell me that insiders were selling stocks. It didn't make any difference what was going on in the directors' minds. That was something I couldn't possibly know. But I could and did know that the tape said 'Going up!' And then came the unexpected raising of the dividend rate and the thirty-point rise in the stock. At 164 prices looked mighty high, but as I told you before, stocks are never too high to buy or too low to sell. The price, *per se*, has nothing to do with establishing my line of least resistance.

"You will find in actual practice that if you trade as I have indicated, any important piece of news given out between the closing of one market and the opening of another is usually in harmony with the line of least resistance. The trend has been established before the news is published, and in bull markets bear items are ignored and bull news exaggerated, and vice versa. Before the war broke out the market was in a very weak condition. There came the proclamation of Germany's submarine policy. I was short one hundred and fifty thousand shares of stock, not because I knew the news was coming, but because I was going along the line of least resistance. What happened came out of a clear sky, as far as my play was concerned. Of course I took advantage of the situation and I covered my shorts that day."

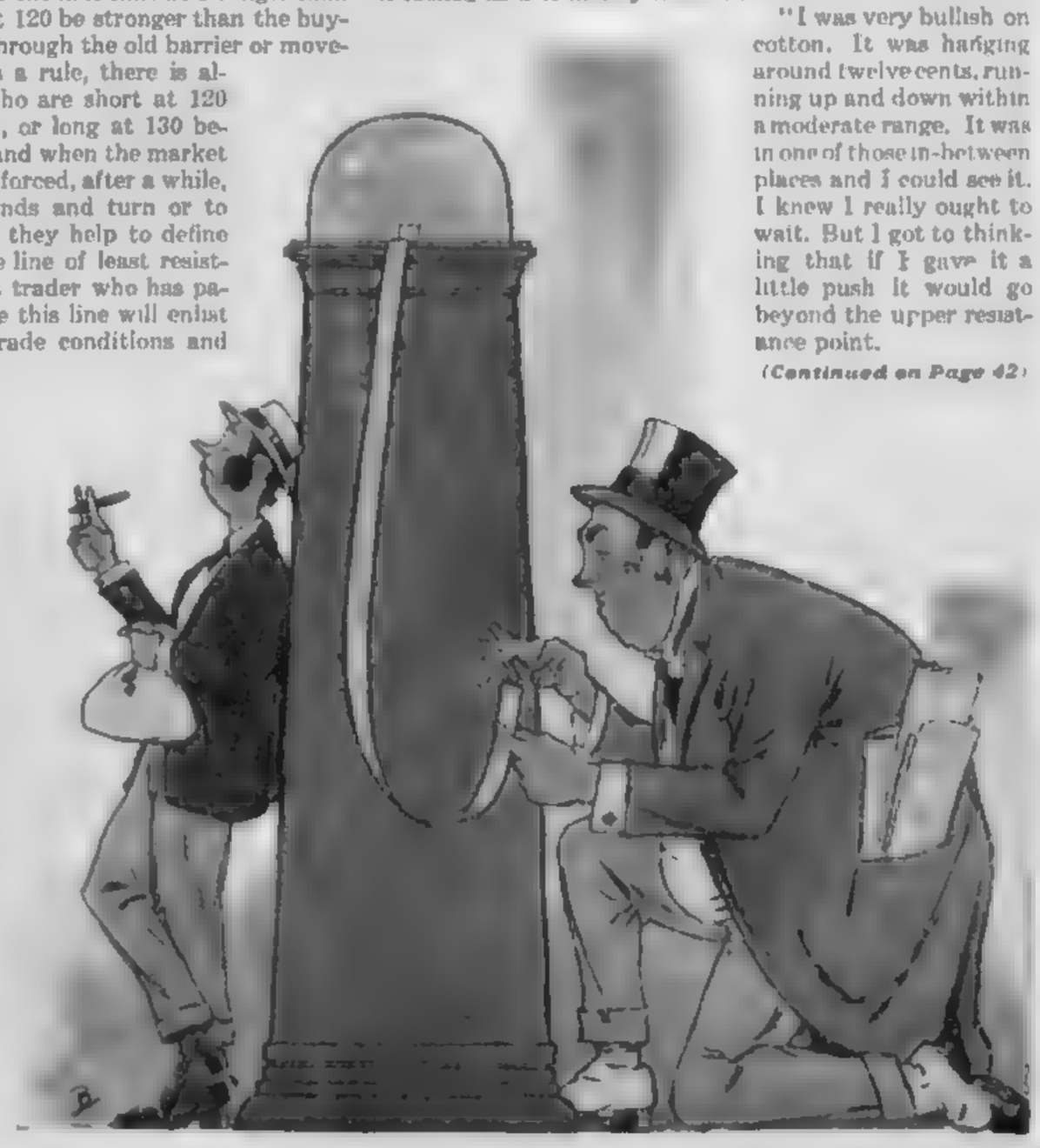
Giving the Market a Push

"IT SOUNDS very easy to say that all you have to do is to watch the tape, establish your resistance points and be ready to trade along the line of least resistance as soon as you have determined it. But in actual practice a man has to guard against many things, and most of all against himself—that is, against human nature. That is the reason why I say that the man who is right always has two forces working in his favor—basic conditions and the men who are wrong. In a bull market bear factors are ignored. That is human nature, and yet human beings profess astonishment at it. People will tell you that the wheat crop has gone to pot because there has been bad weather in one or two sections and some farmers have been ruined. When the entire crop is gathered and all the farmers in all the wheat-growing sections begin to take their wheat to the elevators the bulls are surprised at the smallness of the damage. They discover that they merely have helped the bears.

"When a man makes his play in a commodity market he must not permit himself set opinions. He must have an open mind and flexibility. It is not wise to disregard the message of the tape, no matter what your opinion of crop conditions or of the probable demand may be. I recall how I missed a big play just by trying to anticipate the starting signal. I felt so sure of conditions that I thought it was not necessary to wait for the line of least resistance to define itself. I even thought I might help it arrive, because it looked as if it merely needed a little assistance.

"I was very bullish on cotton. It was hanging around twelve cents, running up and down within a moderate range. It was in one of those in-between places and I could see it. I knew I really ought to wait. But I got to thinking that if I gave it a little push it would go beyond the upper resistance point.

(Continued on Page 42)



JOHN JORDAN'S FAN

By Dorothy Culver Mills

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

YOU yourself may have been standing before that portrait of J. J. at Fifty in the Academy one Sunday afternoon a year ago when the anonymous young lady was voicing her exasperation. "To think of a man like that being perpetuated in paint!" she complained. "Your heavy, shrewd business man; without a grain of spirituality or sensitiveness or imagination to mark him from every other pillar of the Republican Party and the Chamber of Commerce. There he sits, as trite as a ham-and-egg breakfast and as typically American, God help us!"

"That's John Jordan," ventured her companion mildly. "He's got quite a reputation as a corporation lawyer, I believe."

"What did I tell you!" she answered as they passed on.

You must have agreed with the substance of the young lady's speech, however severely you repudiated the spirit. John Jordan has never been beautiful; fifty found him baldish and heavy; and his keen, not quite humorless gray eyes have always been just too small to dominate a face that has now grown fattish and all but pendulous around the forceful jaw. Men like him can be seen in the window of every city club, in the office of every reputable stock broker, in the grill of every first-class hotel, and marking a cross at the top of every Republican ticket in the Middle Atlantic States, and in all other areas kindred in spirit, no matter how diverse their geography. They are, as the young lady so well said, as trite and as typically American as a ham-and-egg breakfast. So be it.

But there are two circumstances surrounding the painting of that portrait that neither you nor the young lady can know.

First, he fought bitterly against being painted; but he lost, as he usually lost when he opposed his firm and buoyant daughter Gretta, Mrs. Corlies; nor did she win in fair fight, but undermined him with flattery and bribery. He must have himself painted for his grandson, John Jordan Corlies, then aged six months; and he was allowed to hold the baby whenever he so desired for the entire period of the sittings, regardless of its interference with discipline.

Second, if he had to be painted he wanted to include in the picture Bobbie Burns, his more or less Scotch terrier, incredibly old and rheumy, incredibly bizarre in form and color, and incredibly dear to his master.

"You're crazy, dad," Gretta had pronounced in her clear, clipped accents. "Do you think we want that old mutt to go down to posterity? Besides, he's bound to die any one of these days between sittings, and that would make complications." So Bobbie Burns stayed out—and he did die before the portrait was finished, as if to prove to Gretta that she had been right then, as always.

These incidents are by the way, perhaps. The young lady would doubtless insist they are merely trite examples of the typical woman-ridden American, with his muddle-headed sentimentality and his naïve grandson worship that being interpreted means self-glorification; and that they only serve to point her comparison with the ham-and-egg breakfast.

But what would she say about the fan, at that moment lying in blue tissue paper in an obscure compartment of his office safe, marked Personal? That fan whose fateful part in his life only he knew, and he but dimly understood? That fan whose part was not yet played out, though for these half dozen years past he had not touched it as it lay there under old papers rarely disturbed? That fan whose unsuspected gracious climax of interference lay a year beyond?

If the young lady were a little wiser and a little more fair and generous, if she were not quite so clever and were a shade more thoughtful; in other words, if she were like yourself, she might—it is barely possible that she might—murmur: "He was vouchsafed even the veriest fleet glimpse of beauty, and he was loyal to it; he stole for it; he lied for it; and at the last it rewarded him. That, too, as a ham-and-egg breakfast, thank God!"

"It's Awfully Cute!" Said Margie Almost Too Heartily. "And Very—Very Parisian, Isn't It?"

II

IN AN early twilight of June, 1895, a twilight that was fragrant with the scent of roses blooming in Holliston front yards, John Jordan approached the home of Margie Wallace, carrying in his pocket a small fan in a box, and two tickets for the dance to be held that night in Masonic Hall. Both natives of Holliston, he and Margie had gone together, as the phrase has it, ever since they were children; they were not engaged, but they both tacitly expected to be as soon as he had moved a step higher in the law firm of Meiason & Whitby, in Philadelphia. The fan was the gift he had brought her from Paris, where he had just spent a month.

He had been sent there, in this his first year out of the law school, as a sort of exalted errand boy to the legal office of one elderly Philippe Bannister, who, half American and half French, was almost wholly of France and married to a French wife.

His first trip abroad, little to do, and Paris in May with Eugénie Bannister! Madame Bannister was forty, half-way between the fifty-five of her husband, Philippe, and the twenty-five of John Jordan; she was little, she was blond, she was gay, she was poet and mother and inconsequential child.

"Ah, the yong American!" she had cried, pronouncing "the" as if it were spelled t-h-e-e. "Djohnn, you call it." And the "it" was pronounced "eet." "Djohnn Djorrdann. Such name! Such resemblance with the youth himself! So uncompromising, so blunt, so blind—with no i's, eh? No eyes! An American pun, Philippe! I have made an American pun! And so—so stiff! You have intelligence, one can see, or at littlest a clear mind for your law; and you have fun in you, doubtless," she averred with her finger tips resting on his arm, and her sparkling eyes, at once merry and earnest, smiling up at him in puzzled protest, "but it is not *la joie de viere!* It is not the so quick light response to the sunlight, the flowers and the birds, to the beauty—to the smiles and the tears and the laughter that is in the music and the painting and the Nature!"

Here she had turned to Monsieur Bannister and spoken rapidly in French. He nodded assent after the fashion of good American husbands. Then she triumphantly announced in her emphatic English, "It is all right! I am not otherwise engaged these weeks. While you are here I—what is the slang?—I take you on! I teach you! I promise you you will nevaire be—how is it in American?—you will nevaire be just the same again!"

On this night in June, the first of his return, and dedicated to a hasty greeting of Margie and his parents before he reported the next morning in Philadelphia, he was in the early confusion of one who awakes to the familiar after a vivid dream. But which was which? For the streets of Holliston were as strange and as real as a dream; while Paris in May under the tutelage of Madame Bannister was as insistently and as obtrusively with him as the ticking of his alarm clock at his bedside in the morning. Of one thing only was he very sure, and that was his impatience to reach Margie. For in Paris, in May, and with Madame Bannister—and Paris in May meant for him not only the boulevards and the cafés and the Louvre and the Luxembourg, but the Bois and Versailles and Meudon and St. Cloud in all the witchery of spring—even so uncompromising, so blunt, so blind, so stiff a young American that fits the name John Jordan learns to pipe infinite variations on the simple theme of being in love.

Much of this was in reality directed toward Eugénie Bannister; but though she knew it he did not, for was not Madame Bannister forty and married to old Philippe? It was Margie Wallace who was his girl. And it was she who profited by his lessons, for his dreams proceeded to confuse the two in a masterly tangle, vaguely attributing to Margie all the additional charms he was learning a woman can possess, as well as the substantial and comforting and familiar virtues he had always found in her.

As the Wallace front gate clicked behind him tonight he wondered if he was going to kiss her when he saw her. He had not kissed her since he was twenty, for Margie's immediate circle in Holliston took kisses seriously as they grew to marriageable age. A kiss now would mean engagement. Well, why not?

When the moment came, however, it passed without the kiss, rather to his surprise and—though he did not see this—distinctly to hers. Simply it did not happen. Instead they gripped each other by both hands, exclaiming, laughing, and then held each other off for a mutual survey.

He saw a prettily rounded brunette with an animated face beneath brown hair, parted and frizzed and piled high in the current fashion. She was clad in a white China silk dress, whose long full skirt trailed at her heels and whose gigantic puffed sleeves drooped from her shoulders and were held up by bows of pink velvet ribbon. Suspended from her wrist by a similar ribbon swung a massive fan whose white sticks, about twenty-four inches long, were spread slightly by the heavy pink satin that covered them; a giant of a fan.

She saw —— "Well, thank goodness you haven't changed a bit! You're the same old Jack!" she told him in clear, clipped accents. "I'm dying to hear all about it!"

"Of course I am!" He agreed with her sincerely. "I brought you something," he added, "but I see you have one."

Then while he stood looking over her white shoulder she opened and spread his gift. There it was, the fan Madame Bannister had helped him choose, the fan for which he had paid just four times as much as he could afford, the fan that even at this moment he was seeing through Eugénie Bannister's eyes. There was the shortest of short pauses before Margie spoke, but in that pause John lived again that hour in the shop, and heard every syllable spoken in Eugénie Bannister's flexible, rich voice that was not unlike a smooth and swiftly flowing river sparkling in the sunshine

With a shiver she had thrust aside the great, heavy things like the one still swinging from Margie's wrist, and uttered the single word "Ogg-ly!" She declared that a fan should not be a mere puppet of fashion; Djohnn Djorrdann must have something of permanent beauty to take to his sweetheart. Did not the shop carry something of grace, of charm, of delicate message? It need not be this year's fan since this year's fans were, *mon Dieu*, so grotesque, so Gargantuan! Something old? The young gentleman could not afford, perhaps, an antique such as collectors buy; but in the dust of a forgotten corner was there not something suitable? Some happy accident of a fan?

And at the last, with himself and Madame Bannister and the entire shop on the edge of despair, she had cried "Ah-h-h. Here is your fan, Djohnn! It is the lo-ove—and the springtime—and the beauty—and the grace and the music—and the laughter that holds a tear for its very sweetness! See, Djohnn! The pretty shepherd boy with his lute, his gaze of adoration at the maiden. And the slender little Lo-ove with gossamer wings pleading for him to the pretty maiden, reaching his arms so prettily. And she so—so what you call?—bashful and yet so eager, so modest and yet so—so soaftly inviting, Djohnn! And the gay troupes of cherubs fetching garlands of roses. And the tiny lo-ove birds watching from the bough. And the little lamb, Djohnn, the so absurd little lambkin with its wondering eyes! . . . And see, it is in excellent condition, moreover!"

While she had battled with the shopman in voluble French, John held the fan and saw it all. It was a little thing not so large as his two spread hands, of paper lithographed and hand-colored, whose sticks were of mother-of-pearl inlaid with gold. A central medallion held the picture, a happy inspiration that harmonized the simple pastoral with the glad graces of Watteau. The rest of the face of the fan and its back were lightly covered by a conventionalized pattern gayly blended of winged cherubs and birds and garlands and wreaths and urns.

Finally Madame Bannister had turned to him with a sigh of triumph. "The robber he has confessed; and also—what you call?—come down. It is a not-old-enough imitation of a quite-old, and by a process and of a date that make it of no value to the collector. It can be had for three hundred francs. It is yours, Djohnn! And I am so glad. It will be a message to your sweetheart that will nevaire lose its beauty, its smiling tender beauty. It is the eternal lo-ove letter that you, my Djohnn, are not poet enough to write. But you will see; she will onderstand!"

These words were singing in his memory when Margie began to speak.

"It's awfully cute!" said Margie almost too heartily. "And very—very Parisian, isn't it?"

Only then as, startled, he looked at it spread in Margie's fingers there in the Wallace front parlor—a proper plush front parlor, whose walls were decorated by a male ancestor in a stock collar, two large landscapes painted by a relative and surrounded by heavy gilt, an elaborate hair wreath cased in glass, a photograph of Margie in a sea-shell frame, and a color print of Washington Crossing the Delaware—only then, and there, did he note for the first time that the shepherd's shirt was far open at the bosom, that the maiden's gown seemed to be falling in front and was quite fallen in back, and that young Love was a stark-naked half-grown boy, while the cherubs were a multitude of shamelessly naked little ones.

"You were a perfect darling to bring it to me!" Margie was continuing with a rippling enthusiasm intended to reassure. "I'll take it tonight instead of the other, and I'll be the only girl there in the latest Paris fashion. Everybody back here is carrying these great big ones; I got this for my birthday, lilies of the valley hand-painted on pink satin. But this little one is so much more—what's that French word?—sheek, you pronounce it? And its sticks are so much handsomer than my big ones. Doesn't it seem funny to put such expensive sticks on just a paper fan? But I suppose that's Parisian. They're topsy-turvy over there, aren't they?"

Something was happening within him; John did not know what. In his bewilderment he seized on the one tangible fact, her misapprehension. In blundering honesty he set her right; it was not a new fan representing the latest Paris fashion. Nor was it exactly of antique value either. Madame Bannister had helped him pick it out

"Madame Bannister!" Margie exclaimed. "She's the middle-aged woman who showed you through the art galleries, isn't she? You must have been thankful she wasn't young. Art's awfully embarrassing, isn't it? I mean the foreign kind, when it isn't Madonnas. Or if it isn't it, it ought to be, goodness knows!"

She dismissed the subject with a cheery, tolerant laugh and then abruptly announced that they'd better hurry; he would have to see the family another time, for they had all gone to prayer meeting.

And still this duality within him persisted vividly, confoundingly. He was standing in the Wallace parlor holding a bright blue broadcloth cape for Margie, his girl, whom he had always loved and whom he intended to marry; Margie, honest, vigorous, sweet tempered, healthy and attractive, whose loyalty and unvarying interest in himself and his disappointments and his triumphs and his ambitions had been woven into the very fabric of his reverie. And at the same moment he was standing with Eugénie Bannister in the first moments of his first visit with her to the Louvre galleries, before a painting whose subject, she had explained to him, was Time Rescuing Truth From the Attacks of Envy and Discord. And she was speaking softly: "Oh, Djohnn, Djohnn Djorrdann, blush not before the beauty of naked Truth. Think ju-ust one leetle moment, young Djohnn Djorrdann from Hoallis-ton in America—make of it a clear think all your own and disabused of what r-rubbish that causes the heart and the spirit and the mind to stumble and to falter—and evaire after, Djohnn Djorrdann, evaire after you will blush, not for the naked beauty of Truth, but for that blush. Indeed and you will find it so!"

"Don't you notice anything special around here?" Margie asked him as they emerged into the darkening evening and paused at the gate.

John looked around him. "I think I hear—I mean I see the roses." He stumbled shyly over the statement. Not so long ago at this very hour he was standing in a French garden with Eugénie Bannister: "A red rose glowing in the dusk, Djohnn! After the little birds are still and before the bright stars play their most sweet harmony in the far heaven! It is then the flowers sing their most sweet songs. Are you not hearing them, Djohnn; hearing them there in your heart under that so irreproachable overcoat?"

"Of course you see the roses, goose!" Margie replied with merry impatience. "But that bush has been there for years. You're blind as a bat; it's the front porch; we've had it painted white this time instead of that old yellow papa's always used before. Isn't it lots prettier? . . . And now tell me everything," she commanded cozily without waiting for him to agree with her. "All about your trip and how the business errand went and what kind of weather and people there were coming back and all about it. I'm dying to hear everything! Do they give you good food on the boats?"

Obediently he began to assemble facts for her, but he found himself giving only passing mention of Madame Bannister. Margie did not know that she was listening to a performance of Hamlet with

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"While You are Here I—What is the Slang?—I Take You On! I Touch You!"

THE CHANGING EAST

Japan and Big Business—By Isaac F. Marcosson

The Bank of Japan at Tokio

THOUGH the rest of the commercial world has paid the penalty attached to what might be called boom and bust, Japan is still riding the stormy seas. To put it more concretely, where America instituted something like a drastic financial house cleaning and took her medicine even to the extent of the bread line, Nippon has tried to delude herself into the belief that she can escape costly readjustment. The attitude of capital toward serious dislocation is almost precisely like the feeling of reaction about liberalism. Each sees the handwriting on the wall but refuses to believe its eyes.

Such is the status of big business in the nation that was expected to be the fiscal stabilizer of the changing East. It means that the one-time so-called political yellow peril is on the verge of becoming an economic menace that may delay permanent capitalization of the benefits of the Washington conference.

If ever a nation needed disarmament—and it applied to the mental as well as the physical state—that nation was Japan. Her desire to keep up with the mad race for prestige in sheer weight of fighting metal was not only a political irritant abroad but an excessive overhead material burden at home. Yet the moment this burden is about to be lifted—or as soon as the highway to relief is opened up—the country finds itself in a depression that is affecting the Orient in one of its most crucial and plastic hours.

The Japanese slump has peculiar interest for the whole world because the international depression that flattened out so many pocketbooks really began with the puncturing of the silk boom in Japan in 1920. Things move slowly in the East, and this means that both prosperity and the reverse are felt there long after the West has had its dose. Thus it came about that the economic reaction in Japan developed when we had started to see daylight. The Japanese piled up so much money during the war and immediately after, that they have been able to live on their fat ever since. But lately the ribs have begun to show. Hence the story now to be unfolded.

At the Left—J. Inouye, Governor of the Bank of Japan

At the Right—Dr. Takuma Dan, Japan's Foremost Business Man

Before we strike the stride of the narrative it may be well to get the background, since it may help you to comprehend the Japanese state of mind. No nation has been so persistently press-agented as Japan, and as a consequence what must be bluntly designated as the myth of her greatness grew up. Her successes in the Chinese and Russian wars speeded up a growing reputation, but when you dispassionately probe past performances you find that Japan has never had a real war test. No one knew how weak China was until Japan humbled her. The world did not realize the depths of Russian military and political corruption until it contributed to the Slav downfall in 1904 and 1905. When Roosevelt ended the Russo-Japanese War the victors were in practically the same boat as the vanquished.

Business Under the Feudal System

SO WITH trade. Save for special hand crafts and a long and not particularly creditable contribution to the make-it-cheap campaign, which was originally aided and abetted by the Germans, Japan is not able to hold her own in fierce international competition, now that the world is showing a faint semblance of normalization. It grows partly out of the fact that the Japanese is inferior to the white man in efficiency. With the passing of the era of special privileges born of forceful penetration she will fare even worse.

Save among the professional Japanese baiters in America there has been a hesitancy to tear aside the veil that has hidden inherent Japanese tendencies in trade. In Europe, especially in England during the life of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, one always heard "Be careful what you say about the Japanese. They are a proud and sensitive people." As a result they have received more special treatment than almost any other nation.

The plain truth is that no man can study the Japanese, particularly their industrial life, without realizing that in many respects they are an overestimated race. The question naturally arises, "How did they get away with it?"

For one thing, we Americans are largely responsible. After the war with Russia we told the Japanese that they were the wonders of the world and, like the German Kaiser in the famous Roosevelt story, they believed it. Moreover, they got the greater part of mankind to accept the same opinion because their propaganda, aided by a personal unobtrusiveness which was mostly professional, worked all the time.

As I pointed out in an earlier article, Western civilization in Japan is a veneer that masks a persistent feudal idea. The whole conduct of business is along feudal lines because most financial and industrial control is vested in a few interlocking families, who make the old American money trust look amateurish. Their impress is everywhere. A further evidence is in the intimate relationship of the government to big business, which is so close that it is almost impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends. When a foreigner—be he British cotton spinner, Chinese silk producer or American machinery manufacturer—competes with a Japanese firm, he is really in competition with the government itself.

The Japanese Foreign Office, which is the steward and sentinel of overseas trade, has not viewed the development of the American merchant marine with emotions of pleasure. I traveled from Hong-Kong to Seattle on the Pine Tree State, now known as the President Grant. To the surprise of everyone aboard we stopped at Kelung, the principal port of Formosa—to get four hundred tons of tea. Although the arrangement was known for weeks ahead not a hand was lifted to get the lighters out to our anchorage until long after our arrival, and then

K. Matsukata, Japan's Leading Shipbuilder

Baron Yamamoto, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce

A Simple Way of Spinning Silk Thread

On the Way to Market With Her Basket of Cocoons

Stripping Mulberry Leaves to Feed Silkworms

the wrong tea was sent. There was also a shortage of coolies. Ordinarily this tea is shipped on Japanese and British boats. The lighterage and coolie service are controlled by the British and Japanese.

Wherever you turn in Japan you see some evidence of an almost medieval survival. Japan has become a great world power and no international conference is complete without her, yet her public highways are a disgrace and her methods of labor are in the main as primitive as they were four hundred years ago. The fetish of loyalty to ancestors and country has covered a multitude of performances that in other countries would be regarded as little short of barbarous. Tokio is a world capital, but with the exception of a short stretch of the Ginza, the main thoroughfare, it has neither paved streets nor sidewalks. Main Street anywhere can make a better showing. When it rains or snows the chief city of the Japanese empire is one of the sloppiest places on the face of the globe. The much-vaunted lure of the cherry blossoms cannot atone for the physical discomfort. It all gets back to the fundamental proposition that despite her marvelous achievement Japan lacks elasticity and adaptability.

Less Food for More Mouths

PERHAPS the best summing up of the real Japan, stripped of hot air and glamour, was made by Pierre Loti, who knew the Orient well. When a friend remarked to him that Japan was a triumph of assimilation of modern ideas the author of Madame Chrysanthemum replied: "A translation, but badly made."

Look at what might be called the other side of the picture and you get the provocation for much of the pernicious economic and political penetration of the Japanese. No other important productive people is so up against it in the matter of food and raw materials. The scarcity of these two essentials and a rapidly increasing population comprise the vital problems that become more baffling all the time.

What are the facts? Japan's population is roughly 60,000,000, and it is confined to an area little larger than that of California. It is expanding at the rate of about 700,000 a year. The Japanese propagate so fast that it is almost impossible to keep pace with the increase. It has been well said that the "Standing Room Only" sign hangs out in little Nippon.

To add to this congestion the Japanese are not a migratory people. It is surprising to find that with China so near at hand there are only 32,000 Japanese in China proper. I give the figures of the Japan Year Book. These do not include the leased territory of Shan-tung, but the number there is insignificant now that troop withdrawal is well under way. In Manchuria, where Japan has a special grip, there are only 181,206 Japanese. So it goes. The reason is that the Japanese, like the Frenchman, loves his homeland, and when he does go away he wants to settle in a pleasant country. This is why California has attracted so many of them.

In Japan the production of foodstuff does not keep pace with the rapidly growing population, and here you reach the crux of the whole business. What may be designated as the plight of the rice eaters constitutes one of the outstanding problems of the Orient. It is summed up in a single sentence: The poorest people in the world eat what is for them the most expensive food in the world.

Westerners who keep in touch with Western events have believed that the prize problem growing out of the pressure of increasing population upon a diminishing food supply existed in Central Europe in the tragic aftermath of the Great War. But it is not a patch on the teeming tangle of the Far East, especially in Japan.

Hand-Bidding on the Tokio Rice and Produce Exchange

Rice is the principal food, and the Japanese prefer to eat the native product. They will go to any extreme to escape consumption of the foreign article. Since the native supply is inadequate there must be resort to the imported cereal from Siam, French Indo-China and, more recently, from California. The imported rice is not only more expensive but since the armistice there has been almost incessant juggling with the price. When the rice crop is short the price, even in normal circumstances, is subject to violent fluctuations because of the prejudice against the foreign grain. In times of prosperity much is wasted.

Rice Prices Fixed by Government

BESIDES, a goodly amount is employed in the manufacture of sake, the national drink. You get some idea of the shift in the price of rice when I say that in 1915 the price of rice fell to thirteen yen a koku, while in 1920, during the rice corner, it rose to sixty yen a koku. It now ranges from twenty-five to thirty yen a koku.

The inflated price of rice, due to manipulation, caused a series of riots in 1918 and again in 1920. So serious was the situation that the Diet passed a cereal law, which established a government bureau of foodstuffs. The government bought a large quantity of rice and stored it as an insurance against profiteering. This rice is sold to the lower classes at a fixed price, never exceeding twenty-five yen a koku.

Complicating the price dilemma is the physical limitation on rice production. Every available square foot of tillable land in Japan is under cultivation. Even the hillsides are terraced and planted. These paddy rice fields that gleam like emeralds in the sun are picturesque but uneconomic. The average farm in Japan is less than three acres in area and the methods of tillage are so primitive that they require constant and infinite toil.

The bigger fact behind the rice problem is that, where there is no visible limit to the potential supply of wheat, the margin of production in rice has been reached. Thirty-seven countries produce rice, and only eleven have a surplus in normal years. Three—namely, Siam, Indo-China and Burma—export it in quantity. This surplus really stands between nearly a billion people and starvation.

With no ban on swelling population on the one hand and an increasing price of rice on the other, you can now understand why there is so much social and economic unrest in Japan. This unrest, in turn, bears heavily on the commercial situation. It is one reason why big business today sees through a glass darkly.

On the industrial side Japan faces the same complication. In her cotton

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TUMBLEWEEDS

The Riders Combed the Scrub-Oak Side Hills and the Gulches, Shoving All Stock Before Them to the Bottoms and Heading Them Upstream

IV

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE cook wagon lumbered down Cabin Creek toward the Salt Fork of the Arkansas. A dozen hands, riding in couplets, straggled irregularly behind. The bed wagon followed and the horse wrangler brought up the rear with the *remuda*, which numbered some two hundred head of horses, including the string of extra mounts for each round-up hand who rode with the Half Diamond H wagon.

A rider waited on the far bank of the Salt Fork with his string of extra horses, and the men speculated idly as to whether he represented Crowfoot or the Coldstream Pool, it being the custom to exchange reps to ride with neighboring wagons. The horseman proved to be Bart Lassiter, repping for Crowfoot. Carver's intimation as to Crowfoot's methods and their possible connection with the X I L trail herd, dropped on the occasion of his last visit with Molly Lassiter, had borne fruit. The Half Diamond H crew had been full-handed, but the girl had induced Bart to ride with their wagon as Crowfoot's rep instead of accompanying his half brothers to the X I L.

Lassiter threw his extra mounts in with the *remuda* and joined Carver, who opened up on him without parley.

"I tendered you the key to my little house so that you could use it for living purposes," he said, "but without any notion that you'd start up in business. From all that I can gather you set out to abate the thirst of the whole Cherokee nation."

"Well, the poor devils are fixed up every other way," Bart explained. "They draw beef rations, flour rations, blanket issues, and so on; but nobody's ever been thoughtful enough to provide them with licker rations; so they're forced to live a one-sided, unbalanced kind of existence, and I was striving to supply the lack and sort of round out their lives."

"An' you came near to finishing mine," Carver stated.

"It was only that once," Bart defended. "I did dispose of several cases at a right handsome profit, and you've no notion how much they enjoyed theirselves the next night. It would have done your heart good to have heard it. All Caldwell turned out to listen to the expansive sounds emanating from the Cherokee camp south of town."

Carver had placed that first illusive impression that Molly Lassiter was in grave need of something without which her life was not quite complete. It was no material requirement, but a need that was deeper than that. She despised the ways of the two older half brothers, who had been practically strangers to her during her own early life, showing up at her father's home but infrequently. Later, after her own mother's death, they had returned and made it their home. There had never been any bond between them and herself, and she had feared the effect their ways might exercise upon Bart. Freel had spoken the truth when he asserted that she knew what it was to have the law always barking at her door. Carver knew now that what she most needed was peace—assurance that the same old conditions would not pertain to her life and Bart's.

"Why do you put Molly up against that sort of thing?" he demanded.

"She didn't know," Bart returned.

"But she'd know if they happened to clamp down on you for it," Carver insisted, "and that's what she's guarding against. She's always had that sort of thing to fight off."

"She has for a fact," Bart admitted. "The old man was a hard citizen himself, way back in his youth. He'd quieted down for a good many years, but after the two boys came back he sort of leaned their way again. There's been times when Molly and me was kids, and left all alone in the house or wherever we happened to be at the time, that folks would come round inquiring about his whereabouts, and the old man hiding out in the hills about then. She thought a lot of him, Molly did, and hated Mult and Noll for leading him off."

"Then why don't you shake them?" Carver demanded. "There's no common bond between you and them, and Molly would be way better off."

"I've made the break now and again," Bart explained. "But they always turn up. Our family line-up is fashioned after that fabled joint snake. You can disrupt the critter, but the pieces crawl back together again and all unite."

"If there's any more midnight visits made at my cabin," said Carver, "there'll be one middle joint absent from the next family reunion."

"I take it you're referring to Noll," said Bart. "If you'll only accept my earnest advice you'll decoy Noll off to some quiet spot and snap a cap at him. I promise it won't upset me a bit."

On the third day out from the ranch Carver rode with Nate Younger along a low ridge studded with a straggling stand of blackjack timber. The old man's face was stern and set as he viewed the procession filing for two miles along the open bottoms below them. A dozen round-up crews made up the picture, for this was a coöperative move by all the outfits ranging in the Strip, the great final combing of stock from the unowned lands.

Far up the valley, a mere speck in the distance, the Half Diamond H wagon led the way while the others trailed at intervals. Two hundred riders, the personnel probably including the most efficient body of cow hands in the world, straggled up the bottoms in irregular formation. The extra horses, if combined into one *cavayado*, would number over two thousand head. A group of riders hovered near the last wagon, it having encountered difficulties in making the crossing of the Cimarron, resuming their way as the quicksands relinquished their sucking hold upon the wheels and the floundering horses snaked the lumbering vehicle out upon the solid shore. A band of twenty Cherokees flanked the cavalcade and dashed from one outfit to the next, begging food from each wagon boss in turn. Midway of the procession a detachment of cavalry rode in double file, while the officer in command conferred with the man in charge of that particular wagon. As Carver watched they dropped back abreast of the next in line and he knew the message delivered to each one in turn by the soldiery—the instructions to make a thorough sweep and clear every head of stock from the Cherokee Strip.

The Indians, having gathered contributions sufficient for the moment, including a steer which was pointed out to them by the owner of the brand worn by the animal, hazed this movable meat supply to the crest of an adjacent knoll and there dropped it with an accompaniment of rifle shots. Younger waved a hand toward the scene spread out before him.

The Cook Wagon Lumbered Down Cabin Creek Toward the Salt Fork of the Arkansas

"That's the way I saw the old West first," he said. "The picture is mighty near identical; the wagons rolling along just like that, only drawn up in more tight formation; the *cavayado* trailing under guard, holding all the extra horses of the settlers; maybe a band of marauding reds clustered off to one side like them that are hacking up that steer; sometimes a little escort of troopers helping us at bad crossings where the Kiowas and Comanches was most liable to jump us while a part of the train was bogged down in the sand. The wagons was more likely dragged by hulls than horses then, and buffalo was scattered round the landscape in place of range cows; but on the whole the picture tallies close enough." The old man turned his gaze away. "That's the way we was first ushered into the old West, son. Maybe it's fitting that we're being similarly ushered out of the last bit that's left for us."

They rode on in silence and regained the head of the line. The various wagons made camp at intervals sufficient to permit the *remudas* of different outfits to be held on good grass at widely separate points to prevent the possibility of their mixing. On this occasion the men rode from one night camp to the next to renew old friendships, fraternizing with the hands who rode for rival brands. Another crew of similar magnitude had assembled at another point in the Strip, and during this same hour these men, too, were mingling from one outfit to the next. Perhaps among the entire three hundred-odd gathered at these two points, there was not one man who fully realized that this meeting was to be the last of its sort; not one who could even partly vision the circumstances of the next.

Never again in history were these men to gather as a whole on the open range. This night was the last. Many would meet in the future; others would never meet again. Some would be neighbors for a lifetime and it was slated that the trails of others should cross in far places. Perhaps it is well that it is not given to man to look far into the future. This last occasion was not marred by any thought that the summons for the next gathering would not go forth for more than a quarter of a century. There were many present who would heed that plea which would one day be issued for all the old-time peelers and bronc fighters of the Cherokee lands to assemble for a final rally. They would not then travel across the open range with chuck wagon and saddle horse. Some would be carried in luxuriously appointed coaches that roared along steel rails; others in glittering vehicles that purred swiftly along fenced and well-kept highways; some would arrive in strange craft that swept across the skies above thriving Western cities situated on spots now widely known as ideal cow-camp sites. A few, indeed, but very few, would come in buckboards or ride in on horses, their ropes coiled on ancient saddles; and it would be these latter ones who would then appear strange and out of place.

But no such glimpse of future actualities troubled the men as they sought friends who worked with other wagons. There was a general disposition to scoff at the notion that there would be no more cows ranged on the Strip. Even if it were opened for entry, it would be long before there were sufficient settlers to take up any great percentage of the range. The settlement of any country was a slow and tedious process. In any event there were long years of life in the open—the only sort of existence which they could endure with satisfaction—stretching forth ahead of them; so why concern themselves over vague possibilities of the future? That was the general attitude of them all, excepting old Nate and his contemporaries; men who, like himself, were being ushered out of their domain as they had been ushered in a generation past. Their day was passing and they knew it.

Throughout the following day various wagons turned aside to the right or left, branching away toward some far spot allotted to them, there to begin the first actual work. In the late afternoon the Half Diamond H wagon made its stand on a creek that flowed to the Cimarron from the low watershed between that stream and the North Fork of the Canadian. The cook's summons brought the men tumbling from their bed rolls an hour before dawn. The nighthawk hazed the *remuda* into a corral fashioned by a single rope stretched between stakes sledged solidly into the sod, and after breakfasting the men entered in pairs, each to rope a circle horse of his own particular string. In the first light of day Younger led off up a ridge to the main divide flanking the creek to the left and turned upstream along it. Other reps had joined the wagon, and there were now nearly twenty riders following where he led. At the head of each draw he detailed one or two men to work it. When half the crew had been assigned to cover certain stretches Younger dropped again to the bottoms, mounted to the opposite divide and moved downstream in a similar fashion until even with the wagon, working the last draw himself.

The riders combed the scrub-oak side hills and the gulches, shoving all stock before them to the bottoms and heading them upstream. The first riders to finish their details were stationed across the valley to halt the cows brought in by others. The chuck wagon had lumbered on up the creek to the point from which the next circle would be thrown. The nighthawk had gone off duty with sunrise, but the wrangler held the *remuda* in a rope corral. While a part of the men held the herd the others repaired to this inclosure and caught fresh horses, those who were to engage in the next gathering swing putting their ropes on circle mounts, while those detailed to bring up the day

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Both Watchers Felt a Sudden Tightening of the Throat as They Gazed Upon the Scene

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The Fairy Wand

MOST young men of ambition are in constant search of those who will help them on the road to success. Such aid is found in many ways and through many persons. It may come through friends, chance acquaintances, books and formal education and training. It may take the form of wise advice, searching criticism and disinterested appraisal of character. It may be free or bought and paid for. It may be amateur or professional. It may be found in the lives of great men, in casual anecdote, in textbook theory, in everyday experience, in the observation of one's associates.

But no outsider, no outside force, can wave the wand that brings success. Fundamentally it is not to be found in other persons, in books or lectures or even in observation. Deeds and not words are what put men on top. The successful man may gain help and inspiration from others, but he always blazes a path of his own. The most valuable advice and analysis he ever gets are those to which he subjects himself. He always makes his own job analysis.

The ambitious salesman takes a course in salesmanship. It will help him, possibly. But there is no fairy wand, and though a belief in fairies adds to the joy of childhood it only carries adults away from the straight and forward path. The course in salesmanship may do more harm than good if it is conceived of as anything more than an aid to growth. All outside aids are in a sense artificial. Expert advice, education, books, articles in newspapers and magazines, training courses—the trouble with all that are honestly conceived and offered is that so many people take them as something that can be put on as a top story to their personal structure. No search is so frequent yet so useless and pitiful as that for a substitute to take the place of the slow and painful process of inner growth.

The Other Horn of the Dilemma

SINCE the armistice Germany has persistently encouraged the sale of the paper mark in foreign countries. Austria and Poland have Austrian crowns and Polish marks. France, Italy and Belgium have not driven their paper money out on the markets of the world. There has been speculation in German marks. German economists and bankers defended their position.

"We shall print German marks as long as anyone will buy them," a prominent German financier once declared.

Imports of the value of possibly half a billion dollars were paid for with foreign exchange secured through the sale of German marks in foreign lands. How many billion German paper marks are held abroad no one knows; possibly forty billion would not be too high a figure. When the Germans sold for two cents paper marks that are now worth a fifth of a cent, that was, indeed, a profitable transaction—for the moment.

But only for the moment. The paper marks outside of Germany stand like vultures at the border. Until recently they faced outward. Now they seem to be facing inward. On the slightest provocation these marks are likely to be thrown on the market. Once the foreign mark holder loses faith, he becomes a bear on the exchange market. There is evidence that the recent declines in the mark have been accelerated, if not provoked, by the selling of disgruntled foreign holders. Observing the flight of capital from Germany now going on, despite the Reparations Commission and the German Government, the foreign holder of the mark is gradually coming to the realization that he is holding the bag. Once this conviction is general, then the débâcle of the mark.

Beating the Devil Around the Stump

NO THEORY is more readily conceded in debate or more grudgingly followed in practice than that government expenses should be met chiefly through the medium of taxes. There are two other available methods—the issue of bonds, and paper money—but both lead straight to ruin if persisted in for any length of time. Russia, which according to creditable statement meets only three or four per cent of its state expenses through taxation, is the ghastly example of how not to do it.

This country was able to put out some twenty billion dollars in Liberty Bonds, and end the war by the might of its financial and industrial resources, solely because it had not already mortgaged its future. Governments do not differ from individuals. The man with small earnings and large debts outstanding cannot borrow further; he who has large earnings and small debts is in a position to borrow almost as extensively as he pleases. There are no magic boot straps or short cuts in finance; and those who think the Government can perform fiscal miracles which differ in principle from the operations possible to individuals are either dazzled by the mere size of the Government or are congenitally unable to apply common-sense principles to their thinking.

Nations that depend upon paper currencies or bond issues to carry on are precisely like men who keep going by means of drugs. A pint and a half of strong coffee, a glass of whisky, a powerful drug—may be necessary when men are washed ashore, half naked, from a winter shipwreck, or to tide over an actual physical illness, but like crutches they prove detrimental under normal conditions of life and health. This country was justified in putting out twenty billion dollars in bonds to make the supreme effort in 1918. If there had been no market for bonds it would probably have been justified in issuing an equal amount of paper currency. But supreme efforts cannot be made every day without wrecking the system.

There are many splendid uses, no doubt, to which two or three or five or ten billion dollars could be put by our Government. The methods by which the money is raised may be decked out with fancy names. Men eminent in various lines, like Edison or Ford, may be brought upon the stage to surround the process of finding new varieties of money with an air of wonder. But the statement is irrefutable that heavy extra expenses by the Government at this time, unless the funds are provided for by extra taxation, will have the same effect upon the body politic that giving drugs to the patient after he has got over the crisis with their help always has upon the human body.

Clever patent-medicine manufacturers, the ingredients of whose concoctions consisted of alcohol or opium, long ago learned to disguise the dose. They were not foolish enough to call it alcohol or opium. Certainly any citizen who reasons straight, whatever he may think of specific measures before Congress, cannot fail to applaud the underlying soundness of these words of Senator Borah in one of his recent speeches:

> The time may come when the United States will have to stand, as it were, at the Marne on this question of preserving financial civilization. The time may come when our reserve, economic and financial, will have to be called upon as our reserve of man power was called upon in 1917; and it behooves the American people and the American Congress to prepare for that, as we prepared for the great conflict which confronted us in 1917.
>
> The nation which will lead in the future, which will control and dominate, will not be the nation of armies, not the nation of navies, but the nation of economic power, of prosperity at home, of financial reserve, of means to take care of those things; and it behooves us, therefore, not only by reason of the call which will be made upon us here in this country but by reason of conditions which surround us throughout the world, to conserve and reserve all the financial and economic power that we have in order to meet that exigency when it comes.
>
> If you care to search the files of the Congress or survey the activities of the state legislatures you will have no difficulty in discovering at once the peril which confronts us as a people. If all the measures which propose appropriations were passed, or if all the measures which would incur indebtedness were passed, it would place a mortgage upon the brain and energy of this people which a thousand years could not lift.
>
> Even in our own country, now comparatively new, we have already reached the era of subsidies and embargoes and bonuses and gratuities, and that other peculiar and sinister invention of American politics, fifty-fifty; that is to say, the state will exploit the people for fifty per cent, the National Government for fifty per cent, thus dividing responsibility and aggravating extravagance, unmindful of the fact that, while the taxing powers are two, the taxpayer is one and the same.

The taxpayer, being one and the same person, whether levied upon by the state or Federal jurisdiction, has his limits of endurance. He lays golden eggs, but it does not pay to kill him in an effort to get them all at once. Provided taxation can meet the strain, that is the way to raise revenue, rather than through the vicious opiates of paper money or the back-breaking burden of bond issues. But what forms are the new taxes to take?

Apparently this question has staggered Congress. Faced with the possibility of great new expenditures, it seems unable to find any answer but a tariff on imports. And yet as a measure of taxation it cannot be gainsaid that a high tariff on imports arouses the bitterest opposition of a large section of the people. Certainly the income-tax rates cannot be raised. Indeed they have been somewhat lowered in response to overwhelming and unanswerable argument and demand. To boost them up again would probably kill in its infancy any revival of business with its accompanying reduction in unemployment.

A general sales or turnover tax has been widely advocated, but no one knows whether it could be prevented from raising appreciably the cost of living. The estate or inheritance tax already has reached the point of practical confiscation, and many families pay this tax in several states in addition to an inordinate Federal levy.

Additional consumption taxes might be placed by the Federal Government on automobiles and many other articles. But these are exceedingly unpopular, many of them are difficult to collect, and if imposed on a scale large enough to raise several billions of revenue might produce a frame of mind similar to that of the citizens of France when windowpanes and the salt on the poor man's table were among the chief objects of taxation.

Senator Borah has been quoted as saying that if all the proposed Federal and state expenditures go through, a mortgage will be placed "upon the brain and energy of this people which a thousand years could not lift." But he adds the far more serious statement, which no student of history can deny, "that a nation whose citizenship has been drugged and debauched by bonuses, gratuities and subsidies has entered upon a road over which no nation yet has ever beaten a successful retreat." Fortunately our people have reached no such point as that, but if the present tendency continues the senator's striking words may become a reality and not merely the expression of a by no means groundless fear.

Why not try plain living at the public table and going without those things that government cannot afford for a change; retrenchment all along the line—national, state and city?

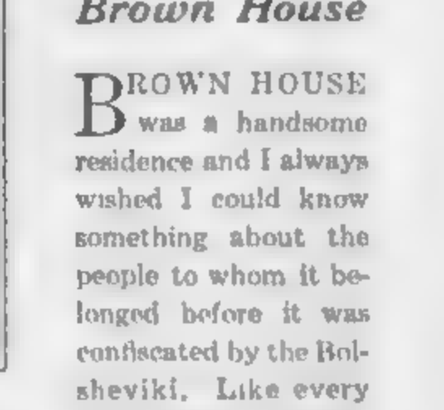
MATYUSHKA MOSKVA

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IN THE magnificent old city that is known to its people and to all Russians, wherever they are, as Matyushka Moskva—Little Mother Moscow—life under the domination of the Bolsheviki is filled with a number of things besides gloom. It is filled with a strange unbelievable confusion, to begin with, but whatever else may be said of it, it is not dull.

From the outset one feels that the colossal experiment in communism is a colossal fraud and that cynicism rather than idealism is the insistent note that sounds throughout the whole vast symphony of desolation—in which form the picture of it all sometimes presents itself to my mind.

The Pavilion on the Lake at Tzarskoe-Selo, or the Czar's Village, as it Was Known in the Days of the Romanoffs



Now the Children's Village, Dedicated by the Bolsheviki to the Principle of "Utopian Upbringing of Utopian Children"

Great artists who have passed into the life beyond have recently been crowding back across the one-way-only bridge that spans the space between the here and the hereafter in order further to express themselves to us, and they seem almost invariably to select as mediums for their expression persons who know nothing at all about the arts in which they themselves were mundanely preëminent. Very well; I know nothing at all about musical composition, so, in view of all the interesting revelations, why should I not wish that Franz Liszt would come over and use my hands to express in symphonic measures that which he must be able to observe from his vantage point in the great grand stand as the real truth about Russia?

The Laughter of the Gods

WITH the ears of my imagination I can hear even now the splendid measures of some such symphony as he might write, but with my hands I cannot play them. I cannot express them in words except to say that through the flashes and the flames, the rumblings and roars of them runs a melodious motif of pure diabolical mirth. In Moscow I thought to myself quite frequently that it was difficult to keep from turning pagan and beginning to believe in the laughter of the gods.

A strange unbelievable confusion! I was living in Brown House. I have already written about how the residences of the American personnel of the Relief Administration were designated in simple terms of color in order that everybody might know where he lived without having to learn his address in Russian, so I need only say that in its relationship to Pink House and Blue House, which were the two other important personnel residences, Brown House was a rather remote and somewhat unpopular annex. It was originally selected and set aside as the official boarding house of the usually reverend representatives of such organizations as were affiliated in relief work with the A. R. A., these being the Y. M. C. A., the Southern Baptist Convention, the American Friends' Society, the American Mennonite Society, the National Catholic Welfare Council, the National Lutheran Council, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee and the Y. W. C. A. Incidentally it provided temporary shelter for the numerous new relief workers arriving in Moscow almost daily on their various ways to distant areas of distress.

Two Pictures That Make a Study in Contrast—Russian Refugees Waiting for Distribution of American Corn

All of which still continues to be true, of course, but since I am now viewing everything in perspective I must write in the past tense. I do not believe that within the few weeks that have gone by since I left anything can have changed very much. Except it may be that the weather has changed considerably and that the element of cold in the mélange of misery is temporarily eliminated. But it will not be for long. Summer does very little lingering in Russia.

Although it was spring in other lands it was still very cold in Moscow, and everybody was worrying because the planting season was at hand and the winter had only just begun to exhibit its first signs of breaking. There were daily thaws that turned the streets into rivers of mud, but each night the temperature fell and early morning found the city incased in ice, while heavy flurries of fresh snow added nearly every day to the time-blackened and unsightly snow heaps with which the streets were lined. I liked these snowfalls; the flakes came down big and heavy and clung to everything in our immediate little world, making it at least beautiful to look upon.

Brown House

BROWN HOUSE was a handsome residence and I always wished I could know something about the people to whom it belonged before it was confiscated by the Bolsheviki. Like every other house in Moscow that I ever entered, it had been thoroughly looted, and though the Bolsheviki were supposed to provide comfortable living quarters for American relief workers they seemed not to be able somehow to find among their nationalized assets very much in the way of ordinary household furniture. Which reminds me that if they ever decide to restore to its former owners all the property they have seized they are going to have a deuce of a time locating a lot of carpets and curtains, chairs, tables, beds and bric-a-brac. One supposes that in each soviet there is a stolen-property custodian. There must be! And one gets an amusing picture of what is going to happen to him when the principle of private ownership comes back into its own. He is going to lose his mind trying to answer questions that begin with "Where's my ——" and "What did you do with ——"; questions about everything, from salt cellars to chandeliers, inclusive.

I never saw a good-looking piece of furniture, a handsome carpet, a valuable rug or anything of that kind without wondering who owned it and what had become of him. It seemed to me that nearly everything had a story to tell. For instance, they sent into Brown House a beautiful French carpet. Originally it could have been intended for nothing but a sumptuous boudoir or a Louis Quinze drawing-room. It was about twelve feet square, and light blue with a wreath of pink rosebuds round a grayish medallion in the center. I don't like that kind of carpet myself, but of its variety it was a noble specimen. It didn't fit anywhere in Brown House and I wondered where it did fit and what kind of woman had owned it and had been compelled to give it up when the Bolsheviki came along. It was the only carpet that was sent into Brown House while I was there, and since there was practically nothing else in the way of furniture the place was not exactly what you might call cozy.

The big drawing-rooms were turned into a kind of dormitory for the American men coming through on their way to other relief stations, and had absolutely nothing in them

(Continued on Page 100

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From The Salome Sun

SALOME is a little picture with a big frame around it—lots of frame—and she dances—I'll say she does!

* * * *

We walked all over Los Angeles last week looking for a quiet street where everyone in Los Angeles wouldn't walk all over us.

* * * *

The engine standing on the sidetrack blowing off steam and making a lot of noise isn't the one that is doing the most work—and a lot of people we know are just like some engines—always standing on the sidetrack and making a lot of noise while the main-line engines pulling the big loads keep going right on by. Get off the sidetrack, boys, and let's GET ON THE MAIN LINE and do something besides blowing off steam and standing still. BOOST THE COUNTRY FOR A CHANGE.

* * * *

I was out prospecting with Larry the other day—in the mountains, you know—and said, "See that little butte over there." Larry is in the hospital now. He was in such a hurry to turn around that he sprained both ankles.

* * * *

Stop when you get to Salome—where she danced—and fill your tires with that soft Salome air—it rides easier and is used to dodging bumps—use our laughing gas—a free smile with every quart—we laugh becuz we like to live here—we have to and you don't—you just keep on riding by and buy, asking which road and dodging bumps and chucks coming and going -we wonder where—and why, becuz we've been here a long time—a L-O-N-G TIME, trying to save something for a rainy day—Rockefeller and Henery Ford used to get all the money before we started, but we havnt saved anything—and it hasnt rained—there's frogs here seven years old that havnt learned to swim yet—so why should we worry about rainy days?—We thank you—and if you have to come this way again why—stop and say Hello. Maybe Salome will dance again or the frog might learn to swim by that time. Adios.

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

Speaking of Husbands

"SO HARD to do anything with a man like John. It's like pulling teeth to make him go to a party. I've often said to him, 'John, dear,' I've said, 'you're your own worst enemy, really you are. If you would only make up your mind that you were going to have a good time and think of it that way, why then everything would be ——'"

"—— not that I mind, because I know that it's just Ed's way. But what I say to him is, other people don't understand, and if they see him putting his arm around all the other women they'll think that ——"

"—— takes these awful dislikes to people, and for no reason! Now there's this Mr. and Mrs. Nevins that just moved in across the hall. You couldn't find a more congenial little couple. I know that she does talk a lot, and she's terribly interested in people's affairs, and she will bid without the tops, and of course he was mixed up in that bucket-shop thing somehow, and he can't ever seem to remember his gambling debts. But as I told Raymond, 'After all, we're none of us perfect, and we should all try to ——'"

"—— every other Sunday, rain or shine, we've traipsed up to his mother's for dinner. But if I so much as suggest spending a couple of weeks with Aunt Bessie up at the farm he flies off the ——"

"—— asked him so often, 'Don't you realize how hard it is for me when you don't dance?' But all you can get out of him is that he never did care anything about dancing, and ——"

"—— no desserts, and won't look at a piece of lamb—nothing but steak, steak, steak. I declare, sometimes it's all I can do to keep from ——"

—Dorothy Parker.

Ship News

NEW YORK, Sept. ——. Among the passengers arriving yesterday on the Styptic was Mr. John B. Calhoun, president of the First National Bank of Fishtrap, Ky., who has been visiting Europe under the auspices of the Frankly-Thirsty Tours. When asked for his views on the economic situation of Europe, Mr. Calhoun replied:

"Never in the past has the future of Europe been what it is today. Every factory chimney in Germany is smoking. The German workman has gone back to his trade with a determination and energy which bid fair to put the rest of the world on its mettle. I have seen German barkeepers standing at their posts from nine in the morning until midnight. Foreigners were collapsing all about them, but they stood doggedly to their tasks.

"Europe as a whole must get down to business. There is no economic panacea; the salvation of Europe lies in work—work—work! That is my advice to Europe. I stated it a number of times to the Europeans I met in the casino at Ostend and at Monte Carlo, but those Europeans, clustering about the gaming tables, refused to heed the advice of a plain American."

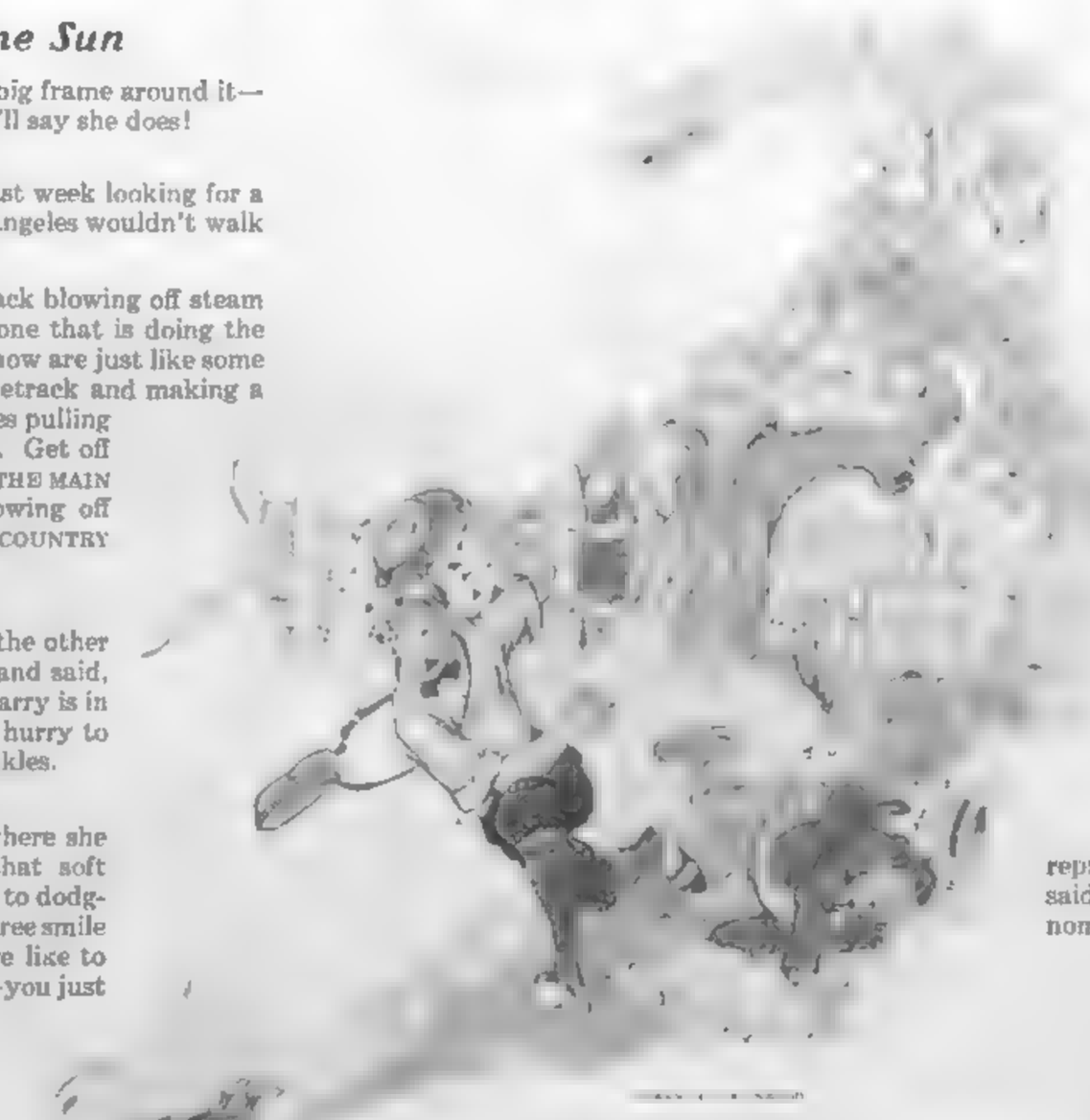
Mr. Leominster Upjohn, president of the Codfish Trust Co., Boston, returned on the same vessel after a summer touring the Norwegian fiords in a canoe. He said:

"The economic plight of Europe is appalling. In Germany not a factory chimney is smoking: the workmen, animated by a spirit of discontent, refuse to work unless they are paid by their employers. The problem of unemployment has become so grave that the great Wurst family, makers of the Wurst Wienerwurst, have discharged all the children in their factories under eleven years of age.

"One of the highest officials of the Norwegian Government—he is in sole charge of a lighthouse—told me that there is much disquiet in every chancellery in Europe. If things go on as they are at present, no one knows what will happen in ten, or even fifteen years. However, one thing is perfectly evident to the careful observer: There is no economic panacea."

Miss Clothilde Riley returned from Paris after completing a two months' course of study in violin, sculpture and art embroidery. She stated that the economic situation of France was all right; the people of France are not much interested in the question of German reparations. When asked if the chimneys were smoking she said they were, badly. She does not think there is an economic panacea.

—Morris Bishop.



The Farmer—"Gosh! Them Summer Boarders Sure Does Keep My Bees Amused"

"I Wish That Old Cat Would Come Home. This Bunch of Roughnecks is Wearing Me Out"

Elmer and Myrtle

(At the Movies)

IT WAS the hour when flies the bat
And softly coos the nesting turtle,
When Elmer donned his Sunday hat
And morieward escorted Myrtle.

They found their seats and waited there
Observing other people's actions,
And read the phrases rich and rare
That told the coming week's attractions,

While Myrtle briskly talked and fanned,
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

A comic flashed before their eyes:
The scapegrace dodged through tricky doorways;
He felled his foes with custard pies
And fostered mirth in many more ways.

When, strangely blind to what must come,
A vengeful orchestra attacked him,
He jumped right through the big bass drum
And grabbed the leader's staff and thwacked him!

Laughed Myrtle, "Don't he beat the band!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

Next came a reel of Western scenes,
Of desert, orchard, coast and prairie,
Of leagues of stately evergreens,
Of snow-capped mountains cool and airy,

Of glaciers big and bleak enough
To give an August noon the shivers,
Of sculptured cañons deep and rough
With plunging falls and roaring rivers.

And Myrtle rightly said, "My land!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

The final film was all about
A cowboy flamingly heroic;
He put uncounted foes to rout;
His marksmanship would thrill a stoic.

And when, by lawful homicide,
The villains perished, unregretted,
And when the victor clasped his bride
Against the skyline silhouetted,

Sweet Myrtle sighed, "Oh, ain't he grand!"
And Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

Then home they walked, as fine a man
As ever gave his youth to farming;
And Myrtle—since the race began
Was ever maiden half so charming?

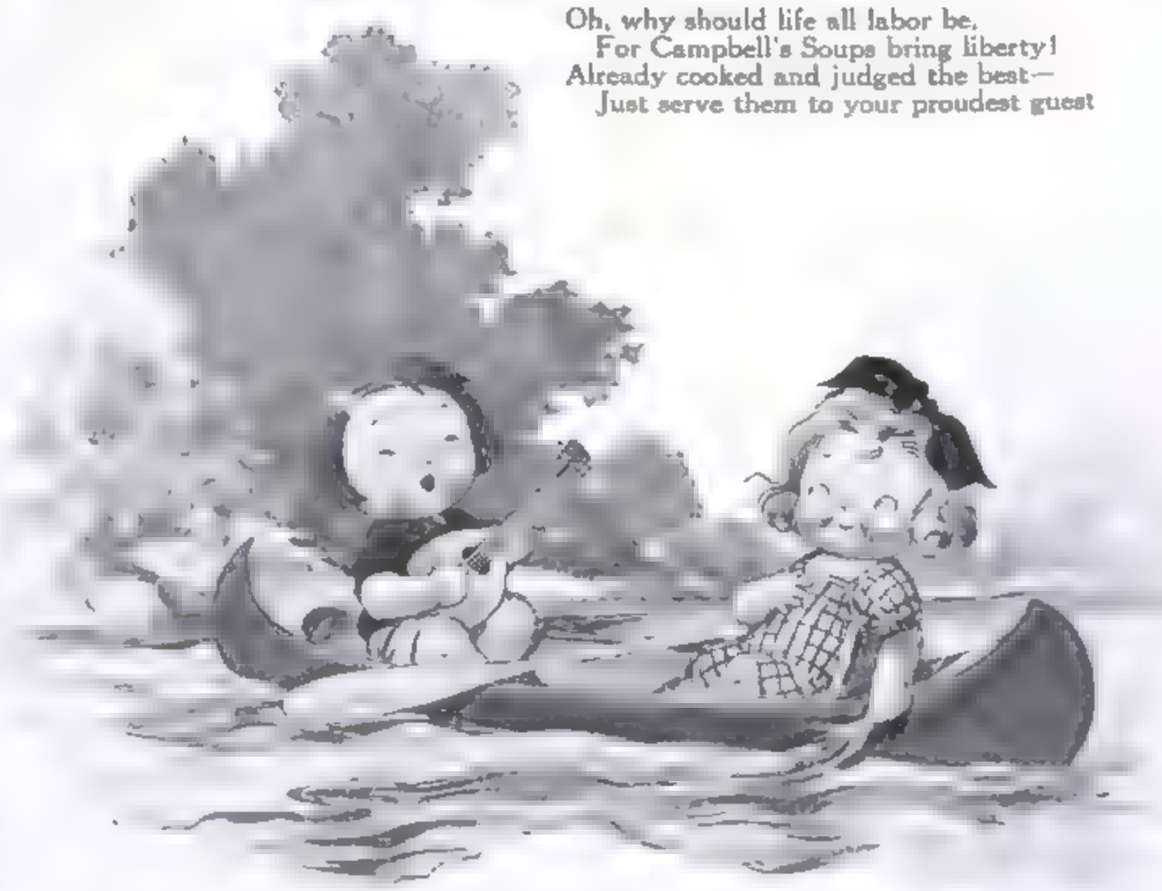
And when they paused beneath the lime
Where Myrtle's gate their ramble ended,
She said, "I've had a lovely time,
And everything was simply splendid!"

And Elmer—well, I understand
That Elmer patted Myrtle's hand.

—Arthur Guiterman.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

Oh, why should life all labor be,
For Campbell's Soups bring liberty!
Already cooked and judged the best—
Just serve them to your proudest guest



"Oh, why should life all labor be?"

In three minutes Campbell's Soup, fragrant and delicious, is ready to place upon your table! So millions of housewives now serve soup every day—Campbell's Soup. They realize that their families must eat soup regularly to have the best health—and Campbell's is so nourishing and so convenient.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a rich smooth puree of the tomato juices and the tender fruity parts strained and blended after our own exclusive recipe. Golden butter of choice quality gives added richness and the spicing and seasoning are done with the delicate touch of the famous Campbell's chefs. A soup enjoyed by everybody—and good for everybody. That means the children, too!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Tasty tomato sauce ready for your table

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Just try it for your meats and salads, spaghetti, rice, eggs and vegetables. Of course it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

LAUGHTER, LTD.

VII

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE best way to find out why is it people have so much trouble keeping a servant is to be a servant for a while your own self, and after I got my job at Trixie and Taylor Trueman's home I soon decided that the hardest thing to bear was no regular hours. Whoever made up that old quotation about a person cannot burn the candle at both ends had the wrong dope, because the Truemans burned not a mere candle but a whole electric dynamo at both ends, and in the middle. Entertain? Sweet daddy! Them Truemans entertained everybody but their servants.

I was maid to Trixie as well as my other duties of waitress and nurse to the kid, a little girl of three. And when Trixie had a call at the studio for nine in the morning it was me had to force her awake, get her up, pump her full of coffee and produce her tooth paint for her to paint her stained teeth with, get on her make-up, find her pair of smoked glasses to save her eyes from the lights, etc., so's she could get to the lot in time and also in fair condition. What she got from me for seventy a month was enough, I'll say! And just think how I used to keep her on a pedestal back home in Stonewall! I sometimes couldn't realize it for a fact.

The Truemans' house was a new one, built in the conventional wedding-cake architecture which is so popular in Southern California. There was sleeping porches stuck all over the house, French windows opening into the Spanish patio, and an Irish swimming pool. Well, anyways, the pool was lined with green tiles. And since it was out of doors the blue sky reflecting into it made a wonderful effect, and turned the water the color of a aquamarine. This swimming pool was the nicest thing out there, and didn't I crave to get into it, though! However, you know what most employers' attitude towards servants and bathtubs is, and this also of course applied to swimming pools. I used to go down to mommer's on my afternoons off, for mine.

It took considerable courage, too, because as soon as Adele had me safe in the tub she would remove my clothes to where I couldn't reach them very easy, and give me my semiweekly bawling out for being a servant girl. But at the end of each explosion she would generally weaken and forgive me for supporting her and myself by this disgraceful means, give me my clothes back, and leave me return to my life of sin, saying Heaven would reward me. And I would say yes, I was sure of that, only I hoped I wouldn't have to go home to heaven and collect.

Adele absolutely refused to give up mommering me and look for a better paying job.

"Nonsense!" she says when I suggested her doing so. "Bosh! Things will soon get better, honey! They say every cloud has a silver lining, but I always say the silver lining is probably what makes the clouds wear so good!"

And then I would go back to Truemans', cleaner in more ways than one, all refreshed and ready to earn my salary and tips. And I may say that the tips was no light matter, especially if it was a wet night in our dining room, for the girls would then be awful generous about retrieving wraps, and sometimes run as high as fivespots. A person would actually be ashamed to take it, only for realizing that if you didn't get it somebody no more worthy would.

Such nights come along pretty often at our house, Trixie preferring to entertain in her own home more than outside; and Taylor liked it, also. A lucky thing, because it sure was less trouble to carry him merely upstairs as soon as he got thoroughly wet than to haul him all the ways back from some outside place or other.

"I don't know how I stand this life, Bonnie!" Trixie says to me one late afternoon when I was up in her bedroom, brushing her lovely brown curls in preparation for a big night. Trixie had the handsomest brown curls I ever seen in my life—twenty of them, full-length, natural curl, and all I had to do when dressing her hair was brush them around my finger a couple times and hand them to her.

Then He Kissed My Hands and Dropped Them. And Get This—There Was No Camera on Us, Either!

"I'm wore out, Bonnie!" she says to me, blinking hard not to cry and start the mascara running off her eyelashes. "I don't know can I stand it much longer. No more snow parties for mine!"

"Why do you go on them ever, dear?" I says, because naturally after a month in the same house we talked pretty intimate, and in fact she was real hungry for a friend of the female sex that she was not obliged to keep up any front before. "Why don't you cut out the happy dust? Think of your kid, honey! Here—that's the curl that goes on the top."

"I got to keep going!" she says, taking it sadly. "And I don't dare think about Jennie. I got to support her, haven't I?"

"What about friend husband doing a little of that?" I says. "And whatter you mean, support, anyways? You two must be drawing down enough kale to plant a farm!"

"Forty-two hundred a week," she says mournfully. "I don't know where it goes. We are broke all the time, and the bills we owe! It's a crime!"

"That's no excuse for the dust, hon," I says, bringing her a blue spangled evening dress that made her look like a sparkling infant fairy. "Why not cut it out?"

"I can't!" she says, getting up and clenching her little hands. "You don't know, Bonnie, what it means to work in comedy! They never let you off of playing it, day or night. If only I could quit being my gay screen self when I leave the lot, but I can't. Why, what would happen if I didn't stay in character? They'd say I was going stale, that's what, and the rumor would spread and spread until it ruined me! I'm a madcap on the screen, so I got to be one off it too."

"Refuse to be," I says briefly.

"Oh, that's a cinch to say!" says she. "But you know it can't be done. There is always a reporter around, or a producer on the party, or a director that's set your character for you, and you got to have a lot of pep! At first it was fun and I didn't mind. It come easy and natural to be gay all the time. But now I been a wild woman for six years steady, except when I was sleeping—sleeping under a bromide! And a person's own pep soon wears off. I have to take something to jazz me up, Bonnie; I have to, dear!"

"Mister ought to do something about it," I says. "Oh, Trixie, you got a right to your husband's care."

"Huh!" says she, buffing her nails like she wished they was his face. "Huh! Fat chance! He and Tommy has just taken a bungalow up in the Cañon. You know what that means. They think I don't know it, but a wife has always got a friend to come and spill that sort of dirt to her! And as for money, do you know how much he give that bootlegger yesterday? Fifteen hundred, cash! And me obliged to hock my diamonds to meet the installment on our new car! Happy dust? Liquor? Why not, Bonnie, why not?"

"Oh, hon, every reason why not!" I says, and then Trixie heard her husband yelling in the hall for her to hurry.

So she took a shot out of the lovely silver flask on her dresser, and beat it down to her gay dinner party.

I went on up to my own room, feeling kind of groggy in the other sense, the way I always did after a talk like that, which we were having them more and more frequent. The funny part was, I couldn't get sore at Trixie. She was a kid at heart, and so refined-looking, but without any real brains or training, and she was caught in a kind of trap. That is what success had meant to her—a trap.

Well, I'll say I was learning something about the moving-picture business every day, even if I wasn't at a studio! And one of the lines I decided on was that I would never, no, never, lose my bean like the Truemans had, and throw my money away. Which it was of course easy to say while I was not even in the pictures as yet, and I was as safe making that resolve as a millionaire socialist in declaring for a soviet in America.

Keeping open house the way they did the Truemans naturally kept it in the open part, meaning in the patio. And for the benefit of those that don't understand Spanish, let me explain. A patio is to a house what the hole is to a doughnut. In other words, the house is built around it, with the patio left open. The swimming pool was right square in the middle of it, and the dining room, parlor and den all opened out on it direct. There was a palmetto growing in one corner of it, and a orange tree in the other, while green Spanish tiles grew all around the edge. Sitting in the nursery window of a Sunday afternoon Jennie and

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THE Hupmobile is peculiarly fortunate in the respect it inspires in every branch of the automobile industry.

A striking instance of this is the frankly admiring attitude of thousands of garage and repair men.

It is very impressive, the way these experienced men—who intimately know *all* makes of motor cars—single out the Hupmobile, in confidential conversation, as the one car they unqualifiedly approve.

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me could see all of it pretty plain, and read our book of fairy stories which I had bought her on account of her never having, until I come into the house, heard of Goldilocks or Little Red Riding Hood, and I think it is wrong not to teach a kid those great truths.

Also, sitting there I could recall how when I first come West I had thought that maybe some day I would be at the swimming-pool parties of some big egg, and then I would think, well, here I am! Well, anyways, we could sit there and see the party, and I could also see the bell rung for me, if anyone rang it. Every Sunday things would go pretty nearly the same

About 11:30 Tom, who was Taylor Trueman's dresser, would bring out a big table and set it with half a dozen bottles of Scotch and rye and bowls of ice and a dozen or so glasses and siphons, cigarettes and a percolator of coffee, and then everything would be ready for Sunday dinner. Everything but the host and hostess, anyways.

The guests would commence to float in early. Regulars mostly, some already in bathing suits under a wrap, and some at once walking into the bathhouse and borrowing the first suit they seen there. They would stroll around the place, swimming a few strokes, sunning theirself afterward, highball and cigarette in hand, and then after a while Trixie would appear in her one-piece, and after a little more of a while Taylor would show, and they would all play like kids, talking, splashing, smoking, drinking, and so forth and so on, and on, and on, a new record on the phonograph for every new drink. Then by sunset they would just merely move into the house itself and continue. Some Sunday dinner!

Well, anyways, one particular Sunday that I am telling you about, I got to watching the crowd circulate, and I didn't notice how little Jennie had got away from me until I seen her dancing across the patio below, chasing Fluff, the small white dog belonging to my boss. At the same moment almost, who should come in the door but Anita Lauber, and with her that chunky blond play writer and director, Jack Blum, with whom she was chatting like they was intimate friends.

The sight of Anita in that house give me a jolt, I'll tell the world! It didn't seem fair, somehow, that she should be there as a guest when everybody knew about her, and here was I, a mere servant! Something in me got up and yelled in silent protest; yelled it hard. And any girl which was raised in New England will understand. Did everything get by? Would nobody snub you or shake a cold shoulder, no matter what a girl did?

Anita was dressed beautiful, in blue satin sports clothes. She had snap to every inch of her. I looked down at my black dress and white apron, and Lord, how I hated my job at that minute!

No use in telling myself what I knew to be the fact that those people down there in the patio was not the real topside picture people; not in the class with Mary and Doug and Charlie and their set, or in the class with the great writers like Mr. and Mrs. Greyton, or so forth, and that therefore I was every bit as good as them and etc. I felt menial and ashamed of it, yet could only set there wrapping my hands in my apron and hoping to heaven Anita and Blum would go away soon, although that was hoping against too much.

"Sweet daddy," I thought, "I suppose the ocean is now too vulgar for Anita to wash in it, that she has got to come here!"

Trixie had never spoke of Anita, but they kissed when they met, so they must of met once or twice before. Funny, but Milton Sherrill was the only one I had thought of, and dreaded meeting in the Truemans' house, and Trixie had told me she had never seen him before or since that day on the DuMas Pear set. I had never even dreamed of seeing Anita there.

Well, anyways, just as Anita had got hold of a highball and I had got hold of myself a little better, that beast of a small white dog of ours had to go and jump into the pool with all its fur on, so of course Jennie had to jump in after it with all her clothes on.

Right away there was a lot of grief from below and my bell started ringing like mad. Seeing the kid in the water, I jumped up and ran downstairs. I had to. And at that very instant the front door opened and in come Bob Strickland.

While I stood there paralyzed, from the other way come Anita, waving her highball at me frantically, and down the center charged Trixie Trueman, holding out a wet and screaming child to me, the child holding out a wet and barking pup.

One of the strangest things in the world is the way we keep thinking our friends is less decent than we are; less kind or generous, and always having that first blind instinct of mistrust.

The very moment I had clasped that wet dog and child to my bosom, and stood hugging them and trying to comfort the two of them, while Trixie disgustedly wiped a few drops of water off the front of her bathing suit with a lace handkerchief—well, at that very minute I realized I had done Anita a injustice. I had expected she would pretend not to recognize me, and here she was as glad to see me as could be.

"Bonnie darling!" she cried, running up and giving me a kiss across my wet armful. "So this is where you been hiding! Look at the cap and apron! My heaven, have you gone cuckoo, or what?"

"Good Lord, Bonnie!" says Stricky, turning first red and then white. "Say, listen! You have stuck it out in your own way, haven't you?"

I couldn't stand any more, but turned and run upstairs with the dog and the baby. Somehow the minute I seen Stricky, all his charm swept back over me. He upset me from the roots, so to speak, and it was a kind of attraction that give me more worry than pleasure. I hated him, I disapproved of him, I had good cause to mistrust him, and yet when I come face to face with him, all I could think was how handsome he was. So I ran. In a minute Trixie was after me, helping with the kid for once in her life, but talking like a whirlwind as she done so.

"Whatter you want to let them hand me a haymaker like that for, Bonnie?" she says. "Why, Anita Lauber says you are a wonderful actress, a regular knockout, and that you got a big future. Why didn't you tell me, dear?"

"I'm not!" I says. "I only want to be! And I'd been out of a job so long ——"

And then we done considerable kissing and crying, as might of been expected of women, and when the kid was dry and the dog ditto, nothing would satisfy Trixie but that I should come down to the patio and have a celebration held over me.

"Ain't we got fun?" Trixie shouted to the crowd as she dragged me down without even letting me take off my apron. "Here I been employing a angel unawares, so to speak!"

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"I'm Worn Out, Bonnie!" She Says to Me, Blinking Hard Not to Cry. "I Don't Know Can I Stand It Much Longer"

The Standard of Comparison

The Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan

Built primarily for de luxe touring this newest of Buick models, the six-cylinder, five-passenger Touring Sedan, offers a degree of comfort unsurpassed by the highest priced cars.

Its rugged, metal-covered body, custom-made by Fisher, and the well-knit chassis with its distinctive new cantilever springs absorb and soften the jars and jolts of cross-country travel.

Five passengers may ride in the Touring Sedan in utmost comfort, yet in conversation range. The individual front seats and the broad rear seat are deeply upholstered in plush. A single wide door on either side affords easy entrance and permits the use of two large plate glass windows, thus offering the passenger a wider range of vision.

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To drive the Touring Sedan is a relaxation. The refined Valve-in-Head motor performs with a new smoothness and flexibility, the steering position is ideal, the long control lever is within easy reach, the handsome instrument board is replete with every device for convenience.

Conspicuous even among the fourteen fine cars bearing the Buick nameplate for 1923, the five passenger, six-cylinder Touring Sedan provides traditional Buick excellence in a cross-country car of great distinction.

Among other items of equipment are the transmission lock, cowl ventilator, drum type headlamps and parking lamps, windshield wiper, nickeled scuff plates on running boards, covered metal sunshade, rear vision mirror, heater, nickeled steering wheel spider, silk window shades, gasoline gauge and combination clock and speedometer on instrument board, roof covering of latest design and material, extra gasoline capacity for touring

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THE CAKIE

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

What Was the Use Kidnaping a Girl if You Hadn't a Nickel to Buy Her a Wienie?

G. CALDER WILLIAMS III, garbed as sketchily as the young man in the underwear advertisements who never dreamed that so much clothes comfort could be bought for a dollar, flung down the upstairs hall. Around his straight white legs he held a dampish pink-bordered bath towel. On his face rode a frown of infinite martyrdom. He shoved a shoulder inside a door and carefully intensified this expression of patient injury.

"Where's my shirt?"

Mrs. George Calder Williams II looked up from the floor where she had spread a paper pattern on a length of gingham and anchored it in spots with books and cold-cream jars and pincushions.

"Gracious, Georgie, don't be running up and down the hall like that! The girls are always coming upstairs."

G. Calder etched his beautiful eyebrows into peeved arches. "I'm not running up and down the hall. I'm asking you where my shirt is. And for heaven's sake, don't call me Georgie."

"Well—it's your name." Psychologically and physiologically G. Calder's mother was a slave to habit. Georgie, her son had been born. Georgie was etched on his silver cup and inscribed on the family record. So far as she was concerned Georgie he would live and Georgie perish—and Georgie would be engraved on his share of the family monument. "As for your shirt—I suppose you mean the silk one. It isn't washed. I can't send it to the laundry, and Hattie and I have been cleaning. Neither of us has had time to wash it."

If G. Calder had been arrayed in a purple mantle he would have pulled it around him with a sublime air of accusing scorn.

"It seems to me"—profound pity was in his voice—pity for a weak and inefficient race of femininity, pity for the males who must depend upon such failing vessels in the matter of shirts—"it seems to me that a house ought to be run on some sort of system."

He stalked away. In his room he jerked out of a bureau a despised and plebeian garment of plain madras. From the neckband he wrenched the futile little black collar button which laundries buy by the shipload, and this he flung across the room.

"If men ran their businesses the way a woman runs a house this would be a devil of a world to live in!"

All this, understand, from hearsay only. Personally G. Calder's knowledge of business depended upon certain prolific magazine writers and a breed of artists who do iron-gray gentlemen sitting at desks better than anything else. Actually he was as thoroughly unaware of the workings, escapements, horse power or foot-pound capacity of any form of business as his sister Susan, who thought that a microphone was an inquisitorial instrument for taking Bertillon measurements. In G. Calder's mind business occupied a vague sphere infested with sour-souled fathers who always needed the car, sad eggs, dumb-bells, stenographers with darns on their silk calves, brokers, klucks in shell-rimmed glasses who ate at automats and liked work, and other incredible human mysteries who adored getting up early.

Some day, of course, when he had time, and his father, George C. Williams II, waxed feeble and tractable, G. Calder intended to take over the cutlery factory which his father and grandfather had fooled with for years, and make of it a truly tremendous thing.

But in the meantime the matter of the neglected shirt was consistent with a concerted policy of injustice which he had been called upon to endure for months, and which had reached the peak of patience within the last forty-eight hours.

Various paternal indignities made G. Calder's brow pucker and his blood fume, as he maneuvered an intolerable collar upon the unspeakable shirt.

When for the second time he thrust open the door of his mother's room his countenance had hardened into a mask of youthful desperation and his voice held the soft steely undertone of a man who has heretofore exhibited tolerance but who warns the world that there are limits, the sort of voice that sounds as a dill pickle tastes.

"Look here, mother, I've got to have some money."

His mother was drawing a sort of map of operations on the field of gingham. Her mouth was full of pins.

"I tell you I haven't got any, Georgie. I loaned you ten dollars of my house money and how I'm going to piece out till Saturday I don't even know. We'll have to eat pea soup. What on earth do you do with so much money? You never buy anything."

"Mother, a man can't skin nickels the way women do. If I've got to be a strangler and an egg ——"

"Well, if you saved a little of what your father gives you ——" There was an accent on the "gives" which offended G. Calder.

"Please don't argue. Can you let me have five or not?"

"I told you once, Georgie—I haven't got it. I've got a dollar for the yard man when he comes in the morning, and maybe forty cents over, and that's all."

"Can't you stand the fellow off? He's been grafting a good living off of this family for four or five years. He ought to be willing to wait a day or two for a measly dollar."

"Why—Georgie, I can't do that. They're poor—they need every cent. You'll have to get along. Did you ask your father for some money?"

"Thank you, I don't care to be insulted again. So—you won't do anything for me?"

"I tell you I can't, Georgie. Don't step on that pattern. Set the door on the latch when you go out. Hattie is off this afternoon."

G. Calder moved away haughtily. He loved his family, but there was no denying that they were a self-centered lot, callously indifferent to their good fortune in owning a son who at twenty was already a leader in his social world.

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NATIONAL MAZDA

Why the Name on National MAZDA *Lamps?*

The words "National MAZDA" on the base of the lamp are put there for your protection just as the name of the car is put on the radiator or hub-cap.

They promise you protection against dimness, unduly short lamp life, and all the hazards that come when a car is driven at night by the light of dim or uncertain lamps.

They are our promise that you will be guarded against needless *expense* for light. For electric current in your car costs several times as much as current in your home, and the waste caused by poorly made lamps may run into many dollars in the course of a year.

Furthermore, the words "National MAZDA" give you assurance of uniformity—for accuracy in every detail is a fixed National Lamp policy.

When next you enter a store to buy an automobile lamp, insist on the same protection as the builders of the cars listed at the right provide for themselves. See to it that the lamps you buy have on the base the words "National MAZDA", with the correct MAZDA Lamp Number for your car, as given in the National MAZDA lamp guide which the dealer keeps handy. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, 305 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Each of these labels represents a Sales Division equipped to give a complete lighting service

A Partial List of Gasoline Passenger Cars on which National MAZDA automobile lamps are installed as initial equipment:

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Comet
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Dixie Flyer
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Malbohm
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Saxon
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Carry a set of extra lamps in this handy kit in the side pocket of your car

AUTOMOBILE LAMPS

Your Choice of Six Styles

Everlastic Octo-Strip Shingles. The latest development in the strip shingle. Made of red or green mineral-surface. Made in a unique form that offers a variety of designs in laying.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. Made four shingles in one of high grade waterproofing materials with a red or green mineral surface. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles. Fire resisting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same mineral surfaced material and red or green artistic shape as Multi-Shingle, but in single form, size 12×12¼ inches.

Everlastic Giant Shingles. Identical in shape with Everlastic Single shingles—but heavier and thicker. They are unsurpassed for strength and durability.

Everlastic Mineral-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roofing made. Surfaced with everlasting material in artistic effects of red or green. Combines real protection against fire with beauty. Requires no painting.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay—no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Before you buy roofing know what the label stands for—

It's what "rubber" roofing is made of and how it is made that determines its quality—not how it looks on the outside. And among the many different grades on the market, the good and the bad often look so much alike that it is practically impossible to tell which is which by a mere superficial examination.

So to buy intelligently, you must see the label, *and you must know what that label stands for.*

The Barrett Everlastic label stands for The Barrett Company's biggest asset—its sixty-year-old reputation for absolutely dependable products, honest prices, and fair dealing.

On the roofs below is shown Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing—the favorite for industrial and farm buildings the country over. Besides this plain-surfaced roll roofing, there are five other styles of Everlastic: a mineral-surfaced roll roofing, and four mineral-surfaced shingles.

Among them you will find an economical, dependable roofing for all steep-roofed buildings—factories, farm buildings, homes, schools and churches.

Illustrated booklets of the six styles free on request

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His father was the worst, of course. Sordidly immersed in commercialism, George C. Williams II called all young women flappers, and all young men cheap dudes. Their principal interest in life, so he argued, consisted of burning up gasoline and keeping cars out all day so that overworked fathers were cheated out of their golf. As for money, G. Calder had suffered most of his life from his father's archaic views on the subject of allowances. There was one crude tale of George Williams' youth concerning one sawbuck and thirteen cords of green hickory wood which made G. Calder wince in every sensitive fiber whenever he heard it. It was useless to try to persuade a soured old cutlery maker that young chaps did not sell papers on the streets in this day, or sweep out stores or mow lawns. G. Calder was a trifle sorry for his father. It was tragic, he felt, to grow old and see the world move on and leave you. Not that George C. Williams realized that he was being abandoned by a swift-moving universe—he was too busy being disgusted with the recklessness with which the world moved.

As for his grandfather, old George Williams I, G. Calder had no words for such an absolutely unspeakable person. Grandfather Williams was past seventy, and because he had once founded a cutlery plant, grinding shears on a little stone wheel and welding them in a hand forge in a little upstairs room, he was obsessed by the delusion that that cutlery concern could not, by any manner of means, exist for one hour except under his personal and particular supervision. He insisted on puttering around the plant, wearing loathsome overalls, his old knotty hands smeared with polishing grease; insisted on getting up about five and consorting with horrible people who made G. Calder absolutely ill—Slavs and Czechs and strange races who possessed incalculable interest in the old man's senile mind simply because they knew, through long apprenticeship and incredible labor, how to put edges on blades. Old George Williams apparently despised his grandson cordially and, when he spoke to him at all, confined his remarks to querulous shrillings of scorn for a worthless and idle generation, and G. Calder called him "Sir!" very coldly, and kept as far away from the dreadful old man as possible.

Susan, his sister, offended in a different way. Far from being archaic, Susan, who was vulgarly called Scoot, kept about three syllables ahead of the last word when it came to speed. When a new slang phrase became prevalent Susan had already discarded it as passé. She was the first girl in town to bob her hair, the first to paint butterflies on her ankles under her thin rolled socks, the first to learn every new dance step. When there was no new dance step to learn Susan invented one. But G. Calder had to admit that Susan was crude. There are shades and tenses in the mere matter of living, and he felt that the tone of his sister's career was a shade less delicate than his own.

He owned, a bit reluctantly, that she managed very well for a girl who hadn't a car of her own and was restricted to the point of tyranny in the matter of cigarettes and clothes. It was rather pitiable to see Scoot scrubbing her teeth with peroxide and eating peppermints whenever she came into the paternal presence.

Susan was discovered on the library floor, her head on the rug, her feet on a chair, a bridge lamp contorted to an absurd angle so that it appeared to be about to turn a handspring so that its light might fall upon the book she held very close to her nose. Susan devoured Waldo Frank, Elinor Glyn and brittle magazines with slinky women on the covers. She condescended to notice her brother's entrance by pulling her feet down to the level of her body and glancing off the page for an instant.

"I suppose you want money," she remarked acidly. "Mush on, friend; I'm impoverished myself."

"What about this morning?" demanded G. Calder. "I heard you, this morning, distinctly ——"

"Certainly—this morning. But this is afternoon, and I've been playing bridge with Emily. Less said about Emily's methods the better. One understands a lot of things."

"Shut up about Emily. D'you mean to say you've spent every cent he gave you—every cent?"

"Gave me? Gave me? Gave is glorious. You mean every cent I chipped off sliver by sliver, the way they carve out monuments! Yes, it's gone. If it wasn't I need it myself. Where are you going—to the Brannons' dance?"

"Never mind where I'm going. If you've got two bits, slip me quick. Can't you comprehend, woman, that I'm clean? Going to a dance with a girl, and clean?"

"Well, she has a car. If you have a blowout she'll lend you car fare. Pop says you ought to go to work."

"Oh, pop! I've heard it. That's a dignified attitude you're sprawled in. Mother's making you a Mother Hubbard or something. Why don't you go up and help her?"

Susan, called Scoot, disdained to reply. She reached under the rug, dug out a half-burned cigarette, lighted it and blew the smoke into the fireplace. G. Calder marched out, furious. He could have written a trenchant book at that moment on the utter impossibility of families.

Miss Emily Jones was nineteen, freckled, piquant and frankly redheaded. Of late, while she was waiting for her hair to grow out, she was a trifle inclined to irritability, especially when the wind blew or she meditated on the contemptible irresponsibility of hair nets. She was more than a trifle inclined to irritability now as she waited, under the porte-cochère of her residence, her elbow on the wheel of the little town car which really belonged to her mother, though that patient lady's proprietorship consisted chiefly of paying the garage bill and soothing bilious motorcycle policemen when they told her tersely what they were going to do to Emily.

"Is it still Anno Domino or is it B. C. or something?" she inquired very sweetly when G. Calder arrived, red-faced and warm. "I feel as though I'd been waiting through one of Mr. Wells' books where every chapter covers fifty million years. Did you lose your collar button or did the car jump off the track?"

G. Calder winced visibly at the mention of street cars. He expected Emily to be whiffy, but she needn't rub it in that the automobile was hers. He got into the little car in haughty silence. Emily always drove. She liked to see young men sit twitching and exercising a frantic self-control while she did inexcusable things to a good twin-six engine. Only one man had ever had the courage to take the wheel away from her, and this was an unspeakable sharpshooter named Butler, who was catalogued in G. Calder's bad book with sixteen big black crosses after his name.

They drove toward the club where the Brannons were having their dance. G. Calder maintained his lofty silence. Emily was his girl, but there were times when she knew it too dog-gone well. This was one of the times. He proceeded stoically to put her in her place, with an enigmatic aloofness, a withdrawn and mysterious silence that worked usually, even with Scoot. Into his eyes came that injured and accusing look that always made girls restless, made them wonder just what it was he knew about them. Generally Emily was squelched by it, by the superior condoning which G. Calder had acquired so expertly, but today she had torn up two hair nets in vain. A wiry strand of bricky red perked out over her ear defiantly. It made her furious.

"If you've been drinking glue let's go back," she suggested icily. "Usually you're so eager to make your vocabulary rally round that you have great big thousand-legged words flapping round your ears like bats. Or have you decided that it was an error of your youth to have learned English?"

"If you wanted mere words why didn't you invite a parrot?" asked G. Calder stiffly.

Emily was characteristically unperturbed. "I considered it. Then, knowing you, I gave it up."

G. Calder looked bored. Fighting with Emily had lost its edge. There was always a deadline from which one must draw back, lest she go home enraged and leave him marooned somewhere without any car fare. Considering this intolerable possibility he found himself meditating patricide in various interesting and horrible forms. The family car was an absurd old raft, of course, but it would run, and if one left the top down it sometimes passed for a later model. Emily must be soothed. He summoned a sweet phrase out of the Rollo Books, only to discover that they had arrived, so he altered it to "Well, here we are!"

Emily jeered. "Yes—here we are!" And a Greek chorus from the veranda echoed heartily, "Hello—here you are!"

Dominant in this Greek chorus was the bucolic note of the odious dumb-bell, Butler. Butler was waiting on the veranda, and patently he was waiting for Emily. Instantly G. Calder knew that the Brannons' dance was ruined beyond repair. Why, oh, why had they invited an impossible person with a brown neck who frankly made money raising pigs?

Whenever G. Calder met this fellow Butler, he always inquired solicitously concerning the health of the pigs. But the deuce of it was that Butler appeared callously indifferent to such delicate irony. Butler was not loath to describe in detail the well-being of all his pigs—the pigs being obviously profitable. Butler owned the best roadster parked at the club. His clothes were perfect and his soft white silk shirt made G. Calder ill under his abominable madras. But G. Calder stiffened his neck.

"Why, hello, Butler," he patronized, "how did you happen to get off? Isn't wheat ripe yet?"

"Cut mine already," returned Butler blandly. "It'll run twenty-eight to the acre. My dance, Emily."

"Beg your pardon, Butler—I'm with Miss Jones."

G. Calder's tone subtly indicated distinctions between himself and one, however prosperous, who in emergencies worked, unashamed, with his hands.

Emily shrugged. "Don't be tiresome, Georgie. I promised this dance to Tom three days ago."

G. Calder drifted sulkily into the crowd about the punchbowl. Daytime dances were abominations anyway. Chaps dancing in golf shoes with sunburn behind their ears, girls limp and warm and careless, wearing sweaters or knit skirts; no illusion, no glamour, no shadows, no dark corners where a man could slip off his collar. The Brannons always gave afternoon dances because old Mr. Brannon, who insisted on tagging along and bouncing jerkily around the floor with a few martyred girls who could not escape, did not like to go out at night. G. Calder was sorry he had come. But of course a man owed certain duties to society. Mrs. Brannon would expect him to dance with each of her impossible daughters—Pauline, who wore corsets, and Estra, who wouldn't wear them and used smelly stuff on her varnished hair. Might as well get it over with.

He went into the crowded ballroom and discovered that Pauline and Estra had acquired victims. The room was hot, so he sat down near the door. There were girls standing about in groups, but he didn't want to dance with them. He didn't want to dance with anybody—not even with Emily, who was languidly fox-trotting with the masterful brown-necked Butler. What he really ached to do was to snatch up Emily—turned-up nose, delicious freckles, gypsy lock of bronze, and all—steal Tom Butler's expensive car, and beat it down the road in a cloud of contemptuous dust. But this desire went down for a choking third-time finish before a wave of ice-cold practicality. What was the use kidnaping a girl if you hadn't a nickel to buy her a wienie? He decided that he would have a straight-from-the-shoulder, man-to-man conversation with George C. Williams II when he got home.

"But he'll do all the talking. He'll wipe the embalming fluid off the pallid brow of that old sawbuck story. He'll tell about that Bohemian kluck who invented the brass shear bolt and draws a royalty check every pay day. He'll get red in the neck, and then mother and Scoot will be sore at me for a week for making him mad. Probably grandfather will read me a lesson from the moldering page of the past—that one about grandmother selling her glass lamp to buy a belt for the buffing wheel, likely. It's no use."

But money he must have. Money was imperative. It had ceased to be a matter of mere convenience. It was a necessity for self-respect. Witness—himself, son of the biggest manufacturer in town, letting a red-handed pig herder in a million dollars' worth of clothes walk off with his girl. Even a dollar gave a man tremendous self-esteem. If he could get even a dollar ——

He strolled back to the porch, and with a pained air joined a group of youths who admitted him after an inclusive meaning glance had passed from eye to to eye.

"Listen, G. C.—we're ducking this wrestle. We're getting up a little game down in the locker room."

Once or twice G. Calder had found these little games in the locker room to be profitable—once or twice when he had been able to bully money out of his mother. If only he had a dollar ——

"Wait a minute," he said to the shifting group.

"Better come on down," they advised him.

G. Calder drifted casually through the rooms till he came upon Emily sitting on the arm of a chair occupied by the unstayed and enameled Estra.

"Did you forget something, Georgie?" chirped Emily with warning sweetness. "You brought me to this party, you know."

G. Calder managed a look of tolerant indulgence. Fatherly stuff went farther than any other attitude with Emily.

"I'm looking for Butler. Going to slay him and sprinkle this fiesta with gobs of gore," he said. "Anybody seen him?"

"Tom? He's dancing with Pauline," stated Estra Brannon coolly.

G. Calder wormed his way around the ballroom and waited in a spot near Mrs. Brannon, where he knew Butler would inevitably park the stolid Pauline. He guessed right. Butler appeared within three minutes, his brown face frozen into that look of polite misery which went with the Brannons. G. Calder edged him out of the crowd.

"Lend me a dollar, Butler," he suggested nonchalantly.

Butler instantly produced a folded roll that made G. Calder's throat contract.

"This makes eleven, doesn't it?" asked G. Calder blandly, pocketing the bill.

"Twelve," corrected Butler. "No hurry about it."

"Thanks, old man." G. Calder turned away.

"Look here, Williams," Butler recalled him. "If you need money how about a job? I'm short-handed on the place, almost impossible to get away. Have to get up at daylight and ride the reaper myself. Know anything about alfalfa—or hogs?"

"Not a thing. Thanks, Butler—I'm no farmer. Pay you back tomorrow."

His face flamed as he jerked away. Insufferable bounder! Pigs and alfalfa! A man who got up at daylight and worked in a sweaty field—and yet people invited him to dances. G. Calder skidded down the stairs to the locker room, desperately bent on cleaning enough out of the little game to pay up Butler and have a stake left.

When he came up out of the locker room he was amazed to discover that it was pitch dark. At the desk old Mr. Brannon was arguing with the steward and figuring with

a pencil. Mrs. Brannon sat just inside the ballroom door, her fat feet stuck straight out in front of her. Manifestly the party was over.

"Emily Jones?" she repeated. "Why, I believe she's gone, Georgie. Nearly everyone has gone. Hasn't Emily gone, Essie?"

Estra Brannon, who was always under the maternal wing because no other wing was ever offered, looked G. Calder over scornfully. "She went on to the Nicholses—with Tom Butler. She drove her own car."

"I thought I saw them leaving," Mrs. Brannon arched her babyish brows. "But, Georgie—Essie can go with you! Don't you want to go, Essie?"

"Sorry." G. Calder backed off abruptly. "I'm not driving tonight."

He slid swiftly out, but not swiftly enough to escape the shrill voice of Miss Estra Brannon—she of the pasted hair and caved-in figure: "Mother! Did you think I would go with Georgie Williams? That cakie? Why—he never has any money! He borrows car fare from girls!"

G. Calder dissolved into the shadows. He ducked down the drive, keeping to the dark spots. In black places he ran, hardly knowing where he went. A hot and furious hate for Estra Brannon made his feet curiously light. Cakie! A Brannon—Estra Brannon, that cold meat ball, that gold digger—called him a cakie! Estra, whose mother had to fish men for her! Plunging along through the warm dusk, hatless, dust drifting into his shoes, G. Calder suffered from the rankling of the drop of truth in this humiliation. He had borrowed car fare from Pauline Brannon once. That was his father's fault again.

The club was six miles out, but G. Calder kept doggedly to the road, nursing his wretchedness in proud fury. When cars approached he drew back into the bushes. He did not want a lift. The weight of any obligation seemed suddenly unendurable. The twelve dollars he owed to Butler pressed him like an accusing hand.

"I'll pay that bounder back tomorrow," he declared to himself, "if I have to beg the money on my knees—from grandfather." Likely Butler called him a cakie too—Butler who worked in the wheatfield like a hunkie! Something fundamentally proud in G. Calder, something which went back perhaps to that old grandfather who had taken steel in his bare hands and battled it with crude tools and beaten the beginning of a fortune out of it, something fiercely independent, resented that debt to Butler. Somehow he would pay back that twelve dollars; and after that, things were going to be different. He wouldn't stand this sort of thing any more.

"I'll leave!" he thought hotly. "I won't tolerate such treatment any longer."

Dusty and sore-footed he stumbled through a back street, very late, and up the alley to the house. There was a dim light in the kitchen, a pale glimmer in the hall, but all the rest of the house was dark. G. Calder knew with relief that all the family were out but grandfather. He could slip in, forage in the ice box, have a hot bath, and be in bed before they came in. Scoot would have heard already that Emily had left him stranded at the club. Emily would see to that. But Scoot should never learn the ignominy of that walk home—nor anyone else. He would draw the barb of Emily's malice by calmly ignoring the incident. But in the meantime he was hungry as the deuce. He lifted a screen and crawled in at the pantry window.

Instantly there sounded a shuffle of feet from the kitchen, and a slow voice drawled, "What you sneakin' in that way for? The door ain't locked."

G. Calder's heart plunged down. Grandfather! What was he doing up at this hour of the night—grandfather, who always went to bed with the sparrows?

"Sir?" he returned coldly, coming into the light.

Grandfather looked up from the kitchen table, where he had spread out a curious assortment of food.

"Want some pie?" he inquired cheerfully. "Don't get pie around here. I bought this one. Made some coffee too. Set down and eat you a bite."

G. Calder attempted a lofty and insolent refusal. But the smell of grandfather's coffee stuck in his nostrils. It was good coffee. The pie looked good, too—berry pie, cool and crumbly.

"Git a fork," advised grandfather with amazing friendliness. "I et mine with my fingers, but you might spoil them white breeches."

G. Calder obeyed. It meant a tiresome lecture, inevitably; but he had had no food since lunch, and the walk had made him ravenous. Grandfather moved over and pushed the fragments of a cold roast near.

"Whack you off a chunk of that and slap it between some bread. Hattie'll jaw us in the morning, likely, but there ain't no heman can work on sandwiches and the sody-water stuff she sets out for supper. I had to stay late down to the shop to see that edging machine set up. Ain't none of them ginnies know how to put a steel grinder together. Got her all geared in reverse—puttin' concave edges on every blade she touched. Looks like you can't learn young fellers nothin'."

Grandfather's scorn was mild. G. Calder found himself warming toward the old chap. The coffee was great. He whacked off another slab of beef and rummaged some mustard out of the cupboard.

"You been dancin'?" inquired old George Williams. "Must have been a barn dance by the looks of your shoes and breeches."

"I walked home," stated G. Calder deliberately; "I walked home from the club because I hadn't any car fare."

"Shuh! How much is the fare?"

"Seven cents."

"Shuh! Ain't your pa give you any money lately?"

"He gave me some; ten dollars."

"Today?"

"No—Tuesday." G. Calder cannily refrained from mentioning the ten he had had from his mother the day before.

"All gone, hey?"

"That's not the worst." He plunged blindly, grateful for a listener as unbiased as grandfather appeared, miraculously, to be. "I owe a man twelve dollars. I've got to pay him tomorrow."

"H'm." Grandfather ate the sugar out of his coffee cup ruminatively. "And got nothin' in sight?"

"Not a cent."

The old man hitched his chair forward. G. Calder noticed then how piercing his eyes were under his bent, bristling brows. He had never looked at grandfather if he could help it, and he was discovering several things. The mouth, for instance—which curiously was not stern but whimsy and quirked up at the corners.

"Look here," said grandfather. "I can put you onto a way to make some money, if you can stand to get your hands a little dirty. But you'll have to keep quiet about it here at home."

"I've got to have money; I suppose I could stand a little dirt."

"You can't let your ma find it out—or sis. They'd raise hob with us."

"What sort of a job is it?"

"I want you to come down to the shop with me tomorrow and help me test that edger. I know machines—and they ain't nobody goin' to test a nine-thousand-dollar trick in that plant but me—but my hand shakes sometimes and my eyes ain't so steady as they was. I want you to run that edger—and not tell nobody—and I'll boss it. You can put on some of my old breeches and a dirty shirt—won't none of the help know you. And you can tell your folks some yarn or other."

G. Calder looked suspicious. This had the look of a ruse to lure him into the shop the hated shop where his father so often oratorically insisted that he ought to begin at the bottom, wiping shears! But old George Williams' attitude was clearly guileless and friendly. Besides, grandfather would be in bad himself if G. Calder's father and the two other stockholders found out that he wasn't sure of his eyesight or his hands around the machines. G. Calder knew that for ten years old George Williams had fought to stay in the shop, defeated every effort to retire him into peaceful senile obscurity. He expanded a bit. There was a hint of conspiracy in the proposition which was adventuresome. Probably grandfather was beginning to realize that his grandson had not been treated with proper respect. He took another bite of pie.

"I did promise Derry Gilmer to set up a motorboat for him," he demurred.

"Is he figuring on paying you for that job?"

"Well, no—he couldn't. He hasn't paid for the boat yet."

"Well, I'll give you day wages—that's five dollars. Reckon you can stand two or three days of it?"

G. Calder's head went up. "Oh, I'm hard, you know. Track team last year, golf—everything."

"Yeah. Good thing, I guess. Well, you better get to bed. I'll call you at 5:30. You can go down on the street car with me and telephone your ma anything you please. Want any more pie?"

By ten o'clock the next morning G. Calder had discovered that he had six or seven hundred separate muscles, and that each one possessed an individual and poignant ache. The new steel edger, housed in a little cell of brick, equipped with its own proud motor, shone like platinum, moved with the insolent efficiency of lightning, and demanded from whosoever served it an untiring devotion which was hard on the arches and the back of the neck.

To old George Williams I, this service was pure joy. He gloated over every sleek gliding of the polished arms, rejoiced in the shrilling of the grinding surfaces, in the steel dust which flew like silver mist, in the noiseless leap of the pulleys, in the quick bite of the brake when the power slackened. He fairly danced before the machine like a dervish before an idol. For an hour G. Calder faintly shared his enthusiasm. It was all new—this muscular gloat of throwing a lever and making a vicious little tool eat steel. It was primitive and he liked it. But the glory died as the ache in his ankles and his shoulders increased. The ragged old shirt he had donned as a disguise was damp and clung to his sides. The smell of oil made him sick. A lot of wops in greasy caps with blackened nails and brownish teeth looked at him sidewise and grinned. They did not know that he was the son of the boss. G. Calder smiled ironically, thinking how swiftly their attitude would have changed had they known that.

The work was not hard. Grandfather applied the power, stood near and tested the blades with experimental thumb, tightened bolts, shrilled directions, his voice rising to a yell when the motor suddenly ceased to purr. G. Calder regarded the old man with dull wonder. All his life grandfather had been doing this, dancing homage to some whirring bit of steel, and now, though he was past seventy, he was eagerly clinging to the task, jealously resenting any suggestion that he was old. Nor was he interested in money. G. Calder knew that he drew about a dollar a day out of the business and put all the rest back.

By noon G. Calder found his interest in faulty blades and crackling steel that broke like glass, waning.

"Why not try it with some decent stuff?" he demanded. "You can't test a machine with rotten stuff like this. Can't we edge good blades?"

Grandfather gave him a quick look. "Sure we can. Reckon you can handle good steel?"

"I can try it. We won't get anywhere grinding these seconds and worthless stuff."

They ate lunch together in the shop cafeteria, and through the window G. Calder saw Scoot waiting outside in the old car for his father. She had on a fresh little green dress and her hair was blowing. She looked alluringly cool and clean, and he knew they were going home to chops and salad and one of Hattie's puddings. And on his right a Polish welder ate a roll smeared with catchup with gory smackings.

The afternoon dragged. G. Calder felt a revolting hate for the shop, for its smells and roarings and moving of shadowy belts. He lost all feeling in his forearms, and black oily sweat ran down into his eyes. By dusk grandfather himself had wearied of the monotonous perfection of the machine.

"Any ginny can run this now," he declared. "What say we see about ordering a couple more? I got some blue prints in my office."

Grandfather's office was a family joke. It was a little cuddy behind the shipping room, where since the factory had been built he had kept his personal papers in a cigar box along with samples of bolts, razor steel, washers and knife handles. There were two chairs with soiled calico cushions, and into one of these G. Calder sank gratefully. A pain in his heels had taught him something. "Concrete floors are bad," he grumbled, "when a man has to stand with his forearms raised and his weight shifted backward."

"Hey? You write that down, Georgie. I been tellin' them that for years, but some efficiency expert always gets up in the meetings and talks me down. Look here, what do you think of this model? Your pa ain't crazy about it—but I look at the economy. Two on one motor with shift pulleys and no vibration ——"

At dinner that night G. Calder, bathed and restored, was silent and strangely dignified. He was concerned in keeping his stained hands from the family notice, and he felt a strange satisfaction in the knowledge that he had earned five dollars with his own blood and muscle. But there was a thrill which went deeper—the tremor of achievement which had warmed him when steel dust flew over his forearms and grandfather, testing with relentless thumb, had found no fault with the blades he had ground. It would never do to let the family know, of course. They would assume instantly that his introduction into the plant was permanent, and G. Calder was doggedly certain that it should be distinctly transitory. But anyway, he had put edges on three boxes.

Scoot regarded him keenly. "What about Derry's boat?" she demanded. "Is it any good?"

"Just fair," evaded G. Calder.

"Why can't we have a boat, pop?" teased Scoot. "Emily's going to get one."

"A lot she knows about engines!" jeered G. Calder.

"Oh, Tom Butler's going to teach her. He learned, running tractors!"

The second day at the shop dragged. There was an awkward moment, very early, when Scoot appeared, just as grandfather and G. Calder were sliding out the door, with her hat on and the keys in her hand.

"I'm going to drive you out to Derry's boat house, Georgie," she declared. "I want to see that raft. If it's any good I'll nag pop till he gets one."

"I'm not going out now," hedged G. Calder in a panic. "I've got to get some things—some paint and stuff—downtown."

"Well, the stores won't be open till eight. What on earth are you going so early for?"

"I've got things to do—things—got to see Derry—can't wait—g'-by!"

It was a narrow escape. Even then G. Calder had an uneasy conviction that Scoot was trailing them suspiciously. He was almost certain of it at lunch time when she appeared at the plant, and instead of waiting outside in the car, as she usually did, came prowling through the factory, spoiling his hard-earned lunch. He avoided her by ducking into a nickeling room, but the smell of the plating acids ruined his appetite for roast-beef sandwiches and mince pie.

"Why don't father keep that young one out of the place?" he growled to grandfather. "A factory's no place for girls."

"Yeah," dreamed grandfather. "Watch this trick eat these all-steel bows, will you? Not a dozen of 'em water ground either. Water grindin' is a waste of time and money—I been tellin' them that a long time, but shuh! They won't listen to me. What say we finish this lot up, Georgie, and slide 'em through the assembly special, and then show 'em to your pa and them efficiency fellers? They think I'm an old nuisance full of notions—but you could tell 'em."

"Me? I don't know anything about blades!"

"Huh? Guess not. I seen that. Reckon you can hold out one more day?"

"I've got to hold out. I've got to pay Butler."

"Got another one of these machines down on the loading dock. Expect you wouldn't want to help me git it set up, would you?"

"If you're going to gear it on that shaft with the light in a man's eye and no room for your elbow you can count me out."

"Well, I've told 'em about that shaft. It'll cost money to install another motor."

"How many blades will a man waste, though, because he can't see properly?"

"Yeah—that's it. You have seen one or two things round this place, ain't you? Pretty fair place, too—if it had some ideas stuck into it. Young fellers—that's what it needs. Young fellers that can think and ain't afraid of grease under their nails!"

"That's all right," hedged G. Calder, "but you remember that I'm not sentenced for life to this blame shop. Nothing doing."

"Well, if you could stand that feller off with ten dollars you could quit today—that is, if you don't want to help me set up that edger."

"Oh, I'll help you."

That night Susan Williams, called Scoot, fairly vibrated with excitement. She skidded into the dining room, flashed a look of triumphant malice at G. Calder and bounced into a chair.

(Continued on Page 93)

FISHER BODIES

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THE RED TAPE CUTTER

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IN MEMPHIS, on the hot afternoon of March thirteenth, the Wildcat fanned himself with his hat until fanning became work. Thereafter for a little while until he was again summoned to the treadmill into which Ol' Man Trouble had cast him he indulged his complainer and aimed his moan at Demmy.

"Neveh seed so much work. Cap'n Jack got me draggin' f'm sunup till de curse-you bell rings. On top all dat, heah's dis work f'm de cap'n's wife—'nuff extry work to bear me down lower dan a snake's stummick."

"I knows. Ise been some busy myself—paintin' dat fence an' weedin' de grass dandruff f'm dat lawn an' whitewashin' de pullet coop. Jus' like a coal mine, only you is ek-sposed mo' to de burnin' sun."

"'Sposed to everythin' mo'. Like a coal mine, 'ceptin' dey is only jus' so much coal in de worl', but dis work mine las' foeveh. Neveh do seem to run out of work roun' dis place. Come Sat'day night Ise sho glad."

"No gladder dan whut I is. Neveh seed such a slow-draggin' Sat'day. Seems like dey los' count. Whut day dis?"

"Day Wens'day. Reckon us kin las' till Sat'day, but how come I don't jus' see. Not at de present minnit."

"Wildcat!"

The clarion call to duty.

"Yass'm. Ise comin'."

The back garden needed about nine hundred dollars' worth of spading up.

"Whuf! Kain't see whut fo' de white folks keeps dis ol' garden patch goin'. S'pose dey does git some onions. S'pose dat ol' spar'grass do sprout up. Cost fo' dollahs a sprout an' strawbabies fo' bits apiece by de time us reaps 'em. Save 'nuff money buyin' f'm de ol' wagon man to keep de house in garden truck for ten yeahs. Ain't no sense in dis pussonal gardenin'. Ain't no good fo' nuthin' 'ceptin' to break my spine wid stoopin' oveh dis long-handle dull banjo."

The complaint department worked overtime and added its abnormal burden to the ordinary load of accumulated woes that the Wildcat carried, but the miracle of time finally came to pass, and Saturday, March the sixteenth, dawned hot.

All day long, whenever casual movements of common routes of industry brought them within hailing distance of each other, the Wildcat and Demmy indulged in the elaboration of their plans for crowding enough diversion into Saturday night to compensate them for the frazzling effect that work and weather imposed upon body and soul.

"Fust off, Demmy, us 'sorbs enough of dat Sunrise gin to melt dis hard luck us 'fested wid. Den us nutrifies wid sardine fishes an' some cheese."

"Sho craves cheese, Wildcat; an' sourdeens."

"Den a r'ar wid de chickens in de back room of Willie Webster's barber shop an' mebbe us goes to de Festive Hall whah de whisp'rin' music itches inside yo' feet."

"Craves to heah me dat Honeymoonlight Blues."

"You an' me, Demmy. Craves to weave me dat Crow Flap thing."

"Den some mo' gin."

"An' back to Willie's place fo' one mo' livin' triumph oveh dem dead sevens."

At evening, with a satisfying supper laid away, the Wildcat approached Captain Jack on the subject of drawing down enough of his retained earnings to afford the pleasure lover a night's entertainment.

"Craves me ten dollars. Cap'n, suh, kin you spare it?"

Captain Jack could spare it. "But don't you get mixed up any place. Stay clear of those joints that are so popular with the police."

"Yas, suh. Sho will. An', cap'n, suh, kin Demmy git ten dollahs fo' his pussonal evenin'?"

Demmy could get ten dollars. Demmy had been a good boy.

"But if either one of you niggers gets jailed you can trust me to pardon you free with a shotgun after you get loose."

"Yas, suh, cap'n, us depends on you heavy—case us 'cumulates any trouble wid de po-lice. Sho do!"

"Get t'hell downtown. Monday you better paint that summer kitchen."

"Cap'n, yas, suh! Sho will."

Bisby Was Politely Surprised at the Wildcat's Mention of France. "Spik You de Franch Lingwitch?"

Trailed by Demmy the Wildcat retreated to his own corner of Captain Jack's woodshed, where he adorned himself with an accumulation of raiment appropriate to the impending festivities, while from his own supply of clothes Demmy did the best he could to reflect the splendors of a hand-painted explosion in a paint shop.

A final twisting of necktie knots, one last swipe at glistening shoes with an old strip of velvet, two hearty splashes of musk, and the cares of yesterday were buried deep under an avalanche of anticipation.

"Hold de deal a minnit, Demmy, till I git dat mascot goat penned up safe."

The Wildcat walked out of the woodshed and prowled over to a corner of Captain Jack's back yard, where Lily was grazing herself fat at the expense of a few square feet of thick green grass.

"Come 'long heah, goat! Me an' Demmy's gwine on a rampage, an' whilst us is ram'lin' you stay put. Us pens you in de woodshed."

"Blaa-a!" Lily's protest at being torn away from her banquet fell sharply on the Wildcat's ears.

"Come 'long widout no blattin' befo' I knocks you six blocks f'm breakfus'." He looked down at Lily, and on the mascot's moist lower jaw, adhering in a fringe of tender blades of grass, he saw a four-leaf clover.

The Wildcat's eyes widened when he saw this emblem, and into them came a look of apprehension which deepened with crowding memories of what bad luck had followed upon the appearance of a similar talisman.

"Lawd, Lady Luck! How come dat fo'-leaf debbil on my trail!"

He swept the mascot's jaw clear of its nutrifying sediment of verdure with one panicky swing of his hand, and all the way to the woodshed, dragging the reluctant goat, his mind created new calamities that could develop from Old Man Trouble's stacked deck.

Demmy, noting his associate's changed mood, was quick to inquire its cause. "How come you so wild-lookin'? See somethin' flyin' low?"

"Seed somethin', Demmy, dat I did. Warn't flyin' Stickin' to Lily's jaw. Ol' Man Trouble is on my trail w'd some mo' fo'-leaf-cloveh grief. De las' time de cloveh misery got me it druv me cleah to France into dat wah ruckus wid dem German boys. 'Speck us betteh stay close to de house 'stid of goin' downtown. Mebbe I betteh stick wid ol' Cap'n Jack 'stid of ek-sposin' myself to de po-lice. Dat cloveh whut dis hell-raisin' Lily 'cumulates sho is a bad sign."

Demmy scoffed at the omen. "Don't mean nothin'. You needs gin. Tie dat goat in de corneh away f'm dese clothes so she kain't eat us nekked whilst us is away, an' come 'long. You is feeble in de skull."

"Mebbe I is, but signs is signs, an' de wust whut I eveh sees is dis fo'-leaf promise f'm Ol' Man Trouble."

The believer tied Lily to the leg of a discarded sewing machine, and with Demmy a pace or two in advance he ventured forth into the mystery of the threatening night which veiled the land.

Shadows along the alley back of Captain Jack's place were suddenly eloquent and moving pledges of misery ahead in the Wildcat's trail. Until he reached the glare of the arc lights on the main street he stuck close beside his diminutive partner. "Trouble is trouble, an' Ol' Man Trouble has all kinds. Don't crave me none a-tall."

In spite of what he craved, his woe-bearing Nemesis was abroad, circling around until the Wildcat's trail might be discovered.

II

ABOUT the time that the Wildcat and Demmy started out on their Saturday-night prowl Captain Jack's senatorial father-in-law finished a brief conference in Washington wherein a compact and exclusive group of hard-boiled old-timers drew cards in the big-league game of saving the nation. The detail of the moment was a budget-busting contest involving, among other things, what might be called a national overseas rummage sale.

Over the long distance, before midnight, to Captain Jack's ears came the rumble of the senator's voice:

"The Rochambeau sails Wednesday at noon for Bordeaux. Ketch her. You got to go to France and sell that million-dollar layout of warehouses you built at Charcel, up there near Paris. You know the goods better than anybody else. They say the French won't buy 'em. I say they will. You go over there for the department and sell 'em; make sort of a test case out of those warehouses. I'll meet you on board with passports and the rest of —— Hello! Hello, Jack! Git off the line, Central ——"

Connections were presently reëstablished, and in spite of Captain Jack's exhibition of reluctance the senator finally convinced him that the greatest good to the greatest member of the family would derive from a strict and enthusiastic effort along the lines dictated by the senator. "It's sort of a test case. Sell those warehouses to the French and you prove that it can be done. Helps me out with the campaign and likewise starts some European money coming this way. Do you get both ideas?"

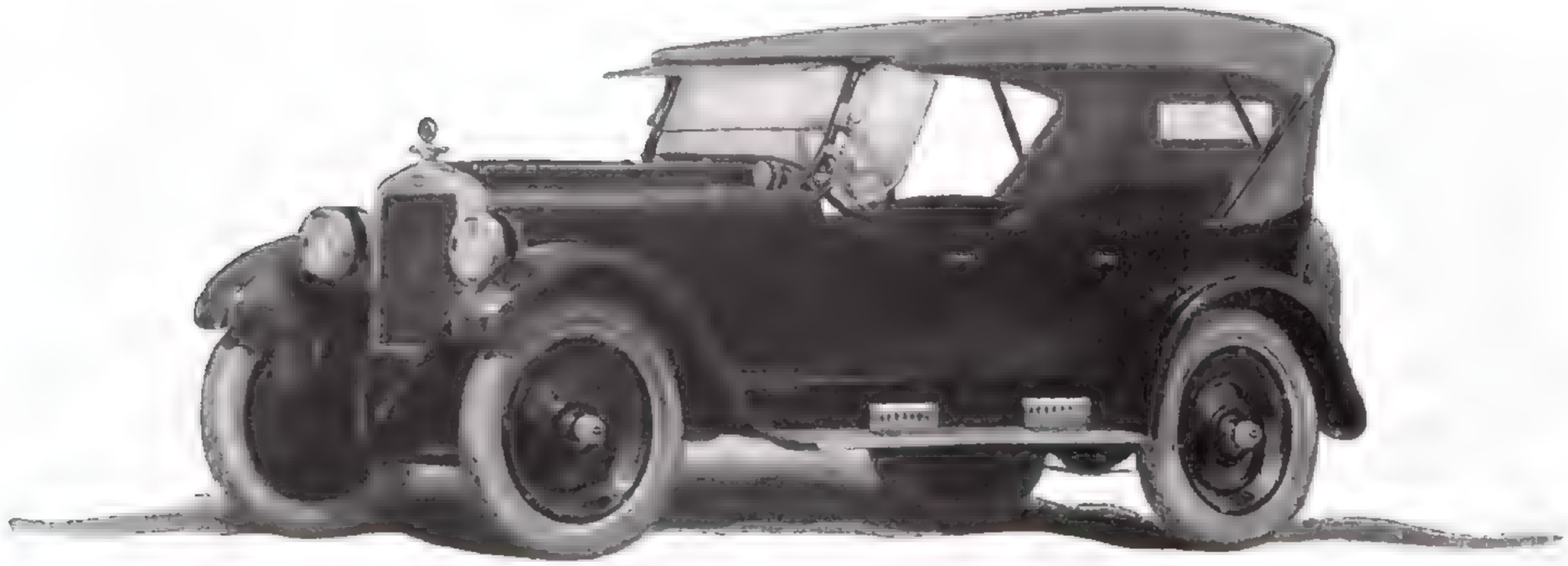
Captain Jack got the main idea. For half an hour after the long-distance conversation ended he indulged himself in an eloquent flow of A. E. F. profanity directed at conditions in general, his political-minded father-in-law, ocean travel, steamer trunks and, last of all, the Wildcat.

At the moment when Captain Jack needed him most the Wildcat, prowling downtown with Demmy, was A.W. O. L., just as he usually was when there were any rush jobs of work to be done.

III

ACCORDING to schedule the Wildcat and his companion indulged their momentary craving for sardines and cheese after absorbing three hearty slugs of Sunrise gin, and immediately thereafter they set out for the

(Continued on Page 38)



The New 1923 Sport Car

$1165

Your first impression of this Sport Car is its amazing value. At $1165, it combines not only all of its earlier features, but a wealth of refinement and new equipment that establish its unquestioned dominance among sport cars.

The 1923 Sport body is low and racy. It is painted light maroon and upholstered in brown Spanish leather. The khaki top is leather bound, with gypsy curtains, bevel plate glass window and visor.

A new Carburetor with heat control working automatically with the gas throttle insures a uniform mixture the year round, regardless of temperature. Gas, spark, and electric light controls, mounted on the steering wheel, are readily operated without removing hand from the wheel.

Standard equipment includes such distinctively sport features as heavily nickeled radiator with special radiator cross bar cap and motometer; drum type lamps of sport design, with cowl and tail lamps to match; full crown fenders; plate glass wind deflectors; running board with skirt shields and rubber mats; walnut instrument board with glass covered, silver faced instruments; rear view mirror; windshield cleaner; nickeled back panel bars; disc steel wheels with demountable rims; non-skid cord tires all around—spare tire extra.

All prices f. o. b. at factory

Roadster	$975	Two Passenger Coupé	$1185
Touring Car	975	Four Passenger Coupé	1275
Sport Car	1165	Sedan	1345

"To Build the Finest Light-Six in the World"

The New Oakland Six-44 for 1923 is the notable result of Oakland's purpose to build the finest light-six in the world. Into its construction has gone all of Oakland's eight years of experience in manufacturing light-sixes exclusively, as well as the technical genius and engineering skill of the General Motors Laboratories. It is a dependable car. It is a car of proven performance. It is powerful. It is beautiful. It is genuinely economical. It is the only car that carries a special, written, 15,000 mile performance guarantee. And yet withal, it is one of the lowest-priced sixes on the market. Truly, this is the car you can buy with supreme confidence; one you will drive with genuine pride.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The New

Oakland

Six

(Continued from Page 36)

Webster barber shop, behind which was a room consecrated to games of no chance.

On the green pastures, when the Wildcat arrived at the Webster establishment, roamed a brace of active cubes, herded at the moment by a shepherd who seemed to be persecuted by snake eyes and dirty dozens.

"Loses nuthin' but yo' money." The Wildcat horned in with his sympathy. "Otheh folks has been seen by de snake. Roll 'em."

"Shoots fo' bits."

"Roll 'em, sez me. You is faded."

The snake's victim rolled 'em and the spotted lambs drug home a six to their hot-handed shepherd. "'At's six—six me! Bam! An' dey reads—hell!"

"Gimme dem babies. Shoots a dollar an' rags it." The Wildcat curried the lambs between his anxious palms and guided their course with an impromptu rendering of the Finance Blues:

"Shoots a dollah;
Fade me quick;
Look for a seven
When the gallopers click.

"Wham! I see
De-specks whut pay!
Fo' an' three ——
I lets it lay."

The seven herder, singing low to his baby lambs, wove a rhythm into the fabric of chance as he addressed the lambs' ex-proprietor:

"Shower down,
Fade de two.
Pussonal bet
Twixt me an' you."

The two was faded and the Wildcat released an agile pair of gamboleers, after an admonition governing their immediate future:

"Bones, git right!
On yo' way.
Reads 'leven—
Lets it lay.

"Shoots de fo'
Bet yo' money.
Bumblin' Bones,
Drip yo' honey.

"Bam! I sees
Two an' two.
Jo twins, see whut
You kin do.

"Meet me, Jo,
Face to face.
Whuf! I sees
Three an' ace."

On the floor, built up from a four-bit fading of the opponent's hard luck, was eight dollars. The Wildcat let it lay, leaning heavy on his run of luck, and the opposition was syndicated among four of the faithful who believed that every run has two ends.

This one had, and a delayed seven that stepped into the place prepared for Eighter of Decatur swept sixteen dollars into the pockets of the believers and out of the Wildcat's control.

With the sixteen-dollar wound the Wildcat lost his weapons and in a little while thereafter, fading the other man's game, his stake had dwindled to the vanishing point. He requisitioned Demmy's cash, and at the moment when he felt the first faint pangs of a new luck hunch he saw Demmy's last dollar trampled under the galloping feet of a home-coming Nona from Boston. "Damn dat Lady Luck! Whah at dat woman gone? Ain't yo' got no mo' cash, Demmy?"

Demmy hadn't as much cash as there are raincoats in Yuma.

The Wildcat made four unsuccessful attempts at borrowing a stake from as many old and oft-tried friends. In the matter of cash loans there was nothing doing. The hunch-bearing supplicant turned and summoned his sawed-off companion:

"Come 'long heah, Demmy; us goes to see de man!"

"Whut man?"

Demmy followed along, but he craved to know the objective of the march. On the sidewalk in front of the Webster joint the Wildcat uncovered:

"Dat Levi Slaughter man, whut I knowed way back."

"Yo' frien'?"

"Some. Ain't jus' only my frien'; de boy runs a pawn place whah at you gits cash loans on things. I aims to lend me some money on dis fo'ty-dollah watch us got las' week, an' den us goes back an' jines dat game befo' I loses dis luck hunch."

The Levi Slaughter shop had a two-story front, false as the string of gold watches that hung above a collection of other unredeemed pledges consisting principally of banjos, guitars and finger rings carrying lumps of red glass rubies running from ten karats up.

The false front was a dirty gray, but the two windows were framed in a bright fresh green that indicated a recent flurry of painting. The arc light in the middle of the street shot a fan of yellow light downward upon the front door of the place. Over the front door hung the three-ball emblem of identification, and resting in the branching stems of the three balls was a two-gallon paint bucket.

Into this door, followed by Demmy, prowled the Wildcat. He faced the proprietor of the place and hauled from his pocket the ponderous fo'ty-dollah watch.

"How much kin us git on dis gol' watch?"

Levi Slaughter inspected the timepiece and slid it back across the rough pine counter.

"Fo' bits."

"Whut you mean, fo' bits? Dat's de bes' fo'ty-dollah watch in Memphis."

"Ain't such. Said fo' bits."

A tone of finality marked the loan shark's words. The Wildcat felt a sudden sinking of the luck hunch that had lifted within him, and with a grunt of disgust he turned to his diminutive companion.

"C'mon, Demmy, us leaves befo' dis boy steals de watch an' charges us fo' handin' it back."

The pair turned from the bar of injustice and walked toward the door. The Wildcat, a little bit frazzled by the treatment Lady Luck had accorded him, looked upward at the sputtering arc light as he walked through the front door of the Levi Slaughter place.

Outlined against the night sky, sinister in their promise, hung the three brass balls, and with them, stored until the painting job should be resumed on the morrow, rested the two-gallon paint bucket. The ensemble, dripping with splattered green paint and supported by a curving stem, reminded the Wildcat of another talisman that had ushered in a period of misfortune. He turned quickly to Demmy and pointed up at the three balls and the round bottom of the paint bucket.

"Demmy, look dah! Dat's why us is so low. Dat fo'-leaf cloveh is on my trail, along wid Ol' Man Trouble. Us gits home to whut at Cap'n Jack is befo' dem luck debbils ketches us."

Demmy looked up. "She do look like a fo'-leaf cloveh—an' big, at dat."

Something in the Wildcat's earnestness reacted on the pair and they increased their pace to a double-time march until they had reached the zone of Captain Jack's protective influence.

They entered the woodshed where Lily was tethered, and when the Wildcat saw the mascot goat he unloosed a shower of malediction upon Lily's unoffending head:

"Goat, you bring dis woe wid yo' fo'-leaf grazin'! Nex' time when you eats grass, lay off dem fo'-leaf things, else I knock you f'm heah to the m'ddle of Bo'deaux."

"Blaa-a!" Lily pleaded not guilty.

So ended March sixteenth.

IV

IN THE early morning, half an hour after a drizzle of rain had ushered in the new day, the Wildcat was routed out of his troubled slumbers by the harsh voice of Captain Jack's cook.

"Git yo' shoes on an' tromple 'em to de grocery. Needs eatin' aigs an' sweet butteh. Git comin' befo' yo haid dents mah skillet. Git dat snorin' Demmy roused up. Us needs stovewood fo' buildin' up dem beat biskits fo' Cap'n Jack."

Grumbling and averaging his activity between duty and desire the Wildcat parked his dozen sized feet into a discarded pair of Captain Jack's number-eight shoes and reached for his cap.

"Seems like dat cook stays up all night to call me befo' de sun gits up. Dog-gone dis beat-biskit business. How come dat woman kain't tell de grocery man whut she craves de minnit befo' it comes time to set de table?"

He looked over to the opposite corner of the woodshed at the sleeping Demmy. "Demmy—git yo'se'f movin'!"

Demmy groaned himself awake. "Whut yo' crave?"

"Craves nothin' pussonal 'ceptin' time to rest. Dat cook craves stovewood fo' Cap'n Jack's brekfus'. Git ramblin' whilst I gits to de grocery sto'."

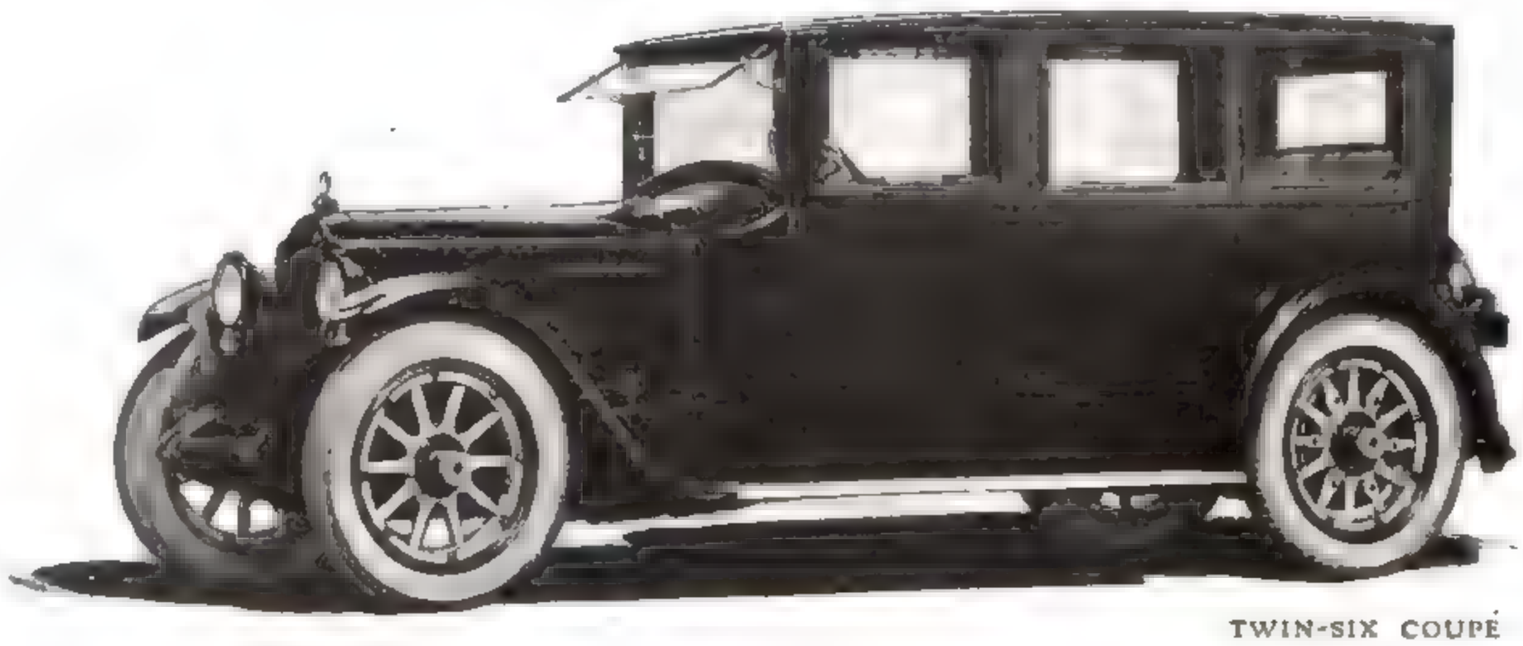
"I is. 'Pears like ol' cap'n gwine eat his brekfus' mighty early. Ain't six o'clock."

"Neveh kin tell 'bout cap'n. Mebbe gwine huntin'—dis Sunday, an' he backslid back to whah he hunts dem golfs widout feelin' de debbil's claws. Ise gone."

The Wildcat was on his way to the grocery store six blocks over on the avenue. Demmy loaded up the yawning woodbox behind the stove and returned to the sanctuary of the woodshed. Into the woodshed five minutes later came the Wildcat, and his languid mope that had lasted through the years for errand-running purposes had given place to a trot inspired by some new emotion that seemed to have reacted with the suddenness of an earthquake.

(Continued on Page 40)

"Sell the Warehouses of the Armee Américaine! Impossible!"



TWIN-SIX COUPÉ

Twin-Six owners are quietly and serenely content.

Every phase of their investment satisfies them.

They know that the mere passage of a year, or two or three years, will witness no diminution in the depth of that satisfaction.

In the fabrication of the Packard Twin-Six only one law obtains—that the Twin-Six *must* provide a quality of motoring beyond which it is not possible to go.

The price of the Twin-Six touring is $3850 at Detroit
The price of the new Single-Six five-passenger touring is $2485 at Detroit

The new Single-Six conveys an immediate conviction of very great value, and very unusual. Packard Trucks are known for their durability and low ton-mile cost

PACKARD TWIN-SIX

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 38)

"Lawd, Demmy, dem fo'-leaf debbils is still prowlin' on my trail!"

"How come, fo'-leaf prowlers?"

"Seed a p'rade on the avenue—white-folks picnic jinin' up to march wid de band an' ev'y las' man was wearin' dem fo'-leaf things whut always brings de misery."

"Take out afteh yo'?"

"Not yit, but I knows dey is gwine to. Ol' Man Trouble is trailin' me! Fus' time dey sot on me heavy dem fo'-leaf debbils run me clean to dat A. E. F. wah in France. Now dis Lily goat drug one in las' evenin'; us seen de nex' at dat Levi Slaughter's loan place, whah a fo'ty-dollah watch gits yo' only fo' bits; now de white folks whut all weahs dese clovehs is 'cumulatin', an' befo' long I gits knocked loose f'm ——"

"Wildcat! Come here!"

Something in Captain Jack's call, roaring from the house, had in it the iron finality that always got action.

"Cap'n, suh, us is comin'!" The Wildcat yelled his reply and followed it on two galloping feet until he faced his master. "Cap'n, suh, whut was it?"

"Get up to my room and get that new trunk packed with those clothes I put out. Get it packed in a hurry. We leave here in an hour."

"Cap'n, yas suh! Yo' means dat book-openin' one whut you calls yo' war-load trunk?"

"That's it. Get started!"

Packing the war-load trunk meant but one thing in the Wildcat's life, and that was a long trip on which Lady Luck would probably be left far behind. The captain had said "we," and when he appeared on the scene after his breakfast the Wildcat made haste to satisfy his curiosity concerning the "we" business.

"Who yo' mean, 'we,' cap'n, suh, when yo' said it, an' when does us come back?"

"Put that bull-fiddle suit in; and two or three white vests. I mean me, myself, and one fumblin' Wildcat nigger. I'm taking you back to France where the jail men want you."

"Cap'n, yas suh!"

The Wildcat made his leaving arrangement in three minutes. "Demmy, watch dat goat keerful. Ol' cap'n an' me is gwine back to France to end de wah. Us begun it away back. Now us ends dat ruckus an' sells de remains. Knowed dat fo'-leaf bizness would ketch me—all dem white folks p'radin' wid 'em on. Goat, you be decent till us gits back. If you ain't I sells you to dem French folks when I comes home. Dey eats goat!"

"Blaa-a!" Lily spoke her farewell in a mixed tone of relief and regret, not yet realizing that her master was really parting from her.

Thus began the seventeenth of March.

V

CAPTAIN JACK'S stateroom on board the Rochambeau contained, temporarily, a United States senator fully equipped with passports, letter of authority creating a fiscal agent of the United States out of a tired young man, letters to friends, letters to consuls, and letters to the various and several Toms, Dicks and Harrys who might aid and expedite the agent of the United States in the senator's pet project.

The stateroom also contained the Wildcat, grunting under a collection of baggage large enough for a one-man trip from Hoboken to China six times repeated. "Whuf! Sho glad us is heah. Seems mo' like a house dan a steamboat. Las' time us rid to France us rid in de boat's basement. Dis time looks like us has de parlor."

For half an hour before sailing time the senator elaborated his instructions to his son-in-law. "The main object of the attack is to sell those Charcel warehouses as a test case, and sell 'em quick. And get the money! That's all. Go to it. Ride 'em at the cable office every day and see old Henry as soon as you land. He'll take you to banquets enough to let you meet all the prospective customers in France. So long—good trip."

The senator went ashore.

VI

FOR the first day, prowling around Captain Jack's stateroom and trying to keep his pussonal stummick where it wouldn't act so acrobatic, the Wildcat had enough business to keep him out of additional trouble.

On the second day, widening his circle of exploration, he met up with a few new friends who didn't seem to hold his color against him. "Dat bristle-faced boy wid de boots an' de fur coat sho treats me noble," he reflected. "Acts like he had mo' money dan sense, runnin' wid a nigger an' buyin' all dem fancy drinks fo' a gin-drinkin' boy whut likes his mules all white."

The bristle-faced individual in the fur coat was, at the time, about three jumps ahead of two operatives from the State Department who had watched him ever since his arrival from Russia six months before. The fur-bearing Bolshevik was more interested in the disposal of the residue of United States war property in France than Captain Jack was. Under the new agreements that developed before the Genoa conference made them public, Russia and Germany had begun to trade together and now the soviet government was trying for a commercial foothold in France through negotiations with the United States for some of that nation's abandoned war property which remained on French soil.

Into the meshes of this commercial net, swinging his arms against the sea of casual troubles into which Captain Jack had driven him, swam the Wildcat. He leaned against the rail, absorbing sunlight during the time Captain Jack was indulging himself in some high-grade poker, recounting meanwhile his errors of commission and omission:

"No sinner, here below,
Quit winner when his time come to go."

He groaned along on his Nobody Moan in cadence with the slow roll of the ship:

"No man—care whut his name—
Eveh beat de graveyard game.

"No boy kin tell a lie,
An' look Saint Peter in de eye."

On the deck behind the Wildcat, while the Nobody Moan was being addressed to a school of diving porpoises, walked the fur-bearing Bolshevik.

"Nobody gits free,
When Satan tells 'em 'Foller me.'"

Then as an encore to the moan there came to the Wildcat's ears an invitation to participate in another gaudy-colored drink.

"Sho will!" Acceptance without any great respect for the individual who had offered him the drink sounded in the Wildcat's voice. He asked his new acquaintance, "Whut does de white folks call you?"

"My name?" The Bolshevik agent pronounced a string of sputtering fireworks ending in "vitchski."

With his seventh drink of tame alcohol the Wildcat began to fall into the pit that had been dug for him. "Fishy, dey ain't no use talkin'—dat likker sho is de bes' Ise drunk since I lef' de A. E. F."

Fishy was politely surprised at the Wildcat's mention of France. "Spik you de Franch lingwitch?"

"Kain't speak it none. Neveh did know whut dem boom-loom words wuz whut dem French folks talk."

Further questioning developed the fact that the President and other members of the United States Government had managed to persuade the Wildcat to undertake the trip for them, back to France, to dispose of many million dollars' worth of United States property.

Fishy's eyes gleamed with a sudden new fire. "Yourself drink it more wodka."

"Sho will! Yas suh, Fishy, fust thing I does when us lands at France is sell all dem Charcel warehouses us boys built befo' de killin' begun. Den us goes on to de next place."

"How much the price is for the warehouses?"

"You means money? Lemme see—goin' on two hund'ed buildin's, at, say, a thousan' francs—mebbe a million francs fo' de lot. Sho sounds big, but dey ain't no betteh warehouses in de worl' dan dem whut Cap'n Simmons an' Lootenant Hudson an' all dem gin'rals built. Speck did de good Lawd crave Him a good lot of angel barns ——"

"A million francs; a check for it will I gif you to sign a ——"

Now the Wildcat interrupted his associate: "Fishy—you means you buy dem shacks?"

"The warehouses I buy."

The Wildcat closed the deal with a conditional clause: "Fishy, throw in dat fur coat an' dem boots, an' us calls it a trade. Yas suh!"

Fishy held out his hand, smiling at the American's quaint idiosyncrasy.

"It is what you call a bargain."

"Sho is; cheap at half dat," the Wildcat agreed. "Whah dat bottle wid de gin? Craves me dat pale mule. Fishy, heah's mah bes' ree-gards."

When the Rochambeau landed, the Wildcat, sober again and free from the memory-killing vapors that had drifted up from the tame alcohol provided by the fur-bearing Fishy, escorted Captain Jack's baggage ashore to where an official-looking automobile was waiting. Gone from the Wildcat's brain was all memory of Fishy, faded the fact that Fishy had handed him a narrow blue slip of paper in return for making his mark at the bottom of a long document.

The Wildcat was once more naught but Captain Jack's humble servant.

Captain Jack, noting the fur coat and the high boots which adorned his Wildcat, indulged himself in a question concerning their source.

"Cap'n suh, I don't jus' remember whah us ketched dis raiment. Seems like some boy name Fishy done boon me wid 'em. Don't jus' re-call de boy; us was ailin' an' feeble so much 'count of de boat rockin' roun' so much, mebbe."

"Shut up!" Captain Jack, busy with his plans and greater affairs, had no desire to listen to a rambling foolish tale. "Sounds fishy enough. Get in the car with those bags. This gentleman and I will be along in a few minutes."

The captain and his reception committee lingered on board the Rochambeau long enough to have six drinks and then, with the Wildcat riding proudly in the front seat of the long car, gloating at the sensation his heavy fur coat was creating, and perspiring freely, the party drove to the Hotel Placide, where the Alfonso suite was in readiness for Captain Jack and Captain Jack's servant.

In the watch pocket of the Wildcat's pants was the moist and crumpled slip of blue paper which Fishy had given him.

Voilà!

Fishy, leaving the Rochambeau, went direct to the office of Posts and Telegraph on the Rue de Palais and filed two code messages—one to an accomplice in Genoa saying "Have bought warehouses at Charcel from American agent," and another to a treasury agent of the soviet of Russia: "Try to cover check for one million francs on Lloyd's."

VII

CAPTAIN JACK left the Wildcat established in the official apartments at the little hotel in Charcel, twenty miles out of Paris. "You stay here until I get back. I'm going to Paris for three days. The hotel man will give you free meals and five francs a day to spend. All you have to do is eat your head off and keep out of jail."

"Cap'n, yas suh! How come you makes dis Paris trip widout me?"

Captain Jack's conscience was beginning to ask him how come he had fallen for the Paris trip at all, and his reply was tempered by false explanations and evasion. "I can't be bothered with you. Unless I get these Charcel warehouses sold I'll never get to go home. You'd get in jail in Paris, and then I'd have to kill you for delaying the trip to Memphis."

VIII

BETWEEN bright lights, red wine and red tape Captain Jack's Paris trip dragged out until it seemed to the Charcel-trapped Wildcat that he might never again see his erratic master, and so, to cut down the delay imposed by the main object of the trip, he resolved to help dispose of the trifling details.

Early one morning, strengthened by the thin package of five-franc notes that had accumulated with the dragging days, the lonely Wildcat walked to the waterfront and crossed the stone bridge that spans the river lying between Charcel and the district over which had swarmed the soldiers of the A. E. F.

The sight of the long rows of empty barracks recalled to his mind the period when life's main struggle had been the accumulation of enough rations to last through the day, and so at the little café on the road that paralleled the long area of clustering and empty warehouses the Wildcat stretched his legs under the rough table and ordered grandly of veal steak, red wine and fresh-egg omelet.

After an hour of it, and when the grub craver was bulging with food while his circle of admirers bulged with questions, the Wildcat addressed his audience, three or four members of which could understand enough A. E. F. English to interpret the orator's statements to the interested bystanders.

"Me an' ol' Cap'n Jack aims to sell all dese buildin's an' warehouses to you folks dis trip, an' ——"

"Sell the warehouses! The noble warehouses, majestic and vast, durable and of such scarce wood! Sell the warehouses of the Armeé Américaine! Impossible!" A panic of incredulous phrases poured from the hearers' lips.

"Sez me! Us sells dem warehouses heah an' now, does folks rally to buy 'em!"

Did the brunet Américain mean, really and of a truth, that the structures could be bought? Back of the question were long months of desire.

The Wildcat hesitated only a moment, and then, face to face with the old problem of having to fish or cut bait, he made his decision and acted upon it. "I sells 'em, an' I sells 'em now!"

A messenger to the mayor!

A tolling bell, booming its call to the stone houses scattered through the broad fields!

An assemblage, hanging breathless on the Wildcat's every word, swaying with every gesture of his eloquent hands. "An' so, folks, us sells dem buildin's now, beginnin' wid de fust an' endin' wid de las'. Thousan' francs fo' de long ones. Two thousan' fo' de short ones, 'count of bein' easier takin' 'em down. Step up an' name yo' choice."

When the Wildcat's words were translated to the mob of eager purchasers a surging wave of humanity engulfed the door of the little inn, and presently, signing his mark on formal deeds and receipts as fast as they could be made out and stamped by a force of the mayor's clerks, the Wildcat crumpled a steady flow of cash and checks in a deep pocket of his coat.

In an hour the sale ended. "Whuf! Dat's done. Now mebbe me an' ol' cap'n kin git back to Memphis."

Riding high, the Wildcat returned to Captain Jack's suite at the hotel, hoping meanwhile that Captain Jack would not be too long about his business with all the big folks in Paris.

Against the Wildcat's hopes were opposed the perils of a big city, and Captain Jack's three days lengthened into six and drifted into ten, and finally, two weeks after his departure, he returned to Charcel.

He went at once to his hotel.

No Wildcat!

The naygur, according to the distorted English spoken by the proprietor, had indulged himself in a mobile riot extending through seven cafés along the Rue de Sangre. Calmed by the police and released from custody, it appeared that the offender had staged a midnight folly beginning at the Café Gruber and ending in the Double Track Tunnel, during which hundreds were either killed in the crush or drowned in a flood of champagne. Mon Dieu! Of what majestic violence! Of nine defeated policemen, eight yet remained in the hospital.

Here, then, was an immediate problem, and Captain Jack set about its solution. First of all he explained matters to the mayor and the chief of police and a dozen clustering minor officials, and then, when all else failed, he fell back on an elaborate dinner at which half of the city officials were present.

At midnight, when the mayor, singing alone, broadcast the world that he and Captain Jack had been boys together in the old college days, the object of the mayor's affection played his last card.

"I wish you kings of Cognac would let me have my Wildcat nigger long enough for me to kill him so dead that ——"

"Of a truth!"

With triple facility a verbal order issued that opened the gates of freedom for the bewildered Wildcat, moping in his solitary cage in a damp and permanent-looking jail, and twenty minutes later Captain Jack and his truant were face to face in the official suite at Captain Jack's hotel.

With a verbal vitriol whose fire no printed page could endure, and with a vocabulary whose gentlest word was the stinger on a popping blacksnake whip, Captain Jack herded his victim into a corner of the long room. The Wildcat realized that now he

(Continued on Page 42)

WHAT OWNERS SAY THE BEST PROOF

A GREATER VALUE AT LOWER COST

THE Essex has always been an outstanding value by every standard of price and quality comparison.

Especially interesting now is a price to price measurement of the Essex against cars you have regarded as comparable to it in quality.

Will you find today any car that even approaches Essex in quality and ability, within hundreds of dollars of its cost?

And doesn't its low cost with such quality appeal to judicious buyers, whether they are considering a car slightly less in cost, or have been seeking Essex quality in some much costlier car?

Retail Prices in U. S.	
Touring	$1095
Cabriolet	1195
Coach	1295

Freight and Tax Extra

Retail Prices in Canada (including duty, sales tax and excise tax)	
Touring	$1710
Cabriolet	1870
Coach	2035

F. O. B. Windsor, Ont.

ESSEX

(Continued from Page 40)

was bounded by boiling high water on one side and hell on the other.

Pausing for the reserves to be brought up Captain Jack swung at the Wildcat with a hundred-horse-power clause in which sudden death for delaying the return to Memphis was heavily featured. "Here I am, hated by one and all, and sidetracked in this qualified town, no chance of selling those warehouses now, and delayed a hundred years—all because my triple damned, carbonized son-of-a-baboon rampages himself into a private hell-bearing ruckus! When I get you to Memphis, so help me Grief, this time I'll kill you dead."

The Wildcat saw a good place for a few kind words while Captain Jack was getting his breath.

"Cap'n, yas suh! Sho is true 'ceptin' us done sold dem warehouse buildin's, like you said."

The Wildcat began to disgorge a thick package of cash and checks. "Police took dis money an' kep' it safe fo' me. All I spent was dat whut you lef' wid de hotel man dat ——"

"What's that? Where'd you get that money?"

The captain's clenched fist swung in a short gesture toward the pile of cash on the spindling gilt table before him.

"Sold dem warehouses. Dese French folks paid mo' dan you said—an' some otheh boy done give me dis blue check paper whut de bank man sez ain't no good."

Captain Jack looked at the soviet check put out by the absent Fishy, and then began auditing the pile of French securities before him. As he worked the hard lines about his mouth softened to where presently his smile was as broad as the Wildcat's imitation. He walked to the telephone against the wall near the standard gilt statue of Joan of Arc and called the clerk at the desk: "Get me a reservation on the next boat out to New York. Myself and my Wildcat nigger."

Captain Jack turned to his Wildcat: "I'm hurrying back to New York with you as soon as I can add my signature to those worthless deeds you signed." The smile on his face was suddenly erased by an expression of false ferocity. "I want to rush your killing, and I want all those Memphis niggers to see it. We start home tomorrow!"

"Cap'n, yas suh!" The Wildcat reflected that the killing date was indefinite but that the starting day for the homeward trip was something he could count on. "Yas suh!" And then to himself: "Neveh kin tell 'bout dese trips whut start out f'm dese fo'-leaf clovehs. Wish li'l' Demmy wuz heah; an' dat dog-gone mascot goat."

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

"I bought fifty thousand bales. Sure enough, it moved up. And sure enough, as soon as I stopped buying it stopped going up. Then it began to settle back to where it was when I began buying it. I got out and it stopped going down. I thought I was now much nearer the starting signal, and presently I thought I'd start it myself again. I did. The same thing happened. I bid it up, only to see it go down when I stopped. I did this four or five times until I finally quit in disgust. It cost me about two hundred thousand dollars. It wasn't very long after that when it began to go up and never stopped till it got to a price that would have meant a killing for me—if I hadn't been in such a great hurry to start.

"This experience has been the experience of so many traders so many times that I can give this rule: In a narrow market, when prices are not getting anywhere to speak of, but move within a narrow range, there is no sense in trying to anticipate what the next big movement is going to be—up or down. The thing to do is to watch the market, read the tape to determine the limits of the get-nowhere prices, and make up your mind that you will not take an interest until the price breaks through the limit in either direction. A speculator must concern himself with making money out of the market and not with insisting that the tape must agree with him. Never argue with it or ask it for reasons or explanations. Stock-market post-mortems don't pay dividends.

"Not so long ago I was with a party of friends. They got to talking wheat. Some of them were bullish and others bearish. Finally they asked me what I thought. Well, I had been studying the market for some time. I knew they did not want any statistics or analyses of conditions. So I said: 'If you want to make some money out of wheat I can tell you how to do it.'

"They all said they did and I told them: 'If you are sure you wish to make money in wheat just you watch it. Wait. The moment it crosses $1.20 buy it and you will get a nice quick play in it!'"

An Illustrative Case

"'Why not buy it now, at $1.14?' one of the party asked.

"'Because I don't know yet that it is going up at all.'

"'Then why buy it at $1.20? It seems a mighty high price.'

"'Do you wish to gamble blindly in the hope of getting a great big profit or do you wish to speculate intelligently and get a smaller but much more probable profit?'

"They all said they wanted the smaller but surer profit, so I said, 'Then, do as I tell you. If it crosses $1.20 buy.'

"As I told you, I had watched it a long time. For months it sold between $1.10 and $1.20, getting nowhere in particular. Well, sir, one day it closed at above $1.19. I got ready for it. Sure enough the next day it opened at $1.20½, and I bought. It went to $1.21, to $1.22, to $1.23, to $1.25, and I went with it.

"Now I couldn't have told you at the time just what was going on. I didn't get any explanations about its behavior during the course of the limited fluctuations. I couldn't tell whether the breaking through the limit would be up through $1.20 or down through $1.10, though I suspected it would be up because there was not enough wheat in the world for a big break in prices.

"As a matter of fact, it seems Europe had been buying quietly and a lot of traders had gone short of it at around $1.19. Owing to the European purchases and other causes, a lot of wheat had been taken out of the market, so that finally the big movement got started. The price went beyond the $1.20 mark. That was all the point I had and it was all I needed. I knew that when it crossed $1.20 it would be because the upward movement at last had gathered force to push it over the limits and something had to happen. In other words, by crossing $1.20 the line of least resistance of wheat prices was established. It was a different story then.

"I remember that one day was a holiday with us and all our markets were closed. Well, in Winnipeg wheat opened up six cents a bushel. When our market opened on the following day, it also was up six cents a bushel. The price just went along the line of least resistance.

"What I have told you gives you the essence of my trading system as based on studying the tape. I merely learn the way prices are most probably going to move. I check up my own trading by additional tests, to determine the psychological moment. I do that by watching the way the price acts after I begin."

Feeling Out the Trend

"It is surprising how many experienced traders there are who look incredulous when I tell them that when I buy stocks for a rise I like to pay top prices and when I sell I must sell low or not at all. It would not be so difficult to make money if a trader always stuck to his speculative guns—that is, waited for the line of least resistance to define itself and began buying only when the tape said up or selling only when it said down. He should accumulate his line on the way up. Let him buy one-fifth of his full line. If that does not show him a profit he must not increase his holdings because he has obviously begun wrong; he is wrong temporarily and there is no profit in being wrong at any time. The same tape that said UP did not necessarily lie merely because it is now saying NOT YET.

"In cotton I was very successful in my trading for a long time. I had my theory about it and I absolutely lived up to it. Suppose I had decided that my line would be forty to fifty thousand bales. Well, I would study the tape as I told you, watching for an opportunity either to buy or to sell. Suppose the line of least resistance indicated a bull movement. Well, I would buy ten thousand bales. After I got through buying that, if the market went up ten points over my initial purchase price, I would take on another ten thousand bales. Same thing. Then, if I could get twenty points' profit, or one dollar a bale, I would buy twenty thousand more. That would give me my line—my basis for my trading. But if after buying the first ten or twenty thousand bales it showed me a loss, out I'd go. I was wrong. It might be I was only temporarily wrong. But as I said to you, it doesn't pay to start wrong in anything.

"What I accomplished by sticking to my system was that I always had a line of cotton in every real movement. In the course of accumulating my full line I might chip out fifty or sixty thousand dollars in these feeling-out plays of mine. This looks like a very expensive testing, but it wasn't. After the real movement started, how long would it take me to make up the fifty thousand dollars I had dropped in order to make sure that I began to load up at exactly the right time? No time at all! It always pays a man to be right at the right time.

"As I think I told you before, this describes what I may call my system for placing my bets. It is simple arithmetic to prove that it is a wise thing to have the big bet down only when you win, and when you lose to lose only a small exploratory bet, as it were. If a man trades in the way I have described, he will always be in the position of being able to cash in on the big bet.

"Professional traders have always had some system or other based upon their experience and governed either by their attitude toward speculation or by their desires. I remember I met an old gentleman in Palm Beach whose name I did not catch or did not at once identify. I knew he had been in the Street for years, way back in Civil War times, and somebody told me that he was a very wise old codger who had gone through so many booms and panics that he was always saying there was nothing new under the sun and least of all in the stock market.

"The old fellow asked me a lot of questions. When I got through telling him about my usual practice in trading he nodded and said, 'Yes! Yes! You're right. The way you're built, the way your mind runs, makes your system a good system for you. It comes easy for you to practice what you preach, because the money you bet is the least of your cares. I recollect Pat Hearne. Ever hear of him? Well, he was a very well-known sporting man and he had an account with us. Clever chap and nervy. He made money in stocks, and that made people ask him for advice. He would never give any. If they asked him point-blank for his opinion about the wisdom of their commitments he used a favorite race-track maxim of his: "You can't tell till you bet." He traded in our office. He would buy one hundred shares of some active stock and when, or if, it went up 1 per cent he would buy another hundred. On another point's advance, another hundred shares; and so on. He used to say he wasn't playing the game to make money for others and therefore he would put in a stop-loss order one point below the price of his last purchase. When the price kept going up he simply moved up his stop with it. On a 1 per cent reaction he was stopped out. He declared he did not see any sense in losing more than one point, whether it came out of his original margin or out of his paper profits.'"

Costly Carelessness

"'You know, a professional gambler is not looking for long shots, but for sure money. Of course long shots are fine when they come in. In the stock market Pat wasn't after tips or playing to catch twenty-points-a-week advances, but sure money in sufficient quantity to provide him with a good living. Of all the thousands of outsiders that I have run across in Wall Street, Pat Hearne was the only one who saw in stock speculation merely a game of chance like faro or roulette, but, nevertheless, had the sense to stick to a relatively sound betting method.

"'After Hearne's death one of our customers who had always traded with Pat and used his system made over one hundred thousand dollars in Lackawanna. Then he switched over to some other stock and because he had made a big stake he thought he need not stick to Pat's way. When a reaction came, instead of cutting short his losses he let them run—as though they were profits. Of course every cent went. When he finally quit he owed us several thousand dollars.

"'He hung around for two or three years. He kept the fever long after the cash had gone; but we did not object as long as he behaved himself. I remember that he used to admit freely that he had been ten thousand kinds of an ass not to stick to Pat Hearne's style of play. Well, one day he came to me greatly excited and asked me to let him sell some stock short in our office. He was a nice enough chap who had been a good customer in his day and I told him I personally would guarantee his account for one hundred shares.

"'He sold short one hundred shares of Lake Shore. That was the time Bill Travers hammered the market, in 1875. My friend, Roberts, put out that Lake Shore at exactly the right time and he kept selling it on the way down as he had been wont to do in the old successful days before he forsook Pat Hearne's system and instead listened to hope's whispers.

"'Well, sir, in four days of successful pyramiding, Roberts' account showed him a profit of fifteen thousand dollars. Observing that he had not put in a stop-loss order I spoke to him about it and he told me that the break hadn't fairly begun and he wasn't going to be shaken out by any one-point reaction. This was in August. Before the middle of September he borrowed ten dollars from me for a baby carriage—his fourth. He did not stick to his own proved system. That's the trouble with most of them,' and the old fellow shook his head at me.

"And he was right. I sometimes think that speculation must be an unnatural sort of business, because I find that the average speculator has arrayed against him his own nature. The weaknesses that all men are prone to are fatal to success in speculation—usually those very weaknesses that make him likable to his fellows or that he himself particularly guards against in those other ventures of his where they are not nearly so dangerous as when he is trading in stocks or commodities."

The Unbeatable Game

"The speculator's chief enemies are always boring from within. It is inseparable from human nature to hope and to fear. In speculation when the market goes against you you hope that every day will be the last day—and you lose more than you should had you not listened to hope—to the same ally that is so potent a success bringer to empire builders and pioneers, big and little. And when the market goes your way you become fearful that the next day will take away your profit, and you go out—too soon. Fear keeps you from making as much money as you ought to. The successful trader has to fight these two deep-seated instincts. He has to reverse what you might call his natural impulses. Instead of hoping he must fear; instead of fearing he must hope. He must fear that his loss may develop into a much bigger loss, and hope that his profit may become a big profit. It is absolutely wrong to gamble in stocks the way the average man does.

"I have been in the speculative game ever since I was fourteen. It is all I have ever done. I think I know what I am talking about. And the conclusion that I have reached after nearly thirty years of constant trading, both on a shoestring and with millions of dollars back of me, is this: A man may beat a stock or a group at a certain time, but no man living can beat the stock market! A man may make money out of individual deals in cotton or grain, but no man can beat the cotton market or the grain market."

Larry Livingston made an end of speaking and looked at me. It enabled me to say to him gratefully, "Livingston, I am very glad to hear you say so. It has long been a favorite pastime of mine to shout it at the top of my voice in the public places. Coming from the most successful stock operator of the day it ought to carry more weight,

(Continued on Page 44)

PEERLESS

Eight cylinders have never meant so much in the way of magnificent power as they are made to mean in the new Peerless Eight.

They have never meant so much in sustained speed; nor in all the finer shades of power-ductility.

Wherever experienced motorists have been privileged to drive it, the new Peerless Eight is rolling up a wave of eager enthusiasm and welcome, reminiscent of the motor car's earlier days.

The truth is that the new Peerless adds so much to the ease and enjoyment which are the outcome of good eight-cylinder construction, that it is almost revolutionary.

The steadiness with which it holds the higher speeds will delight you hardly more than the perfect softness and obedience of power that seems to have no limit.

To put it briefly, the new Peerless Eight gives us the right to say that nowhere in your eight-cylinder experience have you encountered its like.

THE NEW PEERLESS EIGHT IS BUILT IN THE FOLLOWING TYPES:

Four Passenger Touring Phaeton
Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton
Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
Four Passenger Town Coupé
Four Passenger Suburban Coupé
Five Passenger Town Sedan
Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan
Five Passenger Berline Limousine
Four Passenger Opera Brougham

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Jim Henry's Column

Why?

I betray no confidence in saying that, to the best of my knowledge, Mennen's is the most widely, largely used shaving cream in the world.

Of course, the obvious deduction is that Mennen's must be the best, but I dislike comparative claims. All I have ever insisted upon is that it is unlike any other shaving cream.

If we only made a hundred tubes a day and you preferred it to other Creams, it would still be the best in the world—for you.

Just the same, our enormous volume must mean something.

It was only a few years ago that every shaver used hard soap. Hard soap had held its own since the dawn of civilization. Habits as deeply rooted as that are not easily changed.

Then I began to ask you to try Mennen's. There never has been the slightest attempt to sweep you off your feet with extravagant claims. If you have honored me by reading a few of my advertisements, you will recall that they have all been built around this idea of trying—learning for yourself—a fair test.

Now, there has never been a sensational response to my advertising. Every day, a few men would send their dimes for my demonstrator tube. Presently, druggists became interested for some reason and ordered.

That, literally, is all there has been to the theory of selling Mennen's.

Yet, today, millions use it. I doubt if you ever go into a drug store that doesn't sell it. Most of these druggists will tell you that they sell more of Mennen's than of any other cream.

Even during the recent hard times, our business gained tremendously.

I can explain this result only in one way. Those who have tried it prefer Mennen's to anything else.

And, to change the subject, when you learn what Kora-Konia does to chafed skin—you'll want that also. It is a medicinal powder of extraordinary healing virtue. It places on raw skin a velvety film which sticks for hours protecting while it heals.

I will mail a sample of Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream for 10 cents

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 42)

and I am very grateful to you for making it. And now would you mind telling me what you did after you found yourself a millionaire in October, 1907?"

Livingston nodded and effortlessly took up the narrative where he had left off.

"I bought a yacht and made all preparations to leave New York for a cruise in Southern waters. I am really daffy about fishing and this was the time when I was going to fish to my heart's content from my own yacht, going wherever I wished whenever I felt like it. Everything was ready. I had made a killing in stocks, but at the last moment corn held me back.

"I must explain that before the money panic that gave me my first million I had been trading in grain at Chicago. I was short ten million bushels of wheat and ten million bushels of corn. I had studied the grain markets for a long time and was as bearish on corn and wheat as I had been on stocks.

"Well, they both started down, but while wheat kept on declining the biggest of all the Chicago operators—I'll call him Stratton—took it into his head to run a corner in corn. After I cleaned up in stocks and was ready to go South on my yacht I found that wheat showed me a handsome profit, but in corn Stratton had run up the price and I had quite a loss.

"I knew there was much more corn in the country than the price indicated. The law of demand and supply worked as always. But the demand came chiefly from Stratton and the supply was not coming at all, because there was an acute congestion in the movement of corn. I remember that I used to pray for a cold spell that would freeze the impassable roads and enable the farmers to bring their corn into the market. But no such luck."

Saved by Strategy

"There I was, waiting to go on my joyously planned fishing trip and that loss in corn holding me back. I couldn't go away with the market as it was. Of course Stratton kept pretty close tabs on the short interest. He knew he had me, and I knew it quite as well as he did. But, as I said, I was hoping I might convince the weather that it ought to get busy and help me. Perceiving that neither the weather nor any other kindly wonder worker was paying any attention to my needs I studied how I might work out of my difficulty by my own efforts.

"I closed out my line of wheat at a good profit. But the problem in corn was infinitely more difficult. If I could have covered my ten million bushels at the prevailing prices I instantly and gladly would have done so, large though the loss would have been. But, of course, the moment I started to buy in my corn Stratton would be on the job as squeezer in chief, and I no more relished running up the price on myself by reason of my own purchases than cutting my own throat with my own knife.

"Strong though corn was, my desire to go fishing was even stronger, so it was up to me to find a way out at once. I must conduct a strategic retreat. I must buy back the ten million bushels I was short of and keep down my loss as much as possible.

"It so happened that Stratton at that time was also running a deal in oats and had the market pretty well sewed up. I had kept track of all the grain markets in the way of crop news and pit gossip, and I heard that the powerful Armour interests were not friendly, marketwise, to Stratton. Of course I knew that Stratton would not let me have the corn I needed except at his own price but the moment I heard the rumors about Armour being against Stratton it occurred to me that I might look to the Chicago traders for aid. The only way in which they could possibly help me was for them to sell me the corn that Stratton wouldn't. The rest was easy.

"First, I put in orders to buy five hundred thousand bushels of corn every eighth of a cent down. After these orders were in I gave to each of four houses an order to sell simultaneously fifty thousand bushels of oats, at the market. That, I figured, ought to make a quick break in oats. Knowing how the traders' minds worked, it was a cinch that they would instantly think that Armour was gunning for Stratton. Seeing the attack opened in oats they would logically conclude that the next break would be in corn and they would start to sell it. If that corner in corn was busted, the pickings would be fabulous.

"My dope on the psychology of the Chicago traders was absolutely correct. When they saw oats breaking on the scattered selling they promptly jumped on corn and sold it with great enthusiasm. I was able to buy six million bushels of corn in the next ten minutes. The moment I found that their selling of corn ceased I turned and bought the other four million bushels at the market. Of course that made the price go up again, but the net result of my maneuver was that I covered the entire line of ten million bushels within one-half cent of the price prevailing at the time I started to cover on the traders' selling. The two hundred thousand bushels of oats that I sold short to start the traders' selling of corn I covered at a loss of only three thousand dollars. That was pretty cheap bear bait. The profits I had made in wheat offset so much of my deficit in corn that my total loss on all my grain trades that time was only twenty-five thousand dollars. Afterwards corn went up to twenty-five cents a bushel. Stratton undoubtedly had me at his mercy.

"If I had set about buying my ten million bushels of corn without bothering to think of the price there is no telling what I would have had to pay.

"A man can't spend years at one thing and not acquire a habitual attitude towards it quite unlike that of the average beginner. The difference distinguishes the professional from the amateur. It is the way a man looks at things that makes or loses money for him in the speculative markets. The public has the dilettante's point of view toward his own effort. The ego obtrudes itself unduly and the thinking therefore is not deep or exhaustive. The professional concerns himself with doing the right thing rather than with making money, knowing that the profit takes care of itself if the other things are attended to. A trader gets to play the game as the professional billiard player does—that is, he looks far ahead instead of considering the particular shot before him. It gets to be an instinct to play for position."

Inside Information

"I remember hearing a story about Addison Cammack that illustrates very nicely what I wish to point out. From all I have heard, I am inclined to think that Cammack was one of the ablest stock traders the Street ever saw. He was not a chronic bear as many believe, but he felt the greater appeal of trading on the bear side, of utilizing in his behalf the two great human factors of hope and fear. He is credited with coining the warning: 'Don't sell stocks when the sap is running up the trees!' and the old-timers tell me that his biggest winnings were made on the bull side so that it is plain he did not play prejudices but conditions. At all events, he was a consummate trader. It seems that once—this was way back at the tag end of a bull market -Cammack was bearish, and J. Arthur Joseph, the financial writer and raconteur, knew it. The market, however, was not only strong but still rising, in response to prodding by the bull leaders and optimistic reports by the newspapers. Knowing what use a trader like Cammack could make of bearish information, Joseph rushed to Cammack's office one day with glad tidings:

"'Mr. Cammack, I have a very good friend who is a transfer clerk in the St. Paul office and he has just told me something which I think you ought to know.'

"'What is it?' asked Cammack listlessly.

"'You've turned, haven't you? You are bearish now?' asked Joseph, to make sure. If Cammack wasn't interested he wasn't going to waste precious ammunition.

"'Yes. What's the wonderful information?'

"'I went around to the St. Paul office today, as I do in my news-gathering rounds two or three times a week, and my friend there said to me: "The Old Man is selling stock." He meant William Rockefeller. "Is he really, Jimmy?" I said to him, and he answered, "Yes; he is selling fifteen hundred shares every three-eighths of a point up. I've been transferring the stock for two or three days now." I didn't lose any time, but came right over to tell you.'

"Cammack was not easily excited, and, moreover, was so accustomed to having all manner of people rush madly into his office with all manner of news, gossip, rumors, tips and lies that he had grown distrustful of them all. He merely said now, 'Are you sure you heard right, Joseph?'

"'Am I sure? Certainly I am sure! Do you think I am deaf?' said Joseph.

"'Are you sure of your man?'

"'Absolutely!' declared Joseph. 'I've known him for years. He has never lied to me. He wouldn't! No object! I know he is absolutely reliable and I'd stake my life on what he tells me. I know him as well as I know anybody in this world—a great deal better than you seem to know me, after all these years.'

"'Sure of him, eh?' And Cammack again looked at Joseph. Then he said, 'Well, you ought to know.' He called his broker, W. B. Wheeler. Joseph expected to hear him give an order to sell at least fifty thousand shares of St. Paul. William Rockefeller was disposing of his holdings in St. Paul, taking advantage of the strength of the market. Whether it was investment stock or speculative holdings was irrelevant. The one important fact was that the best stock trader of the Standard Oil crowd was getting out of St. Paul. What would the average man have done if he had received the news from a trustworthy source? No need to ask.

"But Cammack, the ablest bear operator of his day, who was bearish on the market just then, said to his broker, 'Billy, go over to the board and buy fifteen hundred St. Paul every three-eighths up.' The stock was then in the nineties"

The Tactics of Genius

"'Don't you mean sell?' interjected Joseph hastily. He was no novice in Wall Street, but he was thinking of the market from the point of view of the newspaper man and, incidentally, of the general public. The price certainly ought to go down on the news of inside selling. And there was no better inside selling than Mr. William Rockefeller's. The Standard Oil getting out and Cammack buying! It couldn't be!

"'No,' said Cammack; 'I mean, buy!'

"'Don't you believe me?'

"'Yes!'

"'Don't you believe my information?'

"'Yes.'

"'Aren't you bearish?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, then?'

"'That's why I'm buying. Listen to me now: You keep in touch with that reliable friend of yours and the moment the scaled selling stops, let me know. Instantly! Do you understand?'

"'Yes,' said Joseph, and went away, not quite sure he could fathom Cammack's motives in buying William Rockefeller's stock. It was the knowledge that Cammack was bearish on the entire market that made his maneuver so difficult to explain. However, Joseph saw his friend the transfer clerk and told him he wanted to be tipped off when the Old Man got through selling. Regularly twice a day Joseph called on his friend to inquire.

"One day the transfer clerk told him, 'There isn't any more stock coming from the Old Man.' Joseph thanked him and ran to Cammack with the information.

"Cammack listened attentively, turned to Wheeler and asked, 'Billy, how much St. Paul have we got in the office?' Wheeler looked it up and reported that they had accumulated about sixty thousand shares.

"Cammack, being bearish, had been putting out short lines in the other Grangers as well as in various other stocks, even before he began to buy St. Paul. He was now heavily short of the market. He promptly ordered Wheeler to sell the sixty thousand shares of St. Paul that they were long of, and more besides. He used his long holdings of St Paul as a lever to depress the general list and greatly benefit his operations for a decline.

"St Paul didn't stop on that move until it reached forty-four and Cammack made a killing in it He played his cards with consummate skill and profited accordingly. The point I would make is his habitual attitude toward trading. He didn't have to reflect. He saw instantly what was far more important to him than his profit on that one stock. He saw that he had providentially been offered an opportunity to begin his big bear operations not only at the proper time but with a proper initial push. The St. Paul tip made him buy instead of sell because he saw at once that it gave him a vast supply of the best ammunition for his bear campaign.

(Continued on Page 46)

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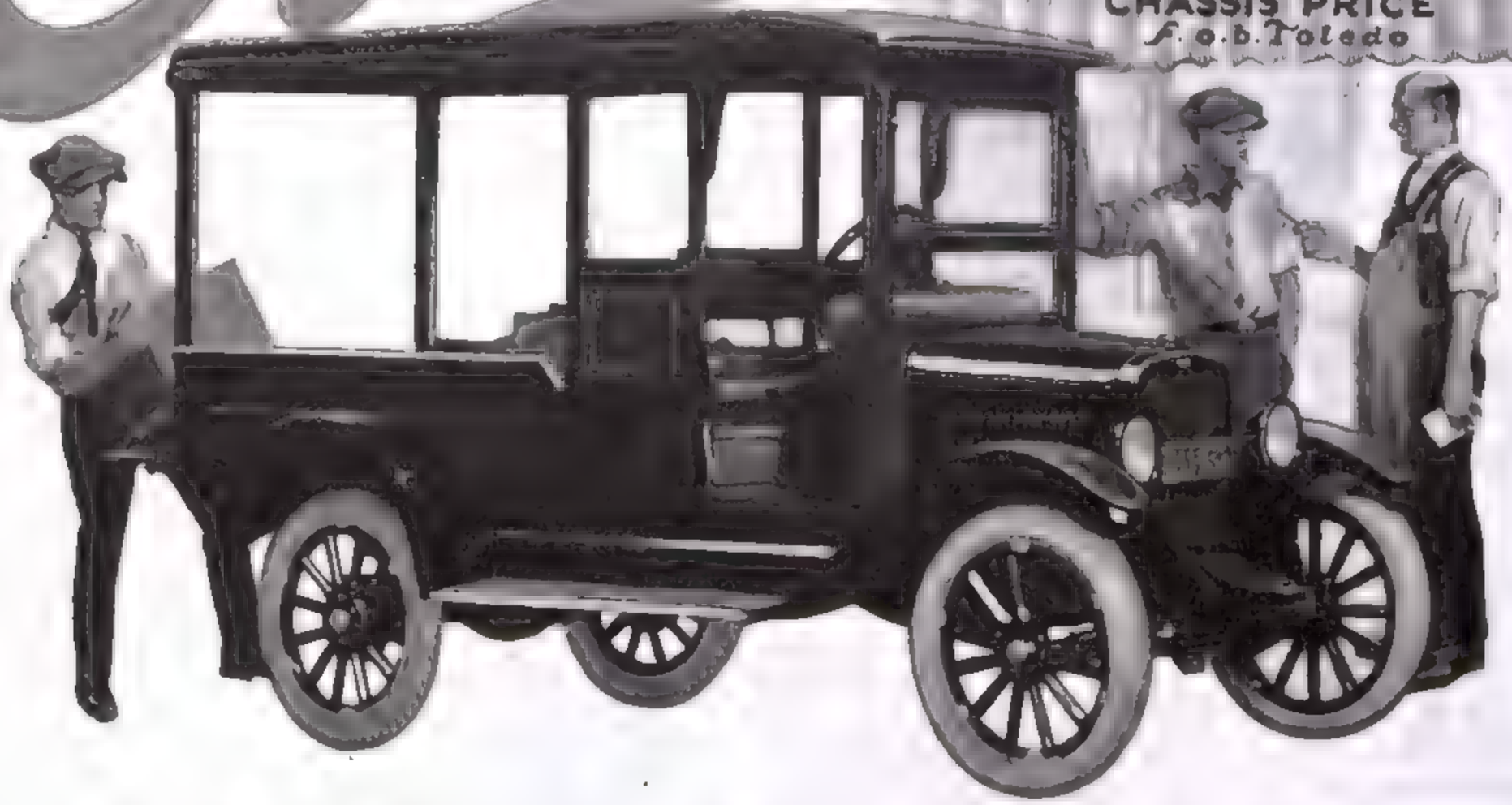

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HERE is the most recent addition to the Willys-Overland Family—a big, sturdy commercial car that has been designed and built to do real commercial work—365 days in the year.

You would hardly believe it possible to build such a car at such a price.

In the first place the chassis has been designed for delivery purposes—units have been made stronger and more durable to stand the strain of heavy loads. Parts are 20% heavier than you will find in any delivery car selling under $850.

The heavy frame extends clear under the body, reinforcing and supporting it. This is an important feature you don't find in commercial cars of such light weight.

The famous patented Triplex Springs are one overwhelming advantage Overland Commercial Cars have over any other car on the market—an engineering achievement that has never been duplicated. They reduce wear-and-tear, protect fragile loads, banish road shocks and provide easy riding qualities that you won't find in any commercial car at any price.

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As for economical operation—you need hardly be reminded of Overland's consistently high gasoline mileage and low upkeep expense related by Overland owners everywhere. The chassis price of $450 makes it actually the lowest-priced standard 3-speed chassis you can buy.

Equipped with your choice of the famous Martin-Parry Standardized Commercial Bodies, it has no equal anywhere in value.

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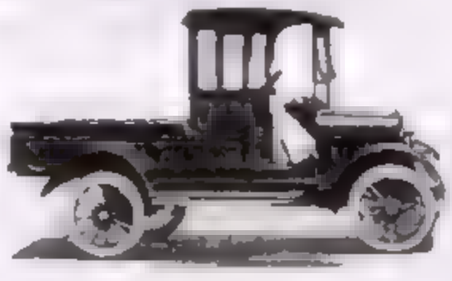

Cab Top, Light Express Body on Overland Commercial Chassis.

Country Club Body on Overland Commercial Chassis.

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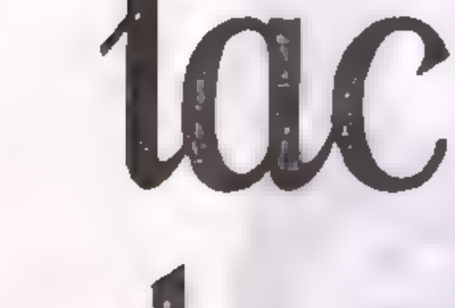

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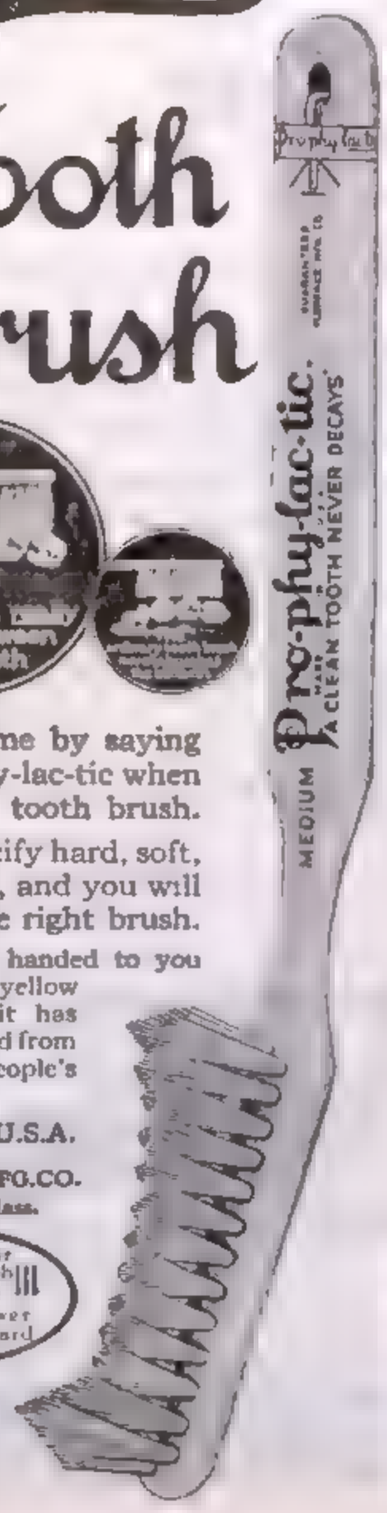

(Continued from Page 44)

"To get back to myself. After I closed my trade in wheat and corn I went South in my yacht. I cruised about in Florida waters, having a grand old time. The fishing was great. Everything was lovely. I didn't have a care in the world and I wasn't looking for any.

"One day I went ashore at Palm Beach. I met a lot of Wall Street friends and others. They were all talking about the most picturesque cotton speculator of the day. A report from New York had it that Percy Thomas had lost every cent. It wasn't a commercial bankruptcy; merely the rumor of the world-famous operator's second Waterloo in the cotton market.

"You doubtless know him. Yes? Well, then you won't wonder that I think him the most brilliant and persuasive talker I ever met. I had always felt a great admiration for him. The first I ever heard of him was through the newspapers at the time of the failure of the Stock Exchange house of Sheldon & Thomas, when Thomas tried to corner cotton. Sheldon, who did not have the vision or the courage of his partner, got cold feet on the very verge of success. At least, so the Street said at the time. At all events, instead of making a killing they made one of the most sensational failures in years. I forget how many millions. The firm was wound up and Thomas went to work alone. He devoted himself exclusively to cotton and it was not long before he was on his feet again. He paid off his creditors in full with interest—debts he was not legally obliged to discharge—and withal had a million dollars left for himself. His comeback in the cotton market was in its way as remarkable as Deacon S. V. White's famous stock-market exploit of paying off one million dollars in one year. Thomas' pluck and brains made me admire him immensely."

A Deal in July Cotton

"Everybody in Palm Beach was talking about the collapse of Thomas' deal in March cotton. You know how the talk goes—and grows; the amount of misinformation and exaggeration and improvements that you hear. Why, I've seen a rumor about myself grow so that the fellow who started it did not recognize it when it came back to him in less than twenty-four hours, swollen with new and picturesque details.

"The news of Percy Thomas' latest misadventure turned my mind from the fishing to the cotton market. I got files of the trade papers and read them to get a line on conditions. When I got back to New York I gave myself up to studying the markets. Everybody was bearish and everybody was selling July cotton. You know how people are. I suppose it is the contagion of example that makes a man do something because everybody around him is doing the same thing. Perhaps it is some phase or variety of the herd instinct. In any case it was, in the opinion of hundreds of traders, the wise and proper thing to sell July cotton -and so safe too! You couldn't call that general selling reckless; the word is too conservative. The traders simply saw one side to the market and a great big profit. They certainly expected a collapse in prices.

"I saw all this, of course, and it struck me that the chaps who were short didn't have a terrible lot of time to cover in. The more I studied the situation the clearer I saw this, until I finally decided to buy July cotton. I went to work and quickly bought one hundred thousand bales. I experienced no trouble in getting it because it came from so many sellers. It seemed to me that I could have offered a reward of one million dollars for the capture, dead or alive, of a single trader who was not selling July cotton and nobody would have claimed it.

"I should say this was in the latter part of May. I kept buying more and they kept on selling it to me until I had picked up all the floating contracts and I had one hundred and twenty thousand bales. A couple of days after I had bought the last of it it began to go up. Once it started, the market was kind enough to keep on doing very well indeed that is, it went up from forty to fifty points a day.

"One Saturday—this was about ten days after I began operations—the price began to creep up I did not know whether there was any more July cotton for sale. It was up to me to find out, so I waited until the last ten minutes. At that time, I knew, it was usual for those fellows to be short and if the market closed up for the day they would be safely hooked. So I sent in four different orders to buy five thousand bales each, at the market, at the same time. That ran the price up thirty points and the shorts were doing their best to wriggle away. The market closed at the top. All I did, remember, was to buy that last twenty thousand bales.

"The next day was Sunday. But on Monday, Liverpool was due to open up twenty points to be on a parity with the advance in New York. Instead, it came fifty points higher. That meant that Liverpool had exceeded our advance by 100 per cent. I had nothing to do with the rise in that market. This showed me that my deductions had been sound and that I was trading along the line of least resistance. At the same time I was not losing sight of the fact that I had a whopping big line to dispose of. A market may advance sharply or rise gradually and yet not possess the power to absorb more than a certain amount of selling.

"Of course the Liverpool cables made our own market wild. But I noticed the higher it went the scarcer July cotton seemed to be. I wasn't letting go any of mine. Altogether that Monday was an exciting and not very cheerful day for the bears; but for all that, I could detect no signs of an impending bear panic; no beginnings of a blind stampede to cover. And I had one hundred and forty thousand bales for which I must find a market.

"On Tuesday morning as I was walking to my office I met a friend at the entrance of the building.

"'That was quite a story in the World this morning,' he said with a smile.

"'What story?' I said.

"'What? Do you mean to tell me you haven't seen it?'

"'I never see the World,' I said. 'What is the story?'

"'Why, it's all about you. It says you've got July cotton cornered.'

"'I haven't seen it,' I told him and left him. I don't know whether he believed me or not. He probably thought it was highly inconsiderate of me not to tell him whether it was true or not.

"When I got to the office I sent out for a copy of the paper. Sure enough, there it was, on the front page, in big headlines:

JULY COTTON CORNERED BY LARRY LIVINGSTON

"Of course I knew at once that the article would play the dickens with the market. If I had deliberately studied ways and means of disposing of my one hundred and forty thousand bales to the best advantage I couldn't have hit upon a better plan. It would not have been possible to find one. That article at that very moment was being read all over the country either in the World or in other papers quoting it. It had been cabled to Europe. That was plain from the Liverpool prices. That market was simply wild. No wonder, with such news."

Time for Quick Action

"Of course I knew what New York would do, and what I ought to do. The market here opened at ten o'clock. At ten minutes after ten I did not own any cotton. I let them have every one of my one hundred and forty thousand bales. For most of my line I received what proved to be the top prices of the day. The traders made the market for me. All I really did was to see a heaven-sent opportunity to get rid of my cotton. I grasped it because I couldn't help it. What else could I do?

"The problem that I knew would take a great deal of hard thinking to solve was thus solved for me by an accident. If the World had not published that article I never would have been able to dispose of my line without sacrificing the greater portion of my paper profits. Selling one hundred and forty thousand bales of July cotton without sending the price down was a trick beyond my powers. But the World story turned it for me very nicely.

"Why the World published it I cannot tell you. I never knew. I suppose the writer was tipped off by some friend in the cotton market and he thought he was printing a scoop. I didn't see him or anybody from the World. I didn't know it was printed that morning until after nine o'clock; and if it had not been for my friend calling my attention to it I would not have known it then.

"Without it I wouldn't have had a market big enough to unload in. That is one trouble about trading on a large scale. You cannot sneak out as you can when you pike along. You cannot always sell out when you wish or when you think it wise. You have to get out when you can; when you have a market that will absorb your entire line. Failure to grasp the opportunity to get out may cost you millions. You cannot hesitate. If you do you are lost. Neither can you try stunts like running up the price on the bears by means of competitive buying, for you may thereby reduce the absorbing capacity. And I want to tell you that perceiving your opportunity is not as easy as it sounds. One must be on the lookout so alertly that when his chance sticks in its head at the door he must grab it.

"Of course not everybody knew about my fortunate accident. In Wall Street, and, for that matter, everywhere else, any accident that makes big money for a man is regarded with suspicion. Always when the accident is unprofitable it is not considered an accident, but the logical outcome of hoggishness or of the swelled head. But when there is a profit they call it loot and talk about how well unscrupulousness fares, and how ill conservatism and decency."

A Case of Sheer Luck

"It was not only the evil-minded shorts smarting under punishment brought about by their own recklessness who accused me of having deliberately planned the coup. Other people thought the same thing.

"One of the biggest men in cotton in the entire world met me a day or two later and said, 'That was certainly the slickest deal you ever put over, Livingston. I was wondering how much you were going to lose when you came to market that line of yours. You knew this market was not big enough to take more than fifty or sixty thousand bales without selling off, and how you were going to work off the rest and not lose all your paper profits was beginning to interest me. I didn't think of your scheme. It certainly was slick.'

"'I had nothing to do with it,' I assured him as earnestly as I could.

"But all he did was to repeat: 'Mighty slick, my boy. Mighty slick! Don't be so modest!'

"It was after that deal that some of the papers referred to me as the cotton king. But, as I have told you, I really was not entitled to that crown. It is not necessary to tell you that there is not enough money in the United States to buy the columns of the New York World or enough personal pull to secure the publication of a story like that. It gave me an utterly unearned reputation that time.

"But I have not told you this story to moralize on the crowns that are sometimes pressed down upon the brows of undeserving traders or to emphasize the need of seizing the opportunity, no matter when or how it comes. My object merely was to account for the vast amount of newspaper notoriety that came to me as the result of my deal in July cotton. If it hadn't been for the newspapers I never would have met that remarkable man, Percy Thomas, and I am sure you will wish me to tell you how I met him and what came of that meeting."

Lawrence Livingston ceased talking and looked at me as though he would have me confirm his suspicions. But I said to him: "I am not interested so much in Percy Thomas as I am in Lawrence Livingston."

"But you said you wanted to hear how I lost my first million."

"So I did," I said.

"Well, that is what I am going to tell you about, but not today. We'll go for a sail now."

"Did you lose everything?" I asked hopefully.

"Not today. Come along!" And Lawrence Livingston put on his hat.

"But did you lose everything?"

"Everything, and over a million besides," answered Livingston.

"Fine!" I said. "I'll come!"

And I went cheerfully, for two reasons: First, any man will wait cheerfully for a good story; the story of how Livingston lost all his money and more, too, was bound to be interesting. Second, he had made up his loss and come back stronger than ever; that is to say, there would be still another good story.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Lefèvre The next will appear in an early issue.

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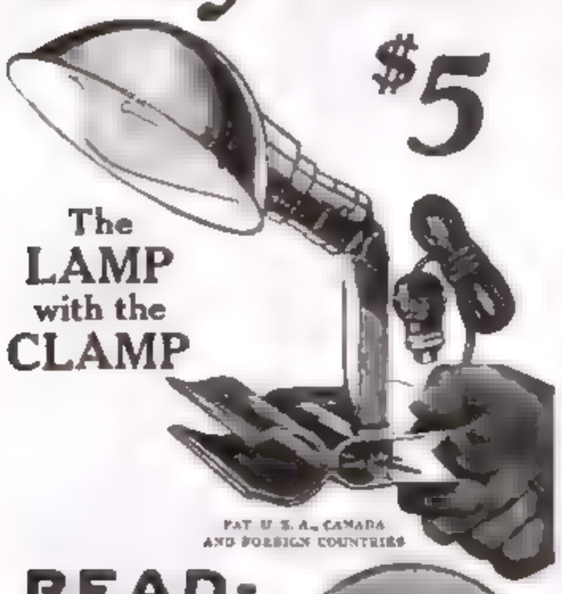

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TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK

SKULL CRACKER

(Continued from Page 8)

"Come on, boys, lift'm up—digni. Up high—digni gora!" He had given that gang order many a time. Gora—high. He did his best to hook up the other part of that name with what few Slavish words he knew. It was no use.

"No versteh Tsernagora, Dan," he said at last. "How you call this name English?"

Dan lifted a shoulder. "I dinno," said Dan.

"I versteh gora," Al told him. "But tserna, Dan? What you call tserna, English?"

Dan puckered his brow for an equivalent; almost had it; had it! "Sure!" he roared. "Sure I got 'm. Crna, bleck!"

"Black. High. Black high," puzzled Al. Then suddenly he jumped to his feet beside big Dan. "Black Heights!" he shouted. "Sir to you, Dan Tancovic! Black Mountain! Montenegro!"

A marvelous look came into the pale eyes of the Slav.

"Sure!" he cried. "Sure! Englishman say Montenegro, my country!"

Al Holly looked into the eyes of Tancovic Danilo, son of those Serbs whom even the shambles of Kosovo could not cow, and who in the barren rocks of their hard little land had grown for century upon century on that bleak soil their rich and only crop, men, against the periodic reapings of the Turk; but who in those centuries had held their tiny country inviolate against hideous odds, reaping in their turn tenfold against the Moslem in every battle.

Standing there watching the fire glow under those penthouse brows, Al asked again the name of the land that had kindled it.

"Crnagora!"—like the blare of a war horn.

"Tsernagora!" repeated Al softly, and took off his hat.

When you rise to toast the fine art of hating we give you the Bulgar. Bulgaria, you must remember, since the first arrival of her Tartar tribes among the Slavs that had preceded them into the slopes and valleys of old Father Balkan, has practiced long and assiduously in her chosen field. Greek and Serb and Turk, in the order named, both chronologically and intensively, have all received from time to time her undivided attention from the fourth century up to today, so that, with these main excursions in hatred, and with occasional small forays of rancor against the Rumanians, the Magyars, the Macedonians, and those terrible Circassians whom the Turk wished on them at the end of the Russian conquest of the Caucasus, she has had much time and opportunity to perfect her art. Which explains in part why Nick Yaneff yearned so earnestly to bounce his seven-ton drop ball on a certain canary-colored sou'wester. Jumbo Dan, being a Crnagoran—which means a Serb, double distilled and triple extracted and raised to the *n*th power—was as fit for hating as a Greek.

Aside from his aptitude for odium your Bulgar is distinguished by two or three traits. A stubborn and unbreakable health and an acquisitive endurance that keeps him out, scorching in the blaze of mid-July, clammily sopping in November rains, humped and benumbed in February blizzards, more hours per day, more days per week, more weeks per month, more months per year and more years per lifetime than any other member of the more or less human race, is one of them. Another is his ability to save more money in a given time on a given wage than any other fellow creature. And a third is a positive talent for incasing himself against the elements by carrying on his body twelve months a year an amount of clothes so prodigious as to seem impossible to any save the surgeon at a steel-plant emergency hospital, who is about the only man who ever gets through to a Bulgar's skin.

It is possible that a sort of professional jealousy as to one of these national attributes had something to do with Yaneff's excess animosity toward Jumbo Dan. Regarding the first two traits, Dan had no competition to offer, for as a hater Dan shone only in his feeling toward Turks, falling off pitifully in his hostility toward the balance of his fellow men. As a worker and a saver Dan was no slouch; and yet beside Nick Yaneff he was so far behind the band in this respect that it was only by a grievous ear strain that he could hear the bass drum. Regarding clothes, however, there was the matter of that sou'wester.

Twelve months a year Dan wore it. Three hundred and sixty-six days, leap year. Aside from the fact that it was absolutely ventilation proof, the lid was not an unwise choice, for Dan could reverse it, using its long watershed for eye shield and heat shield when he tackled the glowing pots. And when sparks were flying highest at the pigger the back brim rendered unnecessary the characteristic hunch of shoulders and back throw of head which all steel workers use to prevent sparkling drops of hot metal from hopping friskily down the back of their necks. Also, sparks which fasten to felt, making a graphite-sprinkled riddle of most pigger men's hats, bounced from the glazed surface of Dan's bonnet without leaving so much as a blister.

And the way the man could wear it! A sou'wester, properly set on, will make a dashing figure of a clothing dummy. And a Montenegrin is the most picturesque dresser in the world. And Jumbo Dan, for the grossly utilitarian job of cleaning hot pots, had laid aside the snowy white and scarlet and black and gold in which he was wont to engage in more artistic pursuits. And now, instead of getting all dressed up in his national costume in order to carve his initials on the back of the fleeing Turk with a viciously double-curved and razor-edged yataghan, he pulled on jeans and went out to fight hot pots, throwing all his artistic temperament regarding clothes into that sou'wester. What secret process of renovation he used no man knew, but every day Dan arrived on the job with that chapeau a-shine like the morning sun. No modiste in Paree ever got half the kick out of her most exclusive model that Dan got out of that skimmer. Put it on as he might, frontwards or backwards or sidewise, he managed always to pull down one side or cock up another, hike up the front or yank askew the back, framing the handsome savagery for which the men of his mountains are noted in such a way as to make your mind's eye see about his waist a gaudy sash bristling with pistol butts and khandjar hilts.

According to all laws of hygiene Dan Tancovic's scalp should have been as bare of hair as a squash, for the combined heat of summer sun and red-hot ladles and that bombproof hat would have roasted loose every last hair root in any man's head but Dan's. And yet Al Holly, who was one of a very few who had ever seen that covering come off, remembered a thatch coal black and coarse as a horse's tail, and as thick and as wild. Doubtless the reputation that Dan had built up to the effect that he wore that stewpan to bed may have helped stir up against him the hatred that lived in Nick Yaneff's heart, for Nick claimed the international heavyweight clothes-wearing championship; and to have his title disputed regarding even one article of apparel must have rankled him sorely.

But, after all, the one big reason for Yaneff's feelings toward Dan was Vara Tancovic, and the fact that this sturdy, white-skinned, good-looking wife of Dan's added a hundred and seventy pounds to the weight of evidence regarding the proverbial chastity of Montenegrin women. Not that either the chastity or the prettiness of Dan's woman made the supreme appeal to Nick. What took Nick's eye was the breadth and heft of her. Here was a woman who could paddle home barefooted from the cinder dump with a bag of coke on her head and an old railroad tie under each arm, and make the round trip two or three times a day while she was resting from the more arduous duties of a boarding boss' wife. For be it known that the life ambition of Nick Yaneff was to marry the strongest woman in the world and become a boarding boss. House rent fifteen dollars a month. Fifty beds; all full of hunky. Never empty. Day turn in them at night; night turn in them at day. Fifty cents a week. Fifty beds, fifty dollars, not counting boarding money; and a good strong woman to do the work and lug home the fuel while he kept his job at the skull-cracker crane. Nick watched the broad Vara rocking contentedly on her back porch, a baby's soft mouth pink against her snowy skin, crooning a minor Slav folk song, taking her ease, and hated Dan Tancovic with a perfect hatred. In the home of a man who knew the worth of a dollar this woman might easily be clearing the table while she suckled her babe.

Nick tried his luck with Vara. Nick was a strapping fellow himself, and handsome with a barbaric handsomeness; a faint trace of that ruthlessness in his face which women find hard to resist in men, the mark set on his features by a race that had lived by conquest; remaining hint of Tartar cruelty not yet wholly obliterated by the Slav ocean that had swallowed his conquering ancestors whole, looks, manners and language.

Nick Yaneff had also three thousand dollars in crisp hundred-dollar bills in his money belt. Likewise Nick had some fifteen years of youth to offer Vara Tancovic that her husband could not match.

And Nick, when occasion offered, kept cautiously displaying all his wares to the broad lady of his desires, only to find his boarding-house plans blocked by a chastity such as he had never dreamed of in his dreams of women, and by a patriotism such as even a Bulgar does not know.

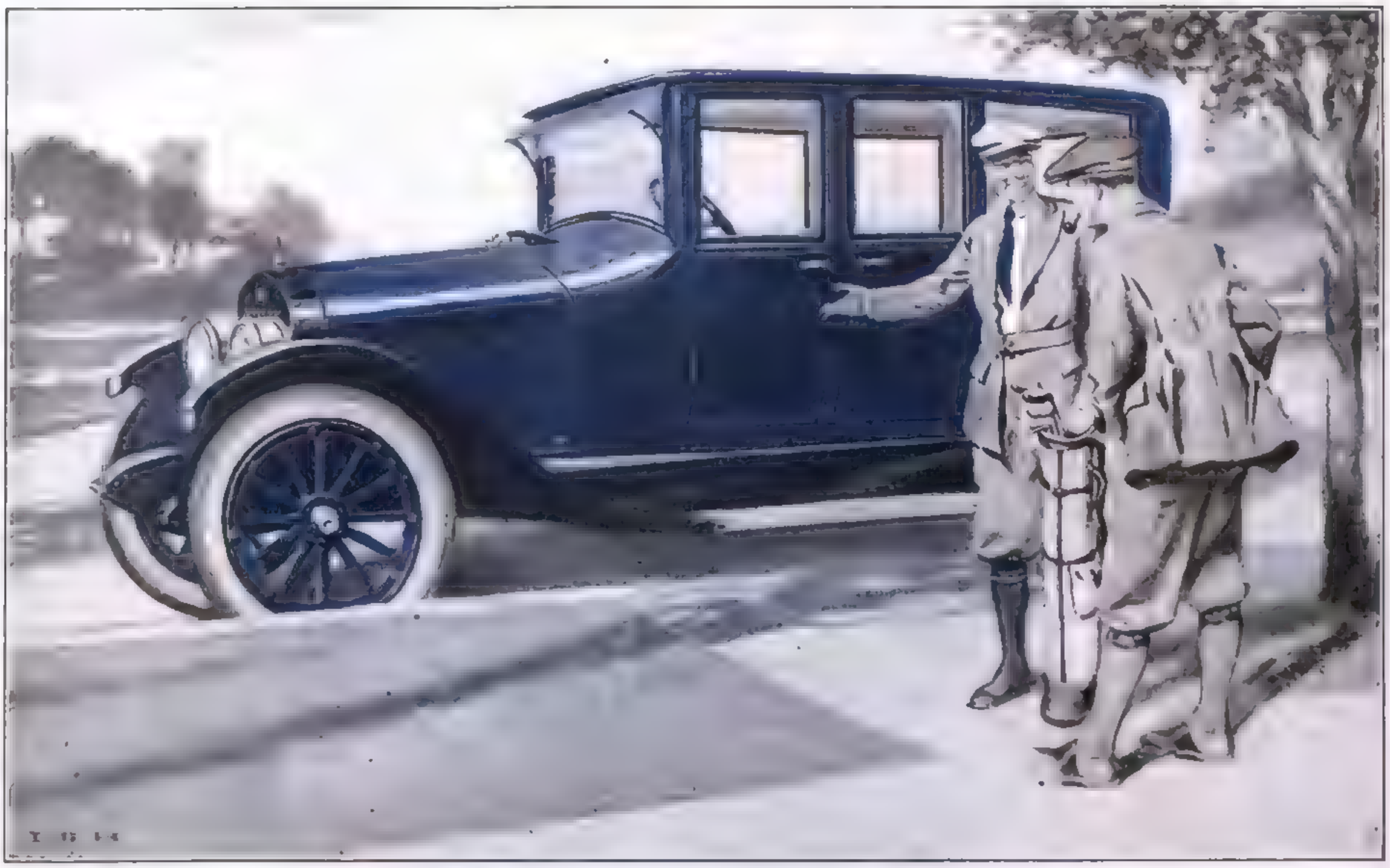
"Listen," said Jumbo Dan to a startled Yaneff one day, speaking a Slavish dialect that each could understand; "you are fifteen years younger than I am, true; yet I am able to take you apart with my two hands, Bulgar, and you know it; and so does she. Also regarding the thirty crinkling bills in your money belt, I have told her that any time she says she wants them I will get them for her. Further, you Bulgars have no idea how to hate a Turk. You are part Turk yourself, you Pomak, and this makes your case hopeless with a Crnagoran woman. It is the wish of my wife to bear me six sons who will some day each kill ten Turks, following the example of their father. Six Bulgar sons would be lucky to account for six Moslems. And last, to explain to you a thing difficult for a Balkan to understand—namely, that a Crnagoran should ever go unarmed—there hangs under my left arm, within easy reach of my right hand through an open shirt, a sheath, and in that a khandjar. It came to me from some Circassian, by courtesy of a Turkish friend of his, who put it through my shoulder just before I split him open. The blade is thick and straight and heavy, and the hilt light, without a cross guard. In the Caucasus they use it as a missile. The trick is easy. Depending upon whether he was charging or retreating, I have managed more than once to throw it into the stomach or through the kidneys of a Turk at thirty paces."

A lopsided smile lifted one end of Dan's twelve-inch mustache, and flashing a triangle of hungry teeth at Yaneff, the big man turned and walked away, swinging out of sight around a corner of the pigger.

Nick Yaneff licked his lips. He kept a woman, did that Tancovic, in idleness, in absolute and shameful idleness, with not a thing to do save tend her five little sons while she leisurely put her house and her own broad tranquil self in order for the near arrival of the sixth. He had Serb blood, had that Tancovic, triple compounded within him. And he had called Nick Yaneff, an elder in the Orthodox Bulgarian Church, a Pomak—a Mohammedan Bulgar—insult of insults! And worst of all, thanks to a wooing marked by heedless ardor and hot-headed folly, and to the cursed virtue of its object, this Tancovic was the only man on earth who knew about those thirty bills that nestled crinkling in the money belt deep under many layers of clothes. Bulgar Nick licked his lips. Often it happened that this Tancovic had occasion to walk beneath the bridge of the skull-cracker crane.

Unless you have worked week about you can't appreciate it; but the fact remains that at about three o'clock, night turn, you'd give the finest nine-dollar bill you ever owned to crawl in the straw and pass away. If you work day turn you don't know anything about it, no matter how much of a nighthawk you may be; and if you work steady nights you get used to it in the end; but when you change shifts every week you never become proof against the terrific desire, just before break of day, at the blackest hour, at the time when human vitality is lowest, to curl up on some blissfully soft steel floor plate, and with a pile of cracked-up ferromanganese for a

(Continued on Page 51)



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S E P 1 2 22

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Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far west and Canada. The all-over carpeting is also very popular.

The Klearflax trade-mark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpets and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms

(Continued from Page 48)

pillow, drop into sleep ineffably sweet. A heaviness that is positively rapturous if indulged, and absolutely torturous if denied, lays heavy fingers on the eyes and body and soul of you, so that a pile of bricks looks like an Oriental couch, and a bag of fire clay the gossamered pillow of a houri's lap.

For a year of alternate weeks Al Holly had known this merciless urge to curl up in any place on any bed; to drop wherever he might be at three o'clock and yield to a temptation insidious and delicious past any describing. For twelve months he had fought it, finding in the process that no amount of daytime sleep will stave it off, and had won through each night, after a half hour of actual suffering, to the dawn without a moment to spare; but winning, for at the first pink of day the crying want for sleep passes like some nightmare, and is gone until three next morning.

But on Monday morning it is always worst, for Monday morning comes with the last hours of the double turn.

On a certain Monday morning, three A.M., Al Holly stood on the blower's platform, watching the silent mill spring swiftly into fiery life. Al's eyes were burdened with sleepiness; but beneath the dullness might have been seen a light that twenty hours' plugging could not altogether quench. The light was victory. By some miracle, for the first and only time in twelve months of grueling effort the mill was clean to start off the new week. When Jimmy Doan, Al's side kick, came out in the morning he would find the mill spick and span, the ground floor clean as a newly brushed billiard table, with empties, sweet empty cars, sitting on each spur awaiting his service; upon seeing which Jimmy would bat his eyes once or twice and then faint dead away.

Down on the speckless yard-level floor not a man was to be seen, not a single guinea plodding about with the end of the double turn weighting his feet and drooping his shoulders; for in celebration of the occasion Al had deliberately turned his back on his roustabout gang, and immediately every last man jack of them had scuttled for his favorite lair, and there holed up like so many woodchucks, and were now all curled away to sleep, hidden in such retreats as no man save their long-experienced foreman could have discovered.

The ghastly violet glow of newly blowing vessels added its lethargic weight to that which already rode Al's eyelids, and the deadening desire to join his men in their well-earned snooze laid draggy hands upon him, but, as usual, he fought it off.

"Bill," he said to Kerrwin, the mill-turn foreman, who, with eyes still stary and blinking from insufficient sleep, had lately arrived at the mill to start it off for the week, "I'm going to take a little stroll down to the pigger to see Jumbo Dan. B Furnace will tap in half an hour and she's making low-phos stuff. The mixer's filled up for you, and there's three ladles of hot stuff out on the spur, but provided Dan had a good Sunday at the pigger and I won't get in bad for holding up the pots for a little while, I want to grab that nice iron for you."

Bill nodded his assent. And so Al started off on the jaunt that would keep him awake until dawn.

Three of Jumbo's crew, with hatbrims down to shield their faces from the heat that was pouring out over them from the incandescent lining of a horizontal ladle, were grunting ineffectively against the handle of a huge pinch bar when Holly reached the hot-pot house. A recalcitrant lip of scrap frozen across the ladle's pouring snout yielded just enough to be exasperating, but stubbornly refused to let go; until at last the man nearest the ladle felt the scorch of it through his clothes and ran out of range of the blistering rays. Whereupon the two others surrendered, and the big bar clattered down.

"Hey, wassmatter, boys?" inquired Jumbo Dan, who had been standing near, directing the men. "No got steam? Wassmatter no eat little meat, pig, cow, horse -somet'ing? Dot dem garlick no mek steam for hot-pot job!"

He swung about the back brim of his yellow hat until it shielded his face, picked up the bar that two or three men ordinarily handled, jammed the pinch end of it between the scrap lip and the ladle lining, and with a Slav oath flung his huge body against the far end of the bar. The dull metal cracked, and parting like some tough molasses candy, broke loose, and with a shower of bright red brick dust the heavy crescent of frozen iron tumbled out of the ladle and thumped to the ground.

Dan heaved the big bar from him and whirled his back to the fiery pot as he retreated. Then he caught sight of Al, and his brows, close gathered against the heat, relaxed.

"Allo, Mr. Al," he bellowed cheerfully, and put out a hand.

"Allo, Dan," Al returned, and took a look about the hot-pot house. Ladles were standing on every available inch of space. Holly shook his head.

"Bad double turn, eh, Dan?"

"Bad like hell!" Dan answered, wagging the cannon-ball head that topped his shoulders. "Dot dem pigger, she's broke down two time. No can pour led'l. Every pot got skull. No good not'ing. You tak'n hot stoff Bessemer dis time?"

"Sure," stated Al. "We started up a couple hours ago. That old pig machine of yours can go to sleep till next Sunday. But what I wanted to see you about was this: If I take the next heat from B, and hold the pots up for a while, maybe I go for jail, huh?"

Dan cast a wise eye upon the conglomeration of ladles. They stood in all stages of repair, from the glowing wrecks that had just arrived, to those newly lined and now standing against the wall with oil flames squirting down into them, drying their brand-new linings. Out of this welter Dan made judgment.

"To'nother man I say, 'No can,' Mr. Al. For you I say, 'Sure, plenty can; mus'!' Go 'het. I fix'n pots for bles farnace. Somehow I fix'n."

So Al went into the tiny lean-to that answered Dan for an office and called up the furnaces and bought Bill Kerrwin the next heat out of B.

"Say, Mr. Al," inquired Jumbo after the two of them had established themselves comfortably on some bags of fire clay, "you no 'frait for go way Bessemer one hour?"

"Afraid?" Al creased his brow. "What for be afraid?"

"Dis Wightman," said Dan. "Every man say dis Wightman be spotter for veliki boss. You bleevit?"

"No, of course I don't believe it. Which big boss you mean, Dan—Satan?"

"No Satan. Satan, she's little bit big boss. I talk for dis too much big boss, what's nem? Upson!"

The look of certain incredulity left Holly's face. Of the bluff and pugnacious and often unreasonable Satan such a thing as sheltering an informer could not be conceived. But of Upson, the general manager, rumor had it ——

"You versteh Waller, Mr. Al, cup'la-stock-yard gank boss?"

"Sure," answered Al, "I know Waller. Got fired last week for selling jobs on his gang."

"No sell job not'ing, Al. Lest wik dis Waller got frau too moch seek. Waller all day watch frau. No slip not'ing. Come for work night turn. Fix job aw-right, he's gon for scale house ketch little slip. Dis Wightman he's go walk'n round, walk'n round, justasame pussy cat, ketch little bit look see for veliki boss Upson. See Waller slip'm scale house. Nex' day Waller go up traak, talk 'self. You watch little bit, Mr. Al. No slip not'ing night turn. No come see Dan too much. Dis Wightman fix Waller. Waller he's dem good man. You dem good man, Mr. Al. 'Ahts mek no diff'rence. Mebbe dis Wightman fix you justasame."

So lay the wind, eh? Steelworks gossip, which with the most uncanny accuracy gets the inside dope in spite of all the caution of star-chamber conferences, had spread the news that it would be well to look out for Wightman's smoke. But the possibility that he should lower himself to spying was a thing that roused an obstinate devil in Holly's heart. He wouldn't believe that rumor. But he would defy it, just the same. For a year he had fought the steelworks fight, and not the least victory he had won was the victory over sleep. And he had won it because of pure loyalty and pride in delivering 100 per cent goods, and with the thought of surveillance farthest from his mind

As he sat leaning comfortably against the wall of the hot-pot house a cool wind stirred the humid air, and a glare of lightning out on the lake warned of a coming storm. He visioned the Bessemer mill, his mill, clean and neat and trim as a Hungarian woman's kitchen. For the first time in twelve months he had licked his job. The damp wind moved like a nurse's hand across a patient's brow, soothing, quieting. The drying flame of the oil jets in the hollow pots buzzed in his ears like the drone of bees under a shady tree. The fumes of Jumbo Dan's cob pipe weighted his lids. A sleepy resolution came upon him. He rose and stretched deliciously. He had earned this thing.

"Dan," he said with a yawn that was pure delight because he did not try to stifle it, "do you see that nice dry gondola standing out there under the drop crane—the one with the straw from a load of bricks piled over in one corner? Well, Dan, if Wightman comes spooking around here tonight tell him to hop up on the bumper of that car and look inside; and then tell him for me where to go!"

Just before dawn the storm came flashing into the steel plant, stretching out horizontal the streamers that floated from each tall flagstaff stack, drowning the clatter of the rail mill in its mighty uproar; and the rain pelting down like bullets soon drenched to the hide a figure huddled in glorious sleep in the corner of the long gondola car out beneath the skull-cracker crane. But that figure, having at last yielded to a year of that terrific three-o'clock temptation, slept on in peaceful rapture. Jumbo Dan clumped up on the end of the car after a while and looked in, grinning appreciatively. Being an old campaigner in the black fastnesses of Montenegro the thought of shielding a full-grown man from a little sprinkle of rain never entered his head. But it so happened that the hoist buggy of the skull-cracker crane was straight above the end of the gondola, and that a heavy drip of water from it fell directly on the sleeper's cheek; so fearing that this might break that delicious nap Jumbo Dan broke a sacred precedent. He removed his canary sou'wester and placed it gently on the sopping head.

Nick Yaneff, dozing off the end of his third double turn that week, shifted restlessly. With the coming of summer the carpenter boss, against Nick Yaneff's vociferous protest, had removed the sides that closed in his crane cage and had stored them away until next October; and the rain, driving in, had disturbed the craneman's slumbers. Nick stretched his legs, and before composing himself to new repose in a dryer corner, looked down to see if by chance there was any immediate need for his services.

Nick Yaneff rubbed his eyes, incredulous. Then he looked down again. By all the saints in the Bulgarian calendar, this could not be! Such fortune did not come to men unsought. Then he remembered. Last winter it was he, Nick Yaneff, who had won for himself immortal fame among his brethren in their colony by plunging into the ice-filled lake at the start of the Christmas festivities and bringing out the wooden cross that the priest had flung far from shore to test the hardy courage of his flock. Such were the rewards of the faithful. Nick reached out an arm and touched the lever that racked out the hoist buggy.

And now Nick Yaneff could actually touch, could actually caress the wet and shining sides of the terrible ball that hung suspended close beside him, clutched fast in a mighty and invisibly gloved hand that had lifted it up between the crane girders. Genie fingers they were, complaisant as those of the monsters that answered the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp; for at the touch of Yaneff's finger on a little handle they would obediently open.

Yaneff leaned far out to watch. His one hand patted the seven-ton ball. He laughed softly. It would be comical to give that monstrous sphere a little push as it started down. Yaneff's other hand groped about for the little handle, his eyes being fastened on a spot of color that glistened brightly in the darkness fifty feet below him. So he stood, leaning outward, thirty crisp bills whispering evilly to each other as his money belt pressed against the railing of his cage. One hand caressing, one groping, visions of fifty beds, never empty day or night, filling his contented brain.

Dan Tancovic had the ears of a Montenegrin. Years of night raiding down off the slopes of his wild mountain home had made his hearing as keen as any fawn's. Tempest and torrent rains had ever been the best of cover under which to fall upon the unsuspecting Turk; and so from generation upon generation there had come down to him a sense of hearing that defied the roaring elements to hide lesser sounds under their fury. And so it happened that in the thick

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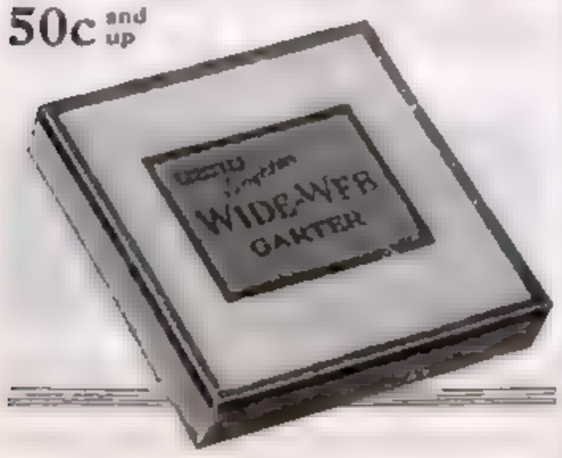


of the downpour that was washing to sparkling cleanness the yellow sou'wester out there in that empty gondola, Tancovic's sharp ears caught a low moaning that could be nothing else than the cautiously operated magnet hoist of the skull-cracker crane. Tancovic stood tense a moment, horror dawning on his countenance. Then leaping to mountaineer grace he laid a hand on a flat car that stood in his way, vaulted it in a single catamount bound, and alighted, moving swiftly forward, his right hand searching through his clothes to the flesh under his left arm as he went.

And just as Nick Yaneff's groping fingers came in contact with the little black handle, a look like that of an emissary fresh from hell left his face, and a look like that of some damned soul freshly thrust into the pit came into its place. A hideous cry went screaming out of him, for as though it were the brazen claw of the Fiend himself a red-hot hand had dipped suddenly into his vitals.

Old Doctor Black, who along with an enormous general practice found time to run a neat white-tiled workshop just inside the main gate at Lakeside Steel, was dreaming of a happy land where folks got sick and steel workers got hurt and babies got born in daytime only, when the telephone at his bedside started up a wretched jangling. Old Doctor Black put out a mechanical hand, unhooked 'er and started to protest to the transmitter while still half asleep.

"Say, Jeff," he mumbled, addressing his night interne at Lakeside's emergency hospital, "you patch 'em up somehow, to last till morning. Was up till two fixin' that gang of masons that got gassed when the bulkhead fell out of the gas line at the new dust catcher. Can't come down. Dead from the heels up. You fix'm up an' giv'm a shot a' dope, an' I'll see you in the morning. Goo' ni'."

And mechanically clapping back the receiver he was asleep. But the devilish bell persisted; and presently, wide awake, he was listening to a vaguely remembered voice which was not that of Jeff, the interne, at all, and which was talking to him earnestly.

"This is Holly. Al Holly from the Bessemer. You remember the lad that was over to see you last week with a sliver of steel in his eye. Listen, doctor. You know Jumbo Dan, don't you? The big bohunk over at the pigger?"

"Dan hurt?" snapped out the doctor. "Yes, yes. Never mind. Keep the explanation till I get there. Five minutes!"

Five minutes later the white-haired physician's car was held up by a gesticulating figure as the roadster swung up to the steelworks gate.

"Turn your car," ordered Holly. "Dan isn't hurt. Turn the car." The roadster backed. "Up Moon Street," said Al, climbing in. The roadster jumped forward. "Dan tells me," Al explained as they climbed the hill, "that his wife has been trying for the last two days to bring a sixth Turk killer into the world. Dan won't leave his blessed pots. Says a Montenegrin woman would be insulted and shamed for life if her man left work to bother about her at such a time. Dan, the big nail head, has got a couple old Serbian grannies making signs over her and mumbling Slavish powwow, and says that's all she'll need. Says in the old days when he was prowling about knocking fezzes for a goal she was always up next day doing the family wash. Says he's got to keep pots under the furnace runners. Refuses to worry. But two days in labor, doctor! And Dan put me so deep in his debt tonight that I'll never be able to pay him. Thought you'd go out to his house for me if I asked it."

An hour later old Doctor Black came blowing down into the kitchen of the little house where Al waited, keeping company with a couple of whiskered crones that sat rocking to and fro on rockerless chairs, muttering against their sudden expulsion from the room just above them. Doc's cuffs were turned halfway back to his shoulders. One end of his collar stuck out of a trousers pocket. His shirt had climbed up over his belt at the back, and his face ran sweat. A metallic clatter issued from his little black case as he adjusted its contents. Then he snapped it shut, and producing a battered stogy from somewhere he lit it, and the strain let go as he puffed out a smoky sigh of profound relief.

"Whew!" remarked Doctor Black.

The old Serb grannies ceased to rock and moan.

"By ——!" he added profanely, "I'm glad that job is done. Some woman, Holly! Didn't know there was such a thing as a hunky Valkyrie!"

He turned to the oldest of the silent grannies.

"All right, starry baba; go on up! Woman all right. Boy all right. Big boy. Veliki boy. Too much veliki. Kill plenty Toorkoman, by'm'by! Go on up, old woman, and rub him down with salt and goat grease and put a garlic poultice on his dome to keep away the werewolf or whatever the heathen things you do to a newborn bohunk. You can't hurt that kid with anything less than an ax. He's a bearcat. Listen to that war whoop of his, will you? Come on, Holly, we're done here. Glad you called me. Whatever debt Dan got you into tonight is partly paid anyhow. You saved his woman and kid for him. I'll tell him that. Let's go, Holly!"

So Al Holly, more or less upset by the night's program, let Doc Black drive him home, and, forgetting all about seven pots of hot stuff on the mixer spur, dropped across his bed, fully dressed, to try to get himself together by a minute or so of relaxing. There he fell asleep, what with weariness of the double turn and some other things; for which, as we've tried to tell, he got fired. They tried to can him, in fact; you know—like they do to a mutt.

But taken all together the day seems to have been an unpropitious one for canning, for scarcely had the conference-room door closed softly on Al when there came to the ears of the silent gentlemen ranged about the long table sounds of brisk activity in the hallway just outside; and suddenly the portal which had just let Al Holly out in more senses than one swung violently open again, and Sylvester, the high-yallah chauffeur of Lakeside's big utility car, and general factotum about the general superintendent's office, came into the room tucked snugly under the arm of a giant hunyak.

"What's this?" bellowed S. B., leaping up, his face bright red from this unwonted bearding right in his den.

"Dis Jumbo Dan," announced the visitor. "You no like?" And he unceremoniously dropped the saffron Sylvester thudding to the floor.

"Dis fellow stop'm for door. Tell'm no can come in," explained Dan, shoving the prostrate high-yallah with a huge foot. "I tell'm can. I com'n. I like talk for you, Mr. Satan. You no good, Mr. Satan! You dem stil vorks no good! You give it 'charge Al Holly, good man! Wassmatter you give it, huh?"

By this time speechless rage had given place to savage words.

"You get out of that door, you big, slab-footed, flat-headed, pock-faced bohunk," yelled Satan, pointing to the hall, "before I have you thrown out!"

The big Slav smiled. He swept the long table with a gesture of his arm.

"Maybe you gank like try," he suggested.

No one moved in Satan's gang.

"No 'frait for you." Dan turned again to Satan in the pause. "Wassmatter me be 'frait for you? My country Crnagora. You country Ireland. Crnagora never be 'frait for Ireland. Maybe you like try 'self for mak'n Jumbo go out dot door, huh?"

But Ireland, it appeared, was not in her usual combative mood that day.

"Sunday night, five 'clock morning, Mr. Al stop vork; go for doctor; bring'n my house. My woman maybe die. Ketch'm baby. Noomer six. Baby maybe die. Doctor fix'm up every—frau, baby—every man. Mr. Al like little bit slip. Go for house. Slip too moch. Dot Baker no look see for hot pots. Pots skull. Wassmatter Baker no look see? Maybe Baker like sit down too moch. Farnace stop wind. Maybe coompany lose t'ousand dollar. Me, I no sell dot baby hoonert t'ousand dollar. Baby sometime maybe kill'm ten, maybe fifteen Toork—I dinno. My frau I no sell for hoonert t'ousand dollar. He's good woman, my frau. Every man here, you woman got one baby. 'Frait for ketch'n 'nother. Me, I got good woman. Six boy got. Wassmatter you giv'n 'charge Mr. Al? You lose, Lakeside, t'ousand dollar. Mr. Al keep for me two hoonert t'ousand dollar. Wassmatter you no be good sport, huh? You no look see not'ing. Jus' fire good man. Every man Lakeside versteh everyt'ing dis bizness. Every man versteh Wightman ketch'n Mr. Al job. Every man Lakeside vork for six 'clock—vork for pay day. No vork for coompany. Me, I no like jus' vork for pay day. Like vork for good boss, good coompany."

Mr. Tancovic paused long enough to remove his yellow sou'wester; not as a sign of respect, however, it appeared. Reaching into a slit in the lining of it he pulled out a handful of bills of such denomination as to make the gentlemen of the conference gasp.

"Plenty got gelt," Dan told them. "No mus' vork for six 'clock vistle—pay day. No mus' vork for no good boss—no good coompany. Gimme time!"

Dan got his time. He folded up the slip of paper that Odel, of the blast furnaces, handed him, and went through the door, shutting it upon a silent tableful of men.

The cashier looked at the second brass check that the big hunyak he had just paid off laid on the barred sill before him.

"One forty-seven? Who's that?"

"Yaneff Nicola," answered the big hunyak. "She's my cozzin. She's gone for starra country hoory up. No can wait for pay day. I buy check. Pay feefty dollar. How much pay day got dis Yaneff?"

The cashier leafed over a book.

"You made a good buy," he said. "Some hog for punishment, your cousin. Six double turns since last pay day. Sixty-four dollars and fourteen cents. All right?"

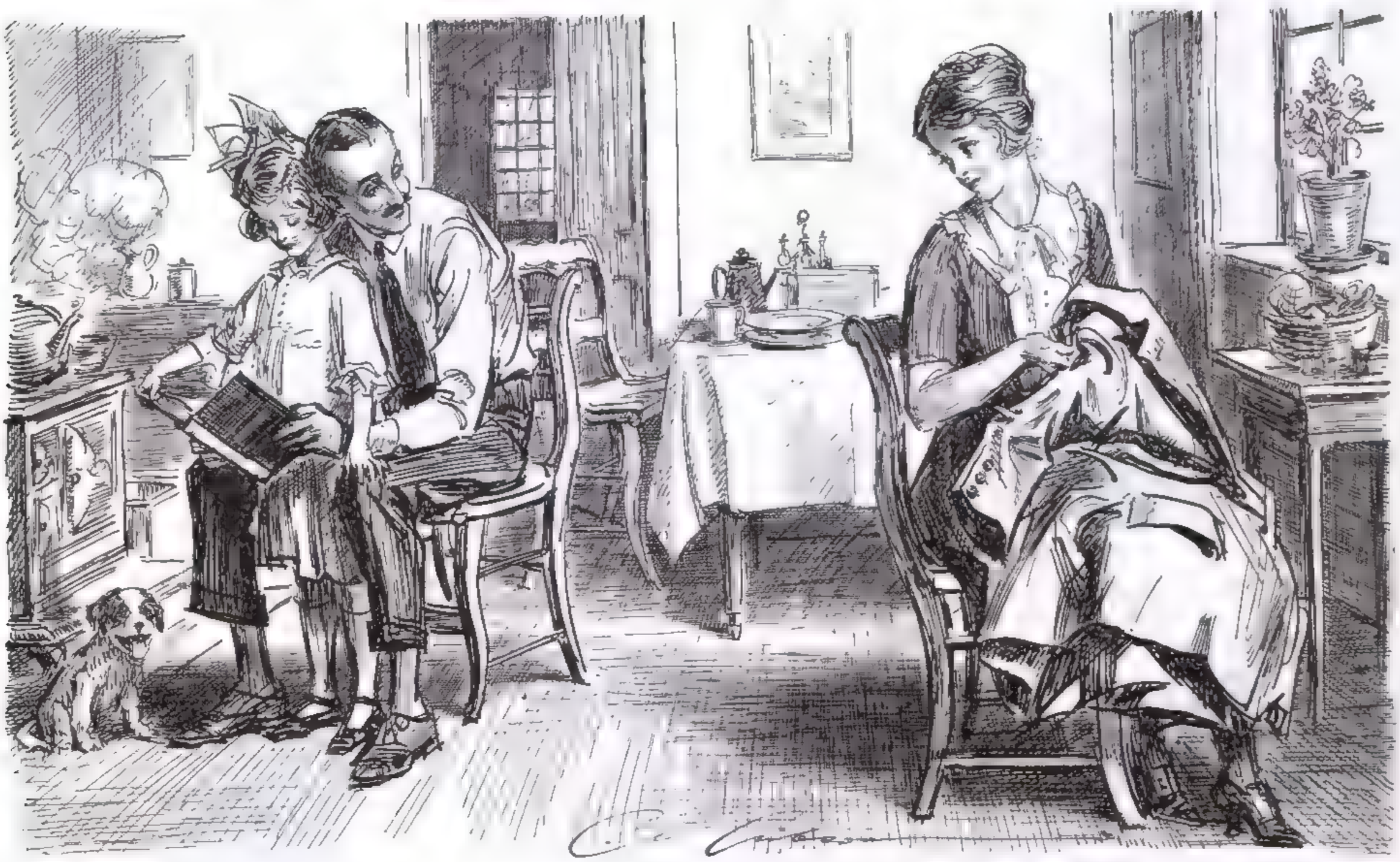
"Sure aw-right," answered the big hunyak with a strange twinkle in his pale eyes.

This hunyak evidently had a sense of humor. For one thing he was laughing to himself at the ignorance of a man who had been reading lists of foreign names half of his life and still thought it likely that a man with a name ending in "ovic" would have a cousin whose name ended in "eff." Then, too, the big hunyak was much pleased with a play on words that he had just shot over the cashier's head; for he had pronounced the word "starra," "old," as it is universally pronounced in the steel-mill polyglot; and as he said it, "starry," he had cast his eyes toward the firmament, behind which is a heaven where all good Bulgars find their last abode.

Dan pocketed his silver and small bills. The twenties, however, he placed inside the lining of his canary-yellow hat, where they no doubt found congenial friends, prominent among whom were thirty crisp and crunching hundred-dollar bills. Clapping the safe-deposit vault back on his head he proceeded to the street, singing to himself a strange, half-creepy hillman's air—a wild, impassioned little melody about the constant one who slept so sweetly in the hollow of his arm: a dainty musical wild flower of a thing that comes to a fitting climax when you find in the last line that it is a Montenegrin's love song to his rifle. None but the clearest of consciences could have given voice to such a happy lyric of affection. And none but the clearest of consciences could have been behind the wide clean smile with which the big hunyak was greeted as he came down the general-office steps.

The most of Lakeside Steel is built on marshy lake shore; and under every foundation of importance are many piles; strong timbers put down twenty feet, slipping the first five into muck by the mere weight of the hammer before a blow was struck, but from that on going down stubbornly the other fifteen feet to rock through a stiff clay, a scant three inches at a whack. At the far end of the drop-crane runway a corner of this marsh crops out, as yet not covered by the fill of furnace slag and plant débris that is rapidly spreading a dry and sound footing over the entire acreage of the works. Often, so it is said, when Jumbo Dan got hold of an especially tough piece of scrap, and found that a half dozen smacks from the drop ball did not faze it, he would sneak it down at night to the marshy corner of the runway, and with a couple bats of the big pill pound it out of sight, down into the ooze, and so be rid of it. How thoroughly any certain object might be buried which was laid under such a recalcitrant chunk of scrap—let us say an almost solid, low-phos ladle skull for instance—before Dan tucked it into the bog, does not come within the province of this story, it having none but clear consciences to deal with. And two less guilt-stricken gentlemen would be difficult to find than those two friends who, meeting each other at the foot of Lakeside's office steps, exchanged as innocent a pair of grins as any man might wish to see. Then, as is fitting with men, each from a land whose sons have fought magnificently against immeasurable odds for liberty and won, these two turned their broad backs upon the gates of Lakeside Steel and marched off, shoulder to shoulder, up the track, talking to themselves.

It *Pays* to Keep Folks Well



341,000 Happy People—
in the United States and Canada sat down last year to their Christmas dinners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had been the same as it was in 1911.

What happened to make conditions so much better? There has been a constantly growing organized effort to prolong human life.

Anti-tuberculosis associations, welfare organizations, nursing orders and legislative bodies have all taken a hand. The results show that lives have been and *can* be lengthened by the wise use of money, and that such an investment pays dividends in dollars.

When a breadwinner is taken away—
the family is poorer. A community suffers a very definite economic loss when it loses a number of lives. It increases the cost of living to have workers die needlessly. It increases taxes—to say nothing of the sorrow and unhappiness involved.

As soon as people realize—
that the wealth of the nation depends upon the men and women who make up the nation, the tremendous financial importance of prolonging human life becomes clear to everybody.

The United States is said to be the richest country in the world. Take every man and woman away and what would it be worth? Not so much as it was when the red Indians owned it.

Even the unskilled laborer who works his full life-time makes the nation richer by several thousand dollars. It follows, therefore, that down to the smallest tax payer in the last small community, everybody is better off when lives are saved.

The work already done—
has saved the lives of fathers, mothers and children.

Saving fathers keeps families from becoming dependent.

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Saving children adds to the future wealth of the nation.

Protected Health means fewer deaths. Fewer deaths mean fewer policies to pay.

Just among the Metropolitan's 14,000,000 policy holders who paid their premiums weekly, there were 55,000 fewer deaths in 1921 than there would have been under the death rate prevailing ten years before.

Take the figures home to yourself. Suppose you are a Metropolitan policy holder—one of these 55,000 saved from death—your family is richer by the money you earned in 1921 and has been saved expenses incident to illness and death.

Other Metropolitan policy holders have been benefited by the premiums you paid in 1921, just as *you* have benefited by other lives saved.

The nation is better off for your contribution to the Country's wealth in 1921.

And, best of all, your family and friends are richer and happier by the fact that you yourself are still alive.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send its booklet, "How to Live Long," to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

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Four Definite Savings

1—Cost less than other permanent buildings.
2—Quick erection insures earlier occupancy.
3—Small investment reduces carrying charges.
4—100% salvage when re-erected elsewhere.

Factories—From the smallest shop to the complete plant. Prominent users include: American Can Co., Baldwin Locomotive Co., Bayer Chemical Co., Postum Cereal Co., U. S. Aluminum Co.

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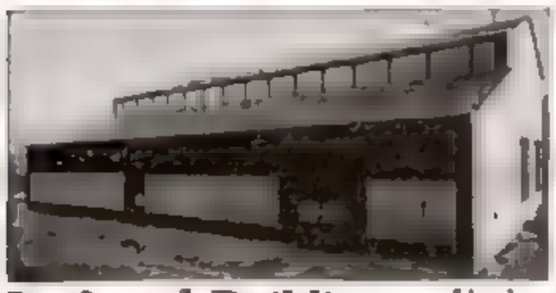

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Remember, the purchase price of these buildings consists only of our factory cost plus one overhead plus one profit. Write today.

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YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, Ohio, Dept. S11, telling them our building problems

herd caught trained cow horses belonging to their individual strings.

In a breeding-ranch country the herd would have been worked on the spot, calves roped and ironed with the brand worn by their mothers, and only the beef steers cut into a day herd, the she stuff and all stock younger than two-year-olds being allowed to scatter once more on the range. But there were no calves to brand, no she stock on the range, for of late the cowmen of the Strip had come to follow one set rule in accord with the transition of the cow business, forming an intermediate link between the old-time cattle kings of the open range and the modern feeders of the Corn Belt. For beef raising, instead of a one-outfit business from start to finish, had come to be a business of progression induced by the necessities of later-day conditions. Big breeding ranches were now mainly confined to the vast wastes of Texas and the Southwest and to similar stretches in the ranges of the Northwest.

The breeding ranches of Texas and New Mexico now gathered their steers as two-year-olds and sold them to the intermediate beef brands operating in the Strip, the short-grass plains of Western Kansas and the sand-hill country of Nebraska. Here they were ranged on grass till they had turned four-year-olds, then resold to the feeders of Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, who corn-fed and fattened and finished them for market. Except for one breeding ranch confined to a great fenced-in pasture, there was only beef stuff in the whole expanse of the Strip, which rendered the round-up a comparatively simple affair. This last event in particular was simplified by the orders which had just gone forth from governmental sources, and every head of stock gathered in each circle was held in the day herd.

The rope corral was dismantled, ropes and stakes loaded on the bed wagon, which promptly headed upcountry, trailed by the wrangler with the *remuda*, and Carver led all the hands except those detailed with the day herd up the bottoms toward the new stand of the cook wagon. It was but ten o'clock when they dropped from their horses and fell ravenously upon a hot meal which the cook had already prepared; for while the cow hand's day begins an hour before dawn, his nooning comes at ten and his knock-off time is seldom later than five P.M.

The second circle of the day was completed in the late afternoon. The hands feasted to repletion and lolled about for an hour, buzzing angrily over a new rumor which had just reached camp. The men spread their bed rolls on the ground and retired with the setting sun.

Carver dropped instantly asleep, but contrary to his usual custom he waked within an hour and sleep would not come to him as he tossed restlessly in his blankets. The turmoil of the round-up, the hoarse bawls emanating from the throats of five hundred steers, the shrill yelps of riders, the stifling dust of daytime activities; all these had been superseded by the night sounds of a cow camp in the open. A cool breeze stole across the range, which now seemed mysteriously hushed. Occasionally some night horse on picket or tied to the stake rope shifted uneasily and stamped a restless foot. The nighthawk held the *cosoyado* on good grass somewhere down the bottoms, and his voice drifted faintly to Carver as he sang to while away the lonely hours.

The night guards on duty with the herd were likewise singing to soothe their charges on the bed ground a few hundred yards above the wagon, and fragmentary snatches of their melodies floated down to Carver's ears as he blinked sleeplessly up at the stars. He remained awake till the hour came to stand his turn on second guard, and he rolled out, mounted his night horse and rode with several others to relieve the weary riders who had stood the first shift of the night after a fourteen-hour day in the saddle.

As Carver circled the bed ground his thoughts were still concerned with the text of the rumor so recently set afloat. It was said that not only cows but men would be ordered from the unowned lands; that every foot of fence must be removed from the range and brand owners forced to abandon home ranches. Bart Lassiter joined him.

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 21)

"Well, what do you think of our latest bit of news?" he asked. "Think they'll go through with it?"

"It don't seem reasonable that they'd put over any such drastic measure," Carver said. "They might. It will be hard on the old man if they do."

A figure rode toward him in the moonlight and the old man in question joined him as Lassiter departed. Nate, too, had been restless and had found himself unable to sleep. As Carver had reflected that such a move would inflict an undeserved hardship upon his employer, so Nate was wondering as to what effect it would have upon his hands, for in common with all cowmen of his type Younger was proud of the accomplishments of his riders.

Every brand owner would stand back of the men who rode for him; every rider evidenced a similar devotion to the owner's interests—a loyalty to the brand for which he worked. Perhaps in all history there has never been another calling which has inspired the same allegiance throughout its entire personnel. A man must be proficient in many lines to qualify as a cow hand. First of all, he must be a horseman capable of mastering any horse on the range and of training his mounts to perform the various and intricate duties required of them; a roper of parts, able to front-foot a calf or to rope and hog-tie a mighty range bull with equal facility; sufficiently skilled in blacksmithing to shoe his own horses; for these and many other acquirements, working at them sixteen hours a day, he was paid a lesser sum than any unskilled laborer received for ten hours of far less grueling work. It was the wild free life, not the pay, which held him to his chosen calling; the driving spring rains which soaked his bed roll as he slept on wet ground in the open; the shriveling heat of summer and the shrieking blasts of winter blizzards; the congenial companionship of round-up days and the long lonely vigils at isolated winter line camps; all these he chose in preference to the softer life and greater pay of other less strenuous pursuits.

"What will all the boys be doing in another season?" Younger asked. "Where'll they all go when there's no more range work for them to do?"

"Texas, maybe," Carver predicted, "or New Mexico."

"Both those countries are coming to be overrun with nesters," Nate returned. "The big brands are getting their range cut up right now. They've been forced to reduce the size of their outfits in proportion to the decrease in their range. There's more cow hands down there now than there are jobs to go around."

"Then maybe the Northwest range country," Carver suggested.

"The surplus brone peelers of Texas and New Mexico has been drifting up there for the last ten years," Nate stated. "They're a drug on the market right now, cow hands are. An' they're irrigating that Northwest country rapid, and cutting up the range. Once they settle the Strip and all the boys will have to go into other lines. That's sure."

The herd was worked and reworked almost daily as cows wearing brands that ranged in different parts of the Strip were culled out and turned over to some wagon crew whose ultimate destination lay in that direction. All along a two-hundred-mile front more than a score of wagons were operating in unison. Owners ranging south of the Strip sent parties up to trail-herd back any of their stock that had wandered to these parts. These men brought with them little bunches of Half Diamond H cows and others that had drifted from the Strip to southern ranges. Some came from beyond the Canadian, and at least one little assortment had been combed from the distant Washita. Younger, in common with other large owners of his neighborhood, maintained drift fences and line camps to prevent the drifting of his stock from the home range. Even with these precautions there was a certain annual leakage; but the percentage of Half Diamond H cows gathered south of the Cimarron was small.

Day after day, as the round-up progressed, the men threshed out the fate of the unowned lands. It constituted the sole topic of discussion whenever two riders met on the circle or paused to converse as they stood their turn on night guard. It filled that brief period of general indolence in which they indulged each evening before taking to their beds with the setting sun. Carver, perhaps to a greater extent than any of them, had anticipated certain transitions. He had correctly interpreted the presence of those white-topped wagons camped along the line and knew what they portended; yet even now he found it impossible to give credence to such drastic changes as were predicted by old Nate and others of his kind. He sought for an analogous example and found it in the settling process which Kansas had been undergoing for a period of forty years; yet throughout the whole western half of that state ranches of five to fifty thousand acres were the rule. In view of this circumstance he could not quite conceive of the vast expanse of the unowned lands being cut up into quarter sections in the space of a few short years. It would all take time. He advanced this idea to Younger on a day some three weeks out from the ranch.

"All this talk about men being ordered out of the Strip," he said. "How are they going about that? I've seen the squatter outfits rolling up to the line and making camp. But we've had similar demonstrations before now—that year the boomers fired the grass for one—and nothing came of it. They were ordered out. Even if they let 'em in, it will take years to settle up the Strip."

Younger nodded abstractedly. Since that event had cost him a thousand head of cows, it was but natural that the incident should still be fresh in his mind. A few years past a swarm of squatters had invaded the unowned lands in the face of all regulations. When the cowmen had sought to expel them after they had refused to obey the Government's order to move out the boomers had scattered and fired the parched fall grass, and stock had died by thousands throughout the burned areas. The negro cavalry had been sent in to enforce the regulations, and were thereafter stationed at Caldwell, patrolling the line and turning back all insistent settlers who would enter. Now the negro troopers had been withdrawn and a second invasion seemed imminent.

"I know, son; but this time things will be reversed," Nate prophesied. "Then they ruled the squatters out and stood by us. This time they've ruled us out instead."

"They'll open it for entry," Carver agreed. "It's come to that and it's likely we can't postpone it. But this notion that the whole of the Cherokee country will be settled up solid in a few years' time seems overdrawn."

"A few months' time, boy," the old man corrected. "More likely a few weeks will do the trick."

Carver's thoughts reverted to a similar prediction made by Hinman.

"It'll be one hair-raising, mad stampede," old Joe had said. But Carver still dissented.

"It'll take nearly fifty thousand families to file on every quarter section in the Strip," he said. "They'll come eventually—I know that. But where will that many come from in a few weeks' time?"

"Son, they'll come from every odd corner of the country," Younger stated. "They'll swarm in and settle down in clouds like blackbirds in a cane field. She'll be the damnedest, wildest scramble a man will ever live to witness. I'm telling you!"

THE stockyards had been the scene of feverish activity for weeks. The loading pens were crowded to capacity, and throughout every hour of the day and night there sounded the bawls of thirsty cattle and the shrill yelps of cow hands as they urged unwilling steers through the loading chutes. Long trainloads of cows rolled out of Caldwell in swift succession, and loading was resumed as soon as empty cattle cars could be obtained. An antiquated switch engine wheezed noisily as it shunted cars along the switches and spotted them at the chutes. Day by day the congestion increased. The quarantine belt swarmed with stock, as some two hundred thousand head had been gathered from the Cherokee lands for shipment. In addition to these the regular run of summer business from the south continued as the trail herds

(Continued on Page 57)

That ghost of the night trail — battery trouble

A lonely road—stormy night—battery "dead"—and miles from a service station! It's the *emergencies* that make you realize what a long-life, power-packed Philco Battery means in your car.

The Philco Battery, with its tough, rugged, shock-proof construction, gives years—not just months—of dependable, trouble-free service. The Philco Battery not only stands *work*—it stands *punishment.*

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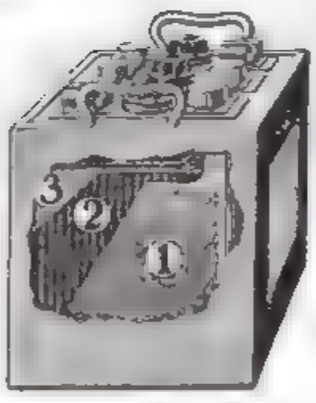
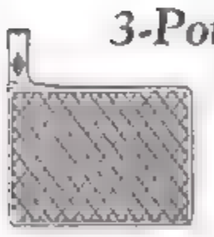


3-Point Superiority



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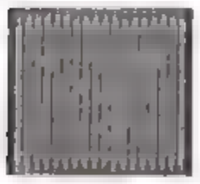

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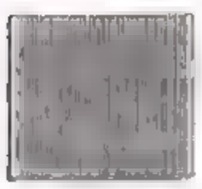

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With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

RADIO DEALERS—Now, for the first time in history, a storage battery can be used without first charging. The new PHILCO Radio "A" and "B" Batteries are sold CHARGED, BUT ABSOLUTELY DRY. To use, just add electrolyte from convenient individual bottles. Write or wire for details.

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As civilization advances, the world's sense of the Value of Time awakens, and its timekeeping devices increase in accuracy and refinement. "Racing With Time," DeLay's spirited painting for this month, is typical of the upward, onward urge of civilization.

The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by HAROLD DELAY

"TIME!" One of the shortest words in the Railroad Man's mother tongue —and doubtless the most tremendous.

A race with Time! There you have the Railroad Man's summary of his very life. For Time is his one great objective. His shippers, his travelers place above almost every other consideration *the Value of Time.*

Speed and safety travel together only when Father Time himself leads the way. For Father Time, on America's railroads, stands for that amazing development of Time-Service and train dispatching which alone makes speed and safety possible.

For half a century, too, Father Time has stood for the finest railroad timepieces that money, brains and skill can produce—

Father Time has been Elgin's official trademark for over fifty years. One of America's favorite railroad models bears his name.

It is pictured below with the Elgin Winding Indicator, a device of great value to Railroad Men. This is an almost absolute safeguard against "run-downs," a common and disastrous cause of trouble. A glance at the indicator shows the Railroad Man exactly how much power his Elgin has in reserve. For the owner of a modern Elgin, guesswork is a thing of the past.

Besides the various Railroad models, the Elgin of today is produced in the Streamline series at $35 to $100; the Classic series at $150; the Corsican series at $175; the Presentation series at $300 to $500; and other strikingly beautiful and serviceable creations for men and women of all ages and occupations.

Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN, U. S. A.

© 1922, ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

(Continued from Page 54)

from Texas and New Mexico came plodding up to add to the congestion.

Money flowed back into Caldwell in steady streams as trainloads of cattle were converted into cash in the Kansas City and Chicago markets. Many owners, having been deprived of their range by the stringent orders, found themselves unable to reinvest in cows the funds received from recent shipments. In their restlessness many of these turned to the green tables for relaxation, and there were stud games where hundreds and often thousands were wagered on the turn of every card. All the cow hands of the Strip were banked up in the quarantine belt, holding the cows of their employers on grass until such time as they could be cleared and shipped. In their leisure hours they swarmed the streets of Caldwell. Added to these were the trail-herd crews from the whole Southwest, among them many Mexican peelers with their tremendous hats, silver-mounted saddles and three-inch silver rowels.

Four troops of cavalry were camped along the line and troopers mingled with the crowds. Caldwell, the last of the old-time cow towns, had now entered upon her last wild fling. It was now definitely known that in three months' time the Cherokee Strip would be thrown open for settlement, and the homeless from all corners of the country were already beginning to assemble. For weeks on end there was not a room available in town and men spread their camp beds in vacant lots. Eating places were crowded to capacity and new restaurants were being opened up in frame shacks, or even in tents wherever vacant sites were available. As always, where business is rushing and money freely flowing, there were symptoms of a boom. It was openly predicted that the settling of the country to the southward would throw Caldwell into the enviable position of the one logical metropolis of the whole Southwest.

Cowmen cursed the troopers, seeing in them the visible symbol of that authority which had excluded them from their rightful domain. The unowned lands were thoroughly patrolled and detachments of cavalry were camped at strategic points throughout the Strip. It was this latter circumstance which had upset Carver's calculations. He had planned with Bart Lassiter to hold a bunch of six hundred of Younger's three-year-old steers on the forbidden range for a period of one year, receiving a substantial proportion of the increased price which they would bring as four-year-olds. Both Carver and Nate Younger had seen the futility of the attempt. Others had entertained similar ideas, but had abandoned them as events moved swiftly past the farthest bounds of their previous comprehension and rendered their hopes untenable.

Carver, once assured that his plans for the immediate future must be relinquished, cast about for some substitute occupation which might prove equally remunerative. He rode away from Younger after their mutual decision, spinning his lone coin into the air and catching it as his horse jogged slowly across the range.

"It appears as if it's going to be real difficult to provide you with all the company I'd counted on," he said. "Time is skipping right along, and here you are, occupying my pocket all by yourself, without even one mate to jingle up against. Only last week I had it all mapped out to gather in several thousand of your sort to keep you company. But that plan's flown out the window, and here I am without one idea to work on."

He turned along the south line fence of the Half Diamond H leases.

"Little lonely dollar, you must mount up to a million," he asserted. "But we've got to insert our wedge somewheres right soon and start to mounting."

His eye traveled along the fence line to where it disappeared in the distance, and suddenly he turned and rode back to where the outfit was camped and sought out the boss.

"About those fences being ordered down," he said. "What arrangements have you made?"

"Not any." Nate admitted. "What with gathering eight thousand head of steers and shipping 'em, I haven't taken time off to worry over fences. We'll have the last steer headed north in a few days now. Then I'll see about scrapping fences—or let the squatters tear 'em down when they come in to roost."

"It won't leave you short-handed now if Bart Lassiter and I lay off," Carver suggested. "You lend me a team and wagon from the home place and we'll snatch out those fences for what material there is in them."

"The fence is yours," Younger agreed, "provided the other half owners of any stretches are agreeable. Go get it."

Lassiter assented instantly when Carver stated the proposition.

"I always did feel suffocated in a fence country," he announced. "I was always so much opposed to seeing every fence go up that I figure it will be a real entertaining pastime to help tear 'em down."

This spirit of optimism lasted during the two days required to hunt up other part owners of certain stretches and get their indorsement of the plan, his enthusiasm lasting through the first few days of actual work. They were out before sunrise and knocked off after dark, pulling posts, coiling wire and freighting the materials to the Half Diamond H home ranch. His interest lagged, but he did not openly rebel until after two-thirds of the fence had been salvaged.

Carver roused him one morning for breakfast, and Bart blinked sleepily at the smoky lantern that lighted the sod hut in which they had stayed overnight.

"We've got enough wire piled up to inclose the state of Texas," he stated. "There's thirty miles of three-wire fence we've collected if there's a foot. That's twenty-nine miles more than both of us will ever need. Let's leave the rest of her set."

"But we contracted to scrap the whole of it," Carver dissented. "Another week will see us through."

"A week!" Lassiter moaned. "I just can't face it, honest. I've reformed. I hope I hang if I ever extract another staple."

"A week's not such a long stretch," Carver urged.

"Donald, I'll break down and cry if you lead me up to just one other measly fence post," Lassiter announced. "You take my half and let me off. I've got to amble over to Crowfoot's and draw my spring wages. Then, too, I'd ought to collect Molly and get her settled somewhere in Caldwell. She's all alone over on Turkey Creek."

"I'll pay you thirty dollars for what time you've put in—sometime when I've got it—and take over your wire and finish the job myself," Carver at last conceded. "You can locate Molly in my little plant in Caldwell. Only mark me, now! There'll be no more balancing of Cherokee rations conducted on the premises. I'll remonstrate with you at some length if I catch you at it again."

Carver worked on alone, and at the end of another ten days he viewed with satisfaction the numerous coils of fence wire and the great stack of posts neatly corded behind the deserted buildings of the Half Diamond H.

"At present that assortment is only wood and iron," he said. "But it's a real imposing pile, nevertheless, and I can likely convert it into dollars when the squatters come romping in."

When he rode into Caldwell he was amazed at the swift transitions. The incoming transients had trebled the population in the last two months. Being unprepared for this sweeping change, he was all the more prepared to lend a willing ear to the prediction that Caldwell was to become the metropolis of the whole Southwest. There was a conversational boom in progress; and Carver, looking upon the crowded, teeming streets, the numerous tent houses everywhere in evidence and the new frame shacks in the process of construction through the town, divined the possibility of actual boom days just ahead. He rode out to his little frame cabin to visit with Molly Lassiter, whom he had seen but three times in as many months. He found neither Bart nor Molly at home, but the door was unlocked and he entered.

The two rooms of the bare little shack had been transformed. Two worn Navajo rugs were spread on the pine-board floor and soft curtain materials were draped across the windows.

"She's made it all homelike," Carver said, "just with a touch here and there. What couldn't she do with things to work with and a real house to operate on? We'll give her one some day if only she'll agree." He drew forth the lucky dollar and consulted it. "Let's you and me hatch out a new idea," he invited. "We can't be loafing on the job."

While the idea was hatching he sat peering abstractedly through the doorway, rousing from his reverie only when he found his gaze riveted on the girl as she turned into the pathway leading to the house. Molly halted suddenly when within a few feet of the door as she saw him sitting just inside it.

"I hadn't expected you this soon," she said. "Bart told me the fence job would keep you another month at least. Did you decide not to finish it?"

"It's salvaged to the last strand of wire," he returned. "I speeded up some so as to have it over with."

"I'm sorry Bart quit," she said. "You see, he won't stick at anything."

"Don't know as I blame him," said Carver. "The last few days I've developed a downright aversion to the sight of fence wire myself. Glad to see me?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll be out of here and established in a room of my own so that you can have your house by tomorrow, Don. I've been waiting for the present occupants to vacate."

"You stay right on here," he insisted. "I won't be needing it."

"Thanks, Don, but I can't do that," she said. "I have to stop floating and find some nook of my own. I can't follow Bart around any longer. For three years now we've drifted from one spot to the next; sometimes in line camps; more frequently in some rooming house in any town where we happened to be; always knowing that wherever it was it wouldn't be home for long. I didn't mind at first, for I was trying to keep Bart away from Milt and Noll; but they always turn up again and he follows them off. I'd love even a sod house, if only I could call it my own and know I wouldn't have to move out on an hour's notice. I'm sick of gypsying. I want to feel settled—feel that I'm attached."

He reached over and rested a hand on her shoulder.

"I know, honey," he said. "So do I. That's exactly my own frame of mind. The best way all round is for you and me to get attached and settle. Won't you?"

She felt that he had failed to grasp the fact of what a sense of permanency would mean to her after the nomadic existence she had followed for the past few years.

"Listen, Molly," he said, divining something of her thoughts. "It's not the way a man says a thing but the way he means it that really counts, and I was meaning that a lot."

"But you don't even know today what you're going to do tomorrow," she said. "It would be only exchanging one state of gypsying for another. Don't you see that?"

He did, at least, see that the moment was not right, and he settled back in his chair and twisted a cigarette.

"You always lean to the dark side of things," he accused. "Most complaints I've heard about family strife was occasioned because menfolks generally were so occupied with business that they didn't spend much time at home. Now, with me not having any special business, it would leave me free to put in most of my time around the house. There's that advantage."

"Yes," she laughed. "There's that. Sometimes, Don, I almost wish you really were a settled sort of a soul; but that time will never be."

Carver crooned softly:

"Oh, I'm a rolling rambler,"
Said the speeding tumbleweed.
"The prairies are my race track,
The wild wind is my steed.

"I never cease my roaming;
I'm always hard to catch;
But the pumpkin stays forever
In the same old garden patch."

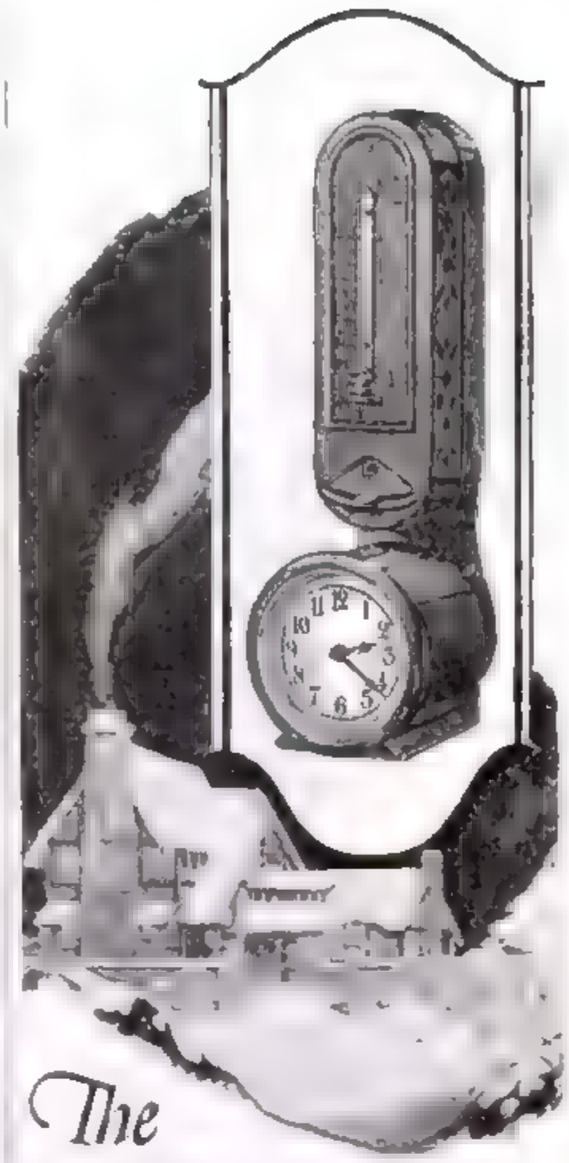
But I'd rather be a wild, wild weed
Than a sluggish yellow squash ——

"And I'd so much rather be a pumpkin than the wildest of all wild weeds," she said. "There's only that little difference between the two of us."

"Tell me," he urged. "What sort of a quiet home life do you pine for most? Does your preference run to a cottage in town or stray off toward a dwelling in the country?"

"The country," she returned; "somewhere on a farm where I could watch things grow."

"That's my choice too," he confessed. "Whatever business I settle on will have



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to be at the source of things. Like you said, I want to watch things grow—calves or crops, it don't much matter which. I'll start casting about for a farm right off."

After leaving her he mingled with the swarming crowds on the main street. The conversational boom was in full swing and he heard it discussed on all sides. There were but few who dissented from the general prediction that an era of great prosperity lay ahead for Caldwell. Carver put in three active hours, then sought out Nate Younger to draw his back wages for the spring work, a sum totaling a trifle less than two hundred dollars.

He found Younger in his room at the hotel in conference with Joe Hinman. The two old cowmen had pooled resources and formed the Plains Land and Cattle Company, Younger having purchased grass lands adjoining Hinman's holdings. They planned to make the new concern a beef ranch straight through instead of a breeding ranch as now operated by Hinman.

"We'll be the biggest outfit in this end of the state," Hinman was predicting as Carver thrust his head through the door. "Come in, son, and set on the bed. The Plains Land and Cattle Company is going to be the biggest of the lot."

"I'm counting some on organizing a similar concern myself," said Carver. "Maybe a trifle smaller than yours just at first; and in order to make the start I've got to borrow somewhat. I'm owning a nine-hundred-dollar equity in that bunch of calves we made the deal for last spring. How about your lending me eight hundred against it?"

"But that would leave you owing me thirteen hundred on the bunch," Hinman objected. "And right now those calves wouldn't fetch that price on the market."

"Set the date for maturity of the loan far enough ahead so they'll grow into it," Carver suggested. "Before it comes due they'll have advanced 'way beyond that figure. Then if I don't pay up you can close me out at a profit."

"Now ain't that a fact!" Hinman exclaimed admiringly. "There was a time, buddy, when I marveled at your ability to shed a season's wages overnight. It does look now as if you might also learn me a few tricks on the reverse side of things. You've got a business mind."

He produced a check book and a stub of pencil.

"How long do you want this loan to run?" Carver asked.

"According to your own figures, the longer it runs the more I stand to make," said Hinman. "So I don't know as it makes much difference. It does appear as if you'd let me in on a pretty good thing, so set the date yourself."

"One year from today," Carver decided.

"What do you aim to do with all this money?" Hinman inquired. "Setting out to break the bank in the Gilded Eagle?"

"I've purchased a building," Carver proclaimed.

"You've which?" said Hinman. "What building?"

"Pirie's place, down in the next block," Carver informed. "It's got a grocery business on the ground floor and the grocer's wife rents rooms upstairs."

He extended a contract and Hinman perused it, observing that Carver had agreed to purchase at three thousand dollars, paying six hundred down and a like amount each year.

"I'd rented my little shack," Carver explained, "only to find that there wasn't a room for rent in town—not one! It was a case of either buy a place of my own or set up."

"It'll save you considerable room rent," Hinman agreed, "you being in town easy three nights out of the year. But what's the final object?"

"Each season those calves will be worth more and I can borrow enough additional against them to meet the payments," Carver pointed out. "Meantime the grocer pays me thirty dollars rent money every month, which gives me a steady income to live off till such time as I can turn the building at a profit and buy a tract of land to run those calves on."

"I didn't know your ambitions run toward owning land," said Hinman.

"But now since I've come into so much surplus fence wire," Carver explained, "it looks like the only economical thing to do is to acquire a piece of land to set inside it."

"Son, you've mapped out a self-operating business," Nate Younger congratulated. "All you have to do now is to stand back and watch it ripen. Meantime, why don't you read up on Belgian hares?"

He handed over the sum due for back wages and Carver studied the two checks reflectively.

"This surplus now," he said, "I was figuring to put into horses. They'll almost give you horses nowadays just to come and drive them off. If you don't mind my throwing a few head up on your range I'll buy up a little bunch and pay you fifty cents a head for pasture fees, agreeing to get 'em off your grass November first."

"We'd better let him put 'em on, Joe," Nate agreed. "It's that much more security for that loan."

Even under favorable circumstances the horse market was poor; and now, with all those recently combed from the Strip as a surplus, horses could be purchased at one's own price. For a week Carver rode early and late. The average run of Indian ponies were selling for less than five dollars a head, but it was not this class of horseflesh which Carver sought. He selected young mares and geldings, ranging from eleven to twelve hundred pounds in weight, which would serve for light work stock, and eventually he drove fifty head well toward the northern extremity of Hinman's range. They had cost him an average of ten dollars apiece, and he had paid cash for half of them, issuing verbal promises-to-pay for the rest. He rode back into Caldwell with something over a hundred dollars in his pocket.

The equipment of all the deserted ranches in the unowned lands was banked up in Caldwell. From the Coldstream Pool Carver purchased ten sets of harness at fifteen dollars a set and three heavy wagons at forty dollars each, paying his last hundred down and his personal note for the balance. Hinman witnessed this last transaction.

"Considering the size of your original stake, you've stretched it to cover considerable territory in the last few months," he said.

"It's only my surplus I'm spreading out so thin," Carver explained. "My capital is still intact." He exhibited his silver dollar. "My one rule of life is never to impair my principal."

"Fine!" Hinman encouraged. "That's conservative business. I was satisfied you'd play it slow and safe."

"Now if you'll do me just one more little kindness I'll be grateful," Carver said. "You and Nate engage Freel in conversation up on the corner where he's standing, and inside of five minutes I'll saunter up and direct the course of the interview."

"I'd like to hear it," Hinman said. "We'll detain him."

Carver joined them before the appointed space of time had elapsed.

"Freel, I've been feeling real contrite about resisting arrest a few weeks back," Carver said. "I've decided to surrender and stand trial."

The deputy marshal glanced apprehensively at the two old cowmen.

"Oh—that!" he said. "Why, I've let that matter drop. That's all closed."

"And it was real accommodating of you to close it," Carver returned, "but I can't stand by and see you get in trouble on my account. Orders are orders, and you had yours. That's the reason I wrote this letter to Art Webb." He tendered an unsealed letter to the deputy. Webb was Freel's chief, the head United States marshal of the district. "Webb is a good friend of mine and I'm demanding that he inform me just why he sent an order down here to you to pick me up. That will put you in the clear for not rearresting me since that night I escaped."

Carver turned to his two friends.

"You've both known Webb for years," he said. "Did you write him like I asked you?"

"It clear slipped my mind," Hinman apologized. "I'll get it off this evening."

"Mine goes in the same mail," Nate concurred. "We'll sift this thing right to the bottom layer and clear Freel of any possible blame."

"Freel will be on my side himself if it comes to a show-down," Carver asserted. "He'll be the first to testify that I'd been away from home for a solid month prior to the time that charge was lodged. Someone's tried to deal me from the bottom, and between the four of us we'll discover who it is."

Freel laughed and slapped Carver on the shoulder.

"Matter of fact, that inquiry was for another party, wanting to know if he'd turned up in these parts," he said. "I went and got the names mixed. The joke's on me—likewise the drinks, and I'll buy right now."

He slowly tore up the letter to Webb.

"And here I've been worried almost sick," Carver said. "It's a big relief to have it all cleared up. I still owe you fifty on that little bet. Here's an agreement to pay in ninety days, just as an evidence of good faith."

He handed Freel a folded paper and the marshal frowned as he read it.

"You'll notice I stated why I owed it," Carver amplified. "You've always played square with the boys, and there's maybe a half dozen that's willing to step forth and declare how you've always met them halfway the same as you did with me."

During the next hour Carver accosted a dozen intimate acquaintances and told each in turn, quite confidentially, that there was a rumor afloat to the effect that Freel was about to resign as deputy marshal and that Mattison was making application for the post.

"By this time tomorrow every man in Caldwell will have commented on this matter to Mattison and Freel," Carver said to Hinman. "Not because they take any special interest in it, but just to make conversation. But the principals, being only human and therefore self-centered, will decide that the whole town is breathless over their affairs. Mattison will feel his ambition mounting and Freel will suspect that there's been a fire kindled under him. Now if only you and Nate will put in your pull with Webb to give Mattison the appointment it looks as if things would come out right."

He rented an extra saddle horse and invited Molly to join him in an afternoon ride. They jogged out past the stockyards, where cow hands prodded unwilling steers through the loading chutes, on beyond the sound of the wheezing switch engine and the rattle and smash of cars; then angled westward through the quarantine belt, where riders guarded thousands of head of cows. In the gathering dusk they rode out on the point of a lofty knoll which afforded a view throughout a great expanse of country.

"Have a last look at all this, Molly girl," Carver said, extending an arm to the south. "There's yesterday."

The green summer range stretched away to the far horizon with never a plow furrow to break it. Two trail herds had been bedded for the night at widely separate points. A third, whose trail boss had evidently made a hard day's drive to reach the quarantine belt in hope of an earlier clearance and shipping date than that accorded to his slower fellows, passed below the two on the knoll and plodded northward. Two men rode the points, the right and left forward extremities of the herd, guiding the foremost animals on the chosen course. One man skirted each flank and two others rode the drags in the rear of the herd to press forward any stragglers as the weary cattle drifted slowly toward the chuck wagon, which was stationed a mile or more ahead and where the rest of the trail-herd crew had already gathered.

"That's yesterday, girl," Carver repeated. "Remember all this as you see it now; the green range and the trail herds coming up from the south. Have a last look at it, for here comes tomorrow!" and he pointed off to the northward.

Miles away, across the quarantine belt, a slender ragged line extended each way beyond the range of their vision. A thousand ribbons of white smoke writhed aloft and glowed in pallid outline against the darkening sky. For two hundred miles along the line, wherever water was available, there was one continuous camp of squatters, and still the landseekers increased at the rate of two thousand families a week, all the landless of a mighty nation gathering here to participate in what would go down in history as the Cherokee run, the most frenzied stampede of the century.

Both watchers felt a sudden tightening of the throat as they gazed upon the scene, their feelings much the same, but occasioned by different viewpoints. Carver's sympathy was with the riders who handled the cows on the near side of that continuous camp, men who, like himself, had loved the old open range, the range that was passing for all time. The girl's heart

(Continued on Page 61)

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 58)

went out to those homeless hosts outside the line, for she herself was homeless and could understand the longing which had brought them to this spot to join in a mad and desperate rush on the chance that they might be among the fortunate locaters who should be first to drive their stakes on any scrap of ground which would constitute a home. Perhaps they, too, were tired of gypsying, she reflected, and yearned for some one spot which they might call their own.

He pointed to the tiny scattered specks that were riders moving from point to point, then on beyond them to that stolid line.

"Yonder come the pumpkins to crowd out the tumbleweeds," he said.

The soft summer night shut down and transformed the pale smoke columns into a tortuous trail of twinkling fires which extended for two hundred miles along the line.

"We'd best be going now," the girl said at last. "There's a fifteen-mile ride ahead. I'm glad you brought me here to see all this. It means one thing to you, Don, and exactly the opposite to me. But it's something we won't forget."

"No," he said. "We'll not forget."

They rode on in silence, the girl occupied with her thoughts of the homeless legions who would soon have homes, Carver content with the mere fact of her nearness. When he decided that this thoughtfulness had claimed her for too long a time he recounted his transactions of the past few days.

"About those responsibilities I promised you I'd acquire," he said. "I'm taking them on rapid. In addition to both residence and business property here in town, I'm owning a considerable number of horses and a hundred head of calves, not to mention harness, wagons and a few score miles of good barbed wire. I'm accumulating responsibilities so fast that there's times I can't be real sure whether they're mine or someone else's."

VI

A STRAY steer moved out of a coulee and bawled lustily for company. The animal traveled at a fast walk, occasionally breaking into an awkward trot, but halting frequently to loose a plaintive bawl.

"He's lonesome, that old fellow," Carver surmised, "and hunting hard for company."

As he watched the animal he speculated idly as to the probable number of stray steers scattered throughout the Strip. Always there was a certain small percentage overlooked in the round-up, those feeding in choppy timbered breaks or bedded in scrub-oak tangles and missed by the circle riders who covered such stretches. These missing ones were caught in subsequent round-ups, so it mattered little. But on this occasion they could be charged off, Carver reflected, for there would be no future round-up.

The owners could not afford to outfit parties to cover such a great stretch of country for what few were left, yet Carver estimated that there would be well over two hundred steers still ranging the rougher parts of the twelve thousand square miles of the unowned lands. He pulled up his horse and looked back at the bawling steer, then drew forth his silver dollar and addressed it.

"An idea just hit me," he asserted. "You and I don't believe in taking chances. Conservative, slow and safe, like Hinman said; that's us every time. But we're going to make one more little investment in tumbleweeds before we settle down."

A few hours later he went into conference with Nate Younger.

"If you'll get most of the brand owners that operated in the western half of the Strip to sign an agreement whereby I get half the market price of any of their stray steers I bring into Caldwell I'll outfit a combing party and go in after them," Carver offered.

"They'd sign up quick enough," Younger stated. "Jump at the chance, in fact. But if the owners themselves figure they can't prorate the expense of a trip like that and come out ahead, how does it come you see a profit in footing all the expenses for only half the proceeds?"

"Just a whim of mine," Carver answered.

"Another point you're overlooking is the nature of a steer," Younger protested. "Once he gets lonesome he'll bawl and travel and attach himself to the first trail herd that drifts through. Did you ever consider that little kink in the make-up of a steer?"

"It was through studying over that very point that I acquired the notion," Carver said.

"Oh!" said Younger. "Yes, I see. All right, son, I'll sign them up."

"There's the trail bosses of forty different Texas brands in town," Carver continued. "And there's a dozen or so I'd like to sign up on the same basis. I'll go out and interview them while you fix up the others."

"But you won't find any Texas strays in this end of the Strip," Younger predicted "A trail boss isn't so much averse to letting an off brand join his herd, but he's dead set against letting one of his own steers desert it."

Carver knew that this rule was true. Trail herds, traveling as they did through cattle-populated ranges, experienced a certain accretion of numbers through the joining of curious or lonesome cows, and it was no infrequent thing for a drove to reach the shipping point a number of head stronger than on the start. The foremen of trail crews were supposed to use every effort to avoid such accretions and to work their herds at intervals and throw out any off brands. Many, in order to save time and trouble, waited until reaching the quarantine belt before cutting their herds. The brand owners grazing in the unowned lands had formed the Cherokee Strip Cattlemen's Association, and this organization maintained brand inspectors at the Caldwell stockyards to guard against the possibility of any of its members' cows being inadvertently shipped with droves that had been trail-herded through their ranges.

"No, the trail herds don't usually drop many of their own steers en route," Carver agreed. "It's more apt to be reversed. But the rule holds good in Texas as well as in the Strip, so I'll go out and sign up a dozen or so of them, even if the paper proves to be only a futile sort of a document in the end."

Some three weeks thereafter Carver rode with Bart Lassiter up a scrub-oak side hill. A little camp nestled in the draw below them where two other men rode herd on a dozen head of steers.

"It appears to me like you'd staked a losing venture," Bart asserted, "with three riders and a cook on your pay roll and only a dozen steers in camp. We've covered this whole neighborhood thorough, and yet you stay around. Why don't we move to some more likely piece of country, say, toward the head of the Cimarron?"

"But it's so much simpler to let all those strays have time to come down here and join us than by our rushing things and trying to ride that whole big country in search of them ourselves," said Carver.

They topped the ridge and Carver pulled up his horse behind a scrub-oak thicket. A trail-herd streamed down the far slope of the valley and was halted in a meadow that opened out in the timbered bottoms of Turkey Creek two miles above Crowfoot's ranch, the one place in the Strip not yet deserted. Crowfoot, having beef contracts to fill, had been permitted to retain a number of steers on the Turkey Creek range with the understanding that the last of the animals was to be slaughtered and the place vacated thirty days prior to the date scheduled for the entry of the unowned lands.

"Just consider the amount of territory that herd has covered," Carver commented.

Bart recognized the herd as that of the X I L, with his two half brothers in charge; and, as Carver had remarked, the drive had covered considerable territory. It suddenly occurred to Bart that the trail bosses whose signatures Carver had obtained were those representing Texas brands ranging south of the Washita or between that stream and the Canadian, the country through which the herd had passed. After entering the Strip it was not Milt's custom to follow the regular trail-herd routes, but instead he drifted his charges slowly down the North Fork of the Canadian, then across to the Cimarron and down that stream.

"I expect strays have been joining them all along the line," Carver observed. "Now if they'd just happen to work the herd right here on Turkey Creek instead of waiting till they reach quarantine it would be right handy for us."

Bart turned and regarded him, the main purpose of Carver's venture now quite clear to him. Milt would cut his herd here on Turkey Creek, and Crowfoot, having still time for one last turn in inexpensive beef, would present him with ten dollars for every off brand thrown out of the herd. Bronson, the owner of the X I L, whose trail herd was the medium for this traffic, probably received a like sum from Crowfoot.

"It's been a nice safe occupation for a trail boss," Bart said. "He's privileged to work his herd at any point he elects. It's even considered the honorable thing to do, if he's willing to take the time. If by any chance some outside party gathers in the off brands he's throwed out of the herd it's no fault of his."

"That's why I'd decided to gather in those off brands myself," said Carver. "See how simple it is?"

"Oh, quite!" said Bart. "And also if I ride down with you on that errand it will create a rift in my family tree."

"You once remarked to me that your family relations had been strained before now, but that the breach had later healed," said Carver. "This will likely leave a permanent scar, but I'll pay you three dollars a head for all the off brands we collect down there."

"I value the esteem of Milt and Noll, but I'm needing the money bad," said Bart. "Let's you and me ride down."

"Not right this minute," Carver dissented. "Let them finish working the herd. Then all we'll have to do is to drive off our meat."

"Or it's just possible that we've mapped out quite a chore for ourselves," said Bart. "Milt is in charge down there. He's easy to get along with, mostly, but deadly as hell when he ain't. I'm wondering how he'll take it."

"Being a person of fair average brains, and not a haphazard homicide like Noll, he'll take it easy," Carver said. "I'm armed with a permit from the military authorities to conduct my work in any part of the unowned lands. I represent half the brands that ranged in the Strip and hold a like authority from the trail bosses of a dozen Texas outfits."

He pointed to the work in progress in the bottoms. Riders were stationed at intervals round the herd to hold it. Others entered and singled out off brands, and once a trained cow horse had spotted the animal wanted by his rider he followed doggedly, never losing his prey, and when near the edge of the herd he crowded it out with a sudden swift rush.

"They're throwing them off up the bottoms," Carver said. "In a few hours we'll get Bradshaw and saunter down. After chatting with them for a spell we'll mention that we've been sent in by the cattlemen's association. Their hands are tied."

This assumption proved correct, and Milt Lassiter, silent as always, failed even to comment upon the matter when, some hours later, the three men casually made known their errand and rode off up the bottoms in search of strays. Three days later Carver reached the stockyards with a hundred and twelve head of steers that wore brands of owners whom he represented. The majority of these bore the insignia of Texas outfits, but there were some forty steers wearing the mark of Strip owners, strays which had been run into the herd on its way down the Cimarron. He was cleared and given immediate shipping facilities, for the congestion of cows in the quarantine belt had passed, only to be replaced by an even greater congestion of packed humanity just outside.

Thirty thousand souls had come to swell the transient population of Caldwell. A like number were camped along the line, and Caldwell drew their trade. Day by day the jam increased. Incoming trains were packed and roads converging upon the town were filled with a solid procession of vehicles which bore families of hopeful home seekers toward the edge of the unowned lands. Caldwell, three months since a little cow town of but two thousand souls, was now doing business on the basis of a hundred thousand population. Property prices doubled overnight, and still the swarm increased at the rate of a thousand a day.

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THE Edmonds' Buzz Saw Test helps men select shoes wisely. The cross-section of a Foot-Fitter shoe, which may be seen at any Foot-Fitter dealer's store, shows you how style is built into the shoe to stay; how the shoe is built to support the foot comfortably; how extra wear is insured.

See the Buzz-Saw Test. Look inside the shoe where the real truth about style, comfort and wear is revealed. Observe, for yourself, the solid leather soles and insoles, no fillers. Note the special re-inforcements that hold the shoe's shape, and distribute the weight and wear evenly to all parts of the sole.

Only the Edmonds factory, known to the trade as the model efficiency plant of America, could produce Foot-Fitters at the price they're sold.

Stylish lasts for every man's taste. To make sure you are buying Foot-Fitters, look for the trade-mark on the sole. Write for the beautiful booklet, "Foot-Fitter Creations," and the name of the nearest Foot-Fitter dealer.

Edmonds Shoe Company
Milwaukee, Wis.

What the Buzz-Saw Finds in Edmonds Foot-Fitters

1. Soles of heavy full-grain oak.
2. Full length vamp, *leather* box toe.
3. No cork filler between soles.
4. Inside counter pocket "sock saver."
5. Longer heels to give arch support.
6. Insole retains shape, never humpy.
7. A contour that supports the feet like a doctor's bandage.

Edmonds
FOOT-FITTER

The soldiers rode the line on all four sides of it to hold the overanxious back; on the west there were troopers stationed at intervals of a mile the length of the Cherokee-Texas border, and on the south along the Oklahoma line. To the east the Arkansas River, separating the Strip from old Indian Territory, was similarly patrolled; yet with all these precautions there were scores of sooners who had slipped through and secreted themselves inside. On the appointed day they would come forth from their retreats and drive their flag on some choice claim as the horde rushed in.

Late summer droughts had claimed the country, and the range was parched and brown. Registration booths were erected along the line in the glaring heat, and as the day of entry approached there were long strings of men, some extending for upwards of half a mile, lined up to await their turn for registration. They camped in the line, sleeping where they had been standing when night shut down and the registration booths were closed, some reposing on bare ground, others in camp beds which they rolled and utilized as seats throughout the day, dragging them along as the line progressed.

Wives and daughters carried meals to their menfolks, and venders plied the line to peddle food and drink.

Every conceivable variety of business had opened up in Caldwell to cater to the ever-increasing throngs. It was the wildest of all frontier booms. Carver's profit in stray steers had netted him something over eighteen hundred dollars. He disposed of his business building at a net profit of fifty-six hundred and sold out his three lots and little house on the outskirts of town for an even thousand. After clearing his indebtedness on calves, horses and equipment, he had something over sixty-three hundred left. He then entered into consultation with Younger and Joe Hinman.

"How much would you figure the best of the bottom land in the Strip will bring when it's proved up?" he asked.

"Not much over eight or ten dollars at the first, maybe twelve an acre for the best of it," Hinman estimated.

"But if I live a long life I'll see every foot of it touch fifty," said Carver, "don't you think?"

"And if you live a while longer than that you'll see it top a hundred," Hinman stated. "It'll take some time, but it will get there. I've seen it repeated before now as a country settles up."

"I've made my last bet on tumbleweeds," said Carver, "and I'd as soon start my pumpkin patch down there as anywheres. It would be right nice to have something over a thousand acres of good land down on Cabin Creek, the old site of the Half Diamond H."

"It would," said Younger. "Only it can't be done. A man can only file on a quarter section, and he has to live there to prove up. Even if you could buy his relinquishment, you couldn't live on but one place at once."

"Last year when I went up to Kansas City in charge of a trainload of your steers a banker showed me a collection of scrip he'd made," said Carver. "It was Civil War scrip, issued to veterans in lieu of pensions, or maybe on top of pensions, I don't know which. Anyway, it entitles the holder to lay that paper on any tract of government land and get a patent to it without having to live there and prove up. A number used it on small plots left open round where they lived and sold off the fractions left over for whatever they could get. On and off in the last ten years this banker has accumulated such fractions to the amount of seventeen hundred acres. He nominated that he'd let them go for the price of the raw land. If he'll sell for three dollars an acre he's found a customer."

"But the Strip won't be opened for entry till a certain hour," Hinman objected. "And right then there'll be three men for every claim turned loose across the line."

"There's thousands making the run that don't consider proving up," said Carver. "They'll relinquish for whatever they can get. I can furnish them with scrip to get their patent and they can deed it back to me."

Carver returned a week later, owner of scrip to the extent of nearly two thousand acres. As he stepped from the train he noted Bart and Noll Lassiter conversing, Bart grinning as usual, while Noll's face expressed black wrath.

"Noll is a trifle upset over our turn in off-brand steers," Bart told Carver as he joined him. "He considers me a traitor and is deciding which of twenty different methods will be the most painful way to kill me. Says he's no brother of mine, which it's a relief for me to discover the fact, since I've always wished he wasn't. He seemed real irate."

They turned to view a murky haze off to the south, a haze that changed to dense billowing black smoke as a hungry blaze licked across the parched prairies. Some thought the soldiers had fired the grass to drive out the sooners that skulked in hiding in the Strip. Others averred that the cowmen, remembering that time when the boomers had fired the range, had waited till this time to retaliate, a few days before the settlers were to take over their old domain. Whatever its source, the fact remained that in the space of two days there were hundreds of square miles of the unowned lands transformed into a black and devastated waste.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAUGHTER, LTD.

Continued from Page 28

And greatly to my surprise, Stricky backed her up.

"You got it right, Trixie, old dear!" he says. "She's a little saint, as I know to my sorrow."

Well, if looks could of murdered, the one Trixie flashed him should of knocked him cold. She drew herself up with pride, and took hold of my hand.

"She's right," says Trixie hotly. "And I'm going to help Bonnie. Hey, take a good look at her, Stricky. Do you see what I see?"

Stricky stared at me hard for a moment, and then he give a long whistle.

"Ain't she just the type Nickolls is looking for?" Trixie demanded. "What we were talking about yesterday?"

"You said it!" says Stricky. "Of course she is!"

"What's this?" I says. "Am I a type or something?"

"You are," says Trixie. "And I'm going to lead you down to the studio in the morning and show you to Nicky. It's for the piece Strick is acting in with me. We just commenced making it, and we need a girl that won't cut in on me any, see? A utterly different type from me for contrast, and somebody who won't ask for their name on the bill, because I wouldn't stand for that, of course. Nicky's had a bunch of them up, because he always does his own casting. But naturally, when I am the star, I pass on the girls, and none of these have got by me. You'll do if Nicky O.K.'s you."

"Oh, Trixie—honest?" I gasped.

"You been awful good to me and Jennie, hon," says she. "And now I can repay it, that's all! You won't mind doing a slavey, while I wear the clothes, will you?"

"Why, say!" I says with my first real laugh in some time. "That'll only be casting us in character, won't it? Just let me at a chance to act, that's all!"

That night I couldn't go to sleep, even after the noise in the patio had died away. I just lay there on my narrow bed up under the roof, and drank in the wonder smells and sounds of the night; the odor of eucalyptus leaves burning or dried, the odor of oil and the thump of the oil pumps, the odor of cedar logs burning. The Coast! The Coast! Magic!

And tomorrow Nickolls, the stern, hard-lipped young director. Would I get by? To play in a picture with Trixie and with Strick! And so Strick was an actor now! He was playing the juvenile, opposite Trixie. I must have made a mistake about Strick. He was charming, he was kind. Anita had said I would have to pay to get into the pictures. Anita was mistaken. You could go straight. You could have kind women friends who would help you. How pleased mommer would be. So pleased, dear mommer! I would telephone her if I got by. No more needless disappointments for mommer. If I made good she would know. If I made a flop, why tell her? And Anita. How white she was, with her little silver box dangling from her wrist. I knew what was in it now. Happy dust. Poor Anita. And so forth.

I am supposed to be thinking all of the above, see? I'm laying there and dreaming, only awake, and those are the things which kept going through my head, in a kind of confused cloud.

The next morning, when it finally come, didn't seem a whole lot more real than these dreams I have been describing. I put on my synthetic tailor suit, which mommer had reconstructed for me, and Trixie took me along on her ten o'clock call.

Well, only a person which had gone through what I had at Silvercrown can imagine fully how I felt driving up to the main entrance of the lot with Trixie Trueman in her big yellow roadster and parking nose in, right between Nickoll's shabby old Colby-Droit that everybody knew but nobody laughed at, and Benny Silvercrown's bright new foreign car with its queer special body. Class? I'll say so! Scared as I was I could not help but get quite a kick out of even that simple thing, not to mention that when we went in the lobby the girl behind the little window smiled all over her map, touched a button in haste—and the door wearing the Keep-Out—This-Means-You sign, flew open to let I and Trixie through.

The Silvercrown lot now seemed like Paradise or something to me, with its well-kept patches of lawn and flowering trees and bushes between the enormous buildings. I gaped around at the stages, which many of them are three or even four hundred feet long, and at the massive technical department and laboratory, where they develop the fillums and etc., and cut out your best footage when you are not looking. And also at the wardrobe building and the high-class dressing-room house. And many other features and advantages, which I took in with awe, for all the architecture was pretty much on the same style as a lot of Greek temples turned into something useful, if you can imagine what I mean.

Trixie being used to them paid no attention to these wonders, but at once grabbed me by the arm and started dragging me off towards where a man was standing under a fig tree. His back was to us, and he was entirely absorbed in absorbing figs. He was dressed in corduroy riding breeches, and soft shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and a wrist watch, the national costume of motion-picture directors since time immemorium. And he was some fig eater, for he would reach up, pick a fig off the topmost branch, split it open with one squeeze, bite its heart out and throw away the skin all in about one second.

And it wasn't until we was almost up to this savage that I realized he was the great John Austin Nickolls, and when I did realize, no kidding, I begun to worry for fear he might bite my head off, the same as a fig, for I remembered the first day I seen him, when he roared at poor Axel like a dog because Axel had stopped to speak to me.

But I need not of been so afraid, after all, for when he turned around and saw it was Trixie he give her the sweetest smile I ever seen, and shook his big mat of yellow curls like a friendly dog.

"Hello, hellcat," he says real pleasant. "How's tricks?"

"Pretty good, all but my head!" says she.

"Wish you had invited me!" he says with a grin. "Do I get introduced?" he went on, looking at me, interest springing up sudden in his deep blue eyes.

"My friend, Miss Delane," says Trixie. "I thought she might do for my foil in The Mischief Maker. What about it?"

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Delane," says Nickolls in quite a new voice; a sincere, musical voice, with a high-class genuine English accent. "Indeed I believe I'm going to be exceptionally glad to meet you."

"Pleased!" I managed to gulp.

But I liked him right away. He looked to be real all the way through. Something in me recognized him. I don't know any other way to tell what I mean. I didn't fall in love, not then nor ever, with him. But I knew him right away.

"Isn't she the type?" says Trixie. "She's a friend of mine. I can work with her, I know." Then she whispered in his

(*Continued on Page 64*)

DORT

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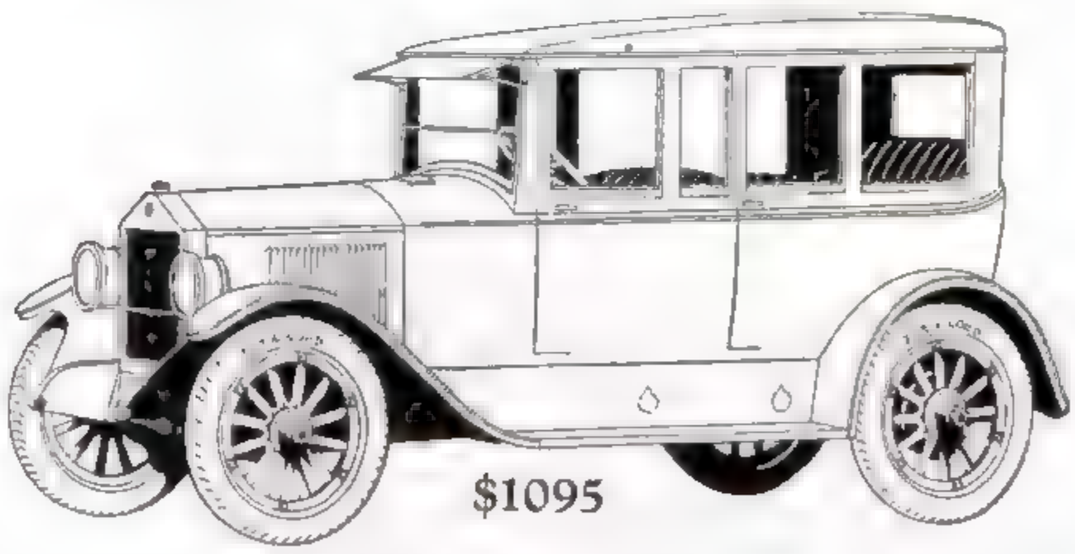

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Dort Motor Car Company, Flint

(Continued from Page 62)

ear, but I couldn't help but hear. "Cheap!" she says. "And you know how Benny is acting about salaries just now!"

He nodded and kept on looking at me thoughtfully. And of course that made me stand awkward and look awkward, not to mention feeling ditto. But there was nothing personal in the way he give me the up and down. Then he smiled again, that wonderful smile.

"Had any experience, Miss Delane?" he says so suddenly that I give a jump.

For a second I was going to shoot him the conventional "Oh, lots," when some instinct made me change my mind. In the face of a real man, why I just plain decided I would be real too. I'd take a chance.

"No," I blurted at him. "Practically none. Atmosphere and a few amateur theatricals."

"Well, I see you're not a liar, anyway," says he cheerfully, as though that was a sign of hope. "I wonder if you can act, and whether you screen? Ever had a test made that we could see?"

"No," says I.

He got silent again, looking at me and scratching his curls first on one side and then on the other.

"Well," he says at last, "she really is the type for that slavey. Pretty, but no doll. If she can act a comedy part I —— Hey, Joe!"

A man was crossing the next path to us, but at this call he stopped and come back.

"Say, Joe," says Mr. Nickolls, "is there anybody working on Number Four? No? Fine! Say, just take a camera over there, will you! I want to make a test."

I don't really know how I got to Trixie's dressing room, but somehow I did, she laughing and pulling me by the arm. When I come to from the shock I was seated in front of her enormous lace-trimmed dressing table, putting on make-up. And in such a dressing room! Pink taffeta curtains and pink satin furniture and a gray velvet rug. A tiled bathroom beyond on one side, and on the other side, near the head of the stairs, a sitting room, belonging to Trixie, too, also in rose silk and gray velvet. Nickolls was walking up and down in there, throwing cigarette ashes on the floor and playing the elegant phonograph that was hidden in the base of a big gold lamp with a Jap silk shade. Nickolls was waiting for me!

I heard him yell down to somebody on the lot to run over on his set and tell them he would be a few minutes late. On my account! Sweet daddy! I could hardly manage to get ready, fumbling among Trixie's things, which included dead roses, two half-empty bottles of Scotch, and a spilled ounce of twenty-dollar perfume which hung heavy in the air. My head reeled with it and with excitement. Then at last I was all set.

"You'll do, dear!" says Trixie, and then we all went down the stairs and across to Number Four stage.

Next thing I knew Nickolls give me a few instructions and then his business voice was yelling.

"Lights!" he says. "Camera! Now come in, Miss Delane! Walk across! Open that door! Horror! More horror! That's right! Slam the door! That'll do! Now go back and come in again. Cross to the window and see something funny in the street below. Now somebody is coming upstairs, and you have no business in this room. They will catch you! Hide under the table. That's it! That's it! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ha —— Oh, that's great! That's great! You're a scream, kid, you're a scream! If that screens for a cent you're hired! You're hired! That's enough!"

The lights went off, and still Nickolls was wiping his eyes and laughing and wiping them again. Trixie, who had stuck by, turned to me, and her manner had something funny the matter with it.

"Don't overdo it, hon!" she says, kind of sharp. Then she turned on her director. "Well, Nicky!" she says. "I never got a laugh like that out of you! I hope you enjoyed yourself!"

"I'll say I did!" says he. "And I'm much obliged to you for bringing her. We will look at the test at the morning rushes. Now don't get sore, cutie; she will be a great little foil for your beautiful brown hair."

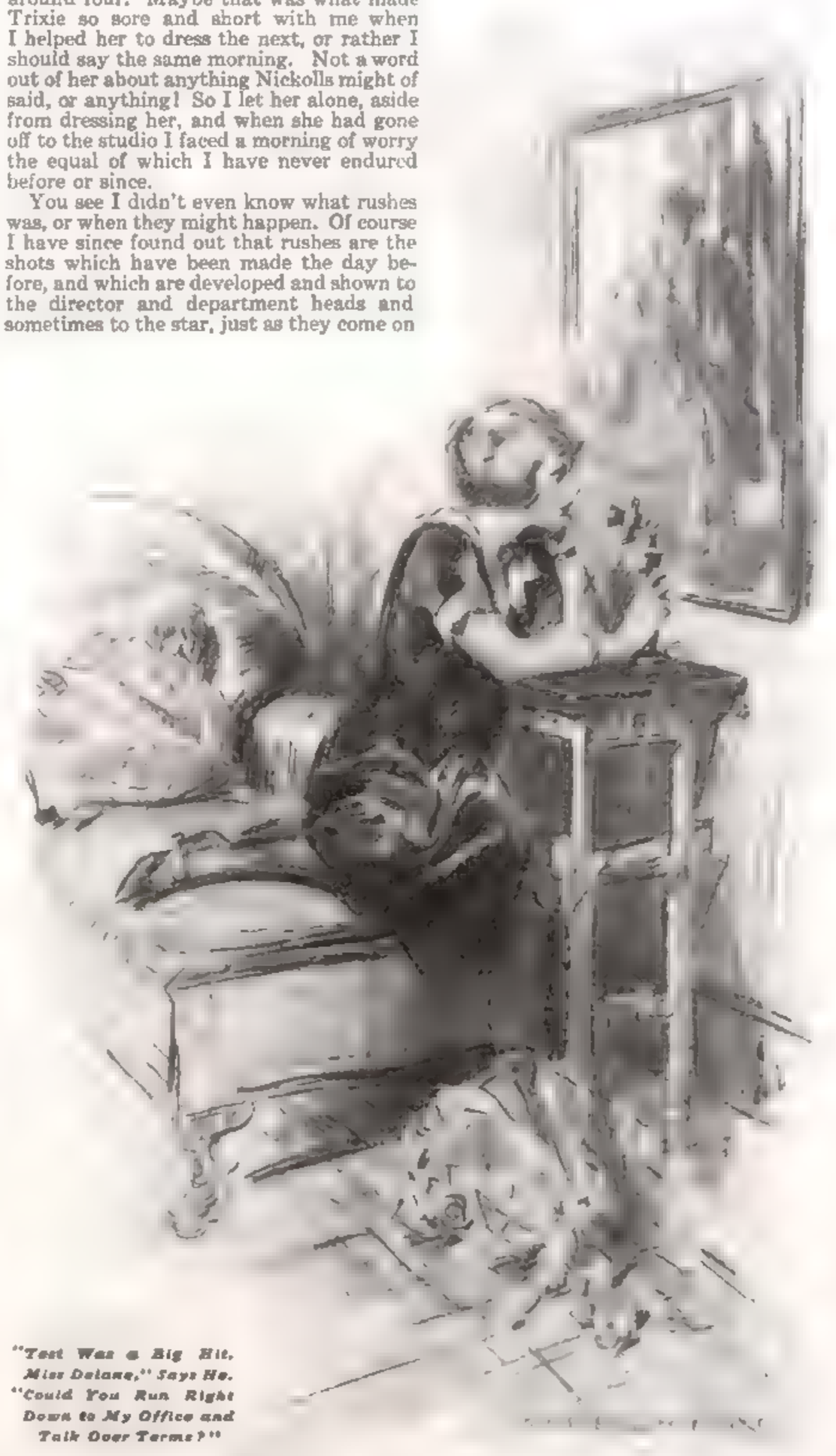
Trixie smiled at him, her peeve vanishing quick as it had come, as was her usual way. Then Nickolls stepped over and took both my hands in his.

"I hope you screen!" he says solemnly. "Because if you do we sure can work together. I can't ask you to see the test tomorrow, because that is against our rules here. We like to be absolutely free to comment, you know. But I'll telephone you the result. Good-by!"

I walked away on air, while Trixie of course went off to work. Back at her house I did my chores as usual, but they didn't seem real or anything like it.

The Truemans didn't come home to dinner that night, but blew in with a noisy crowd around two o'clock and, turning on the electric piano, danced until somewheres around four. Maybe that was what made Trixie so sore and short with me when I helped her to dress the next, or rather I should say the same morning. Not a word out of her about anything Nickolls might of said, or anything! So I let her alone, aside from dressing her, and when she had gone off to the studio I faced a morning of worry the equal of which I have never endured before or since.

You see I didn't even know what rushes was, or when they might happen. Of course I have since found out that rushes are the shots which have been made the day before, and which are developed and shown to the director and department heads and sometimes to the star, just as they come on the reel of fillum, not even cut into rough continuity. And the object of this first showing is merely to see is the photography any good. Then next day the takings of the previous day is by now in rough continuity, and is shown again, and so on, the improvements of one day being shown the next until it is complete, along with the daily new raw shootings which the directors bring in.



"Test Was a Big Hit, Miss Delane," Says He. "Could You Run Right Down to My Office and Talk Over Terms?"

It is a sort of endless chain, a mill, through which a picture is ground to the accompaniment of scathing remarks, criticism and suggestions from the heads.

The cutter and a stenog sits there under a shaded lamp and takes it all down, and then they carry the fillum back to the laboratory and make the changes and improvements and etc. The usual fillum will be run at least twenty times by the heads before it is O.K.'d. And it is at these rushes, which are generally pulled off between twelve and one on most lots, that a test is generally shown.

And well, all I can say is that if I had that morning known as much about the rush hour as I do now I would not of lived to be writing this! Sweet daddy, I would of been too nervous! I would not even of had strength to stagger to the telephone when at last it rang at 1:15. I hardly made it, anyways.

I was so shot with excitement I could hardly pluck the blue silk doll off that phone to answer it. And then when I did, over the wire come Nickolls' voice.

"Test was a big hit, Miss Delane," says he. "Could you run right down to my office and talk over terms?"

VIII

"NICKOLLS," says Greg Strickland, leaning against the steeple of the Metropolitan Tower - "Nickols is in a class by himself."

"Yeh! He'd have to go a long ways back before he met anyone," I says, sitting down on a corner of Trinity Churchyard, which happened to be alongside of it. "And he sure does shake a wicked megaphone!"

We had been working three weeks on The Mischief Maker, I at one hundred bernes a week, and I'll say earning it too. But for the moment I had put down the scrub brush and mop and pail of suds which was the principal ingredients of my costume, and Strick and I was parked on a jumbled-up discarded New York set, waiting for our call while Nicky struggled with our star. Trixie was playing a legitimate part for the first time, and he was sure handling her wonderful.

"Say listen, Bonnie, you are no slouch in this picture yourself!" Strick declared.

"Huh!" says I, because that was the most cutting remark I could think of.

"Really you are a wonderful actress," says Strick earnestly. "And you've got a big future!"

Well of course that is the best compliment one person in Hollywood can pay another, and so I weakened a little toward him.

"Why do you keep away from me all the time, Bonnie?" he says then. "Do you realize that this is actually the first time you have given me the chance to speak to you alone? What's wrong, eh?"

For a moment I was knocked so cold by that I couldn't answer. And then I found my voice and went right for him.

"After all the grief you made for me," I says, "you dare to pull a line like that! After the lies you told me to get me out here!"

"What lies?" says Stricky. "What are you getting at? I told you that you could get seventy-five a week in pictures, and you are getting a hundred!"

"That's so," I had to admit. "But it's not the point. You get me perfectly!"

"Bonnie," he says, lowering his voice, "I'm simply cuckoo about you!"

The follow-up I had all prepared died on my lips. Stricky was playing a sort of light-heavy part in this piece, and with his make-up of smart afternoon clothes, his hair like varnished leather, the powder on his face giving it the smooth beauty of a child's, he was enough to wreck anybody's peace.

"You are going to be a big hit, girlie," he went on. "And worth a lot of money. Everybody on this lot is strong for your work. You ought to of heard old Benny himself at the rushes yesterday. He stood up and hollered."

"Oh, Strick!" I says.

"I know I've been a sort of a rotter in some ways," Strick went on, "but after all, you would never have come out here except for me. And if I exaggerated about myself a little back in Stonewall, it was because I was wild over you, even then. You are going far, girlie, and I don't want you to leave me behind."

"I won't, Strick," I says, all milk and water inside myself. "You know I won't. And I will be friends from now on."

"I'll make you more than friends, sweetheart!" says Strick.

And then he kissed my hands and dropped them. And get this—there was no camera on us, either! It was romance with a capital Row, all right! Every bitter thought or feeling I had about him was wiped out, and the old attraction, which I had been fighting off all this time, come back with a rush. But we couldn't say anything more just then because Nickolls come roaring up, his curls shaking with excitement like a angry lion's mane.

"Why the Silvercrown doesn't go broke is more than I can tell!" he growled. "Here I ask for a camel for the Egyptian sequence for ten this morning sharp, and what happens? Is the camel here? No! He's out on a lecture tour with the Blue Law Boobs, or something! Anyway nobody knows anything about him. The blessed saints preserve us! We are paying Trixie three hundred and fifty dollars a working day, and because some ass forgot to get the camel she can't work! Not to mention the rest of you. It makes me sick!"

"Thank heaven it's not my money!" says Strick.

"Bah!" says Nicky. "The same thing runs through the business. And then I catch hell from the office because it costs a hundred thousand dollars to make a fifty-thousand-dollar picture! Look at yesterday too! Two hundred atmosphere people at ten a day each, on that ballroom set from nine in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon, and not a foot of film could be shot because the fuses went blooey, and the electricians were all somewhere else! Then when I actually got fuses in again, the crowd looked so dog-tired that I will probably have to make the scene over when I see the rushes!"

"Why don't you tell them at the office?" I says.

"Tell them!" says he. "What's the use? How long will it last? Heaven only knows. Art is a business, little Bonnie, and until the producers find that out they will have only this half-satisfactory hybrid, that is art by accident and business by luck!"

(Continued on Page 69)

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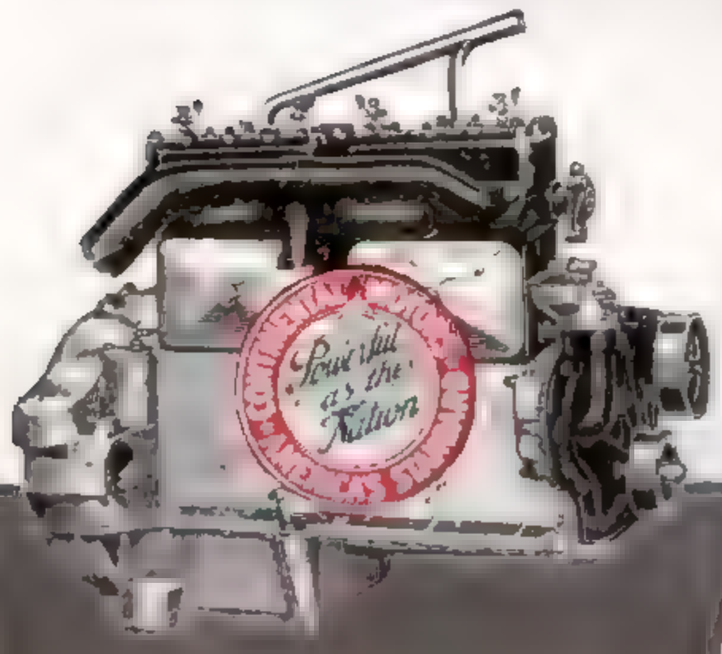

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Continental Motors

(Continued from Page 64)

"But I thought art was all loose ends, Nicky," I says. "Meals any old time, getting up late, acting as you please, and being generally unreliable."

"Say, listen, child!" says he. "What have you been doing these last few weeks? Getting to bed early, coming on the lot, rested, at nine prompt. Sometimes at eight. Working like a slave all day and going home dead to the world. Right?"

I nodded.

"A chore!" says he. "That's what it's been! A tiresome grind. Playing the same scene over and over, waiting around with your nerves and your patience almost worn out. Yes? And if you haven't produced one of the finest bits of art I ever saw I'll eat the film. Art, little Bonnie, means working like hell."

"Well, thanks of course," I says. "But who is to blame in most pictures, Nicky?"

"Easy money is to blame," says he gloomily. "That is, if any one thing is to blame. Pictures are so big. It takes so many people to make a picture. The story-writer, the scenario editor, the continuity writer, director, architect, builders, electricians, the actors of course. The chap who writes the titles, the technical man who cuts the film. It is, in my opinion, absolutely impossible to state that any one of these people is most responsible for the merit of the finished product. The only person in the outfit whose relation to the picture is absolutely defined is the producer the man in the office—the money man. And he is nothing in the world but a middleman. The rest of us are all merging, constantly. We are indispensable strands of the same web. It would fall apart without any one of us, you see. There! Let's go eat, and by the time we are through, that camel may have shown up!"

So I and Strick and the boss went and ate avocado salad and coffee in the big cafeteria across the way, because we was naturally all of us dieting, even myself, now that I was in the pictures, for although I had not put on any weight, mommer was already insisting on me not taking any chances.

Well, anyways, there we sat and dieted amidst all the other dieting hams and camera men and authors and atmosphere and so forth, both in costume and out, with the clatter of knives and plates and the usual blue haze of cigarette smoke; but my mind was not on what I was doing.

After lunch the camel had come, but it was so late that Nicky says, "Go on home, little Bonnie, you are not in the camel sequence and we will not get around to your bit today." Which is far more consideration than most directors show, and they will usually let you wait around just on general lack of principle.

Well, I went home, like he said, feeling very glad and happy, because now I had somebody to moon over, and every girl needs it, and Strick sure could vamp me when he tried.

Also I was glad to go home to mommer, even if we was still living in that horrible place on Vine Street with Mrs. Snifter. Mommer had insisted that we should stay on, because of it being so cheap.

"Until we buy you a decent wardrobe," says Adele, "this is where we stay, and the money goes on your back. They say clothes don't make the man, but I always say hats of a feather flock together."

And that ended any moving for the present. One luxury Adele did allow us, though, and that was a phonograph. To be sure, it was merely a fifty-dollar one, and the only period case it had was the Installment Period, but she got also some A1 jazz numbers for it, and I felt it kind of established us in a community where no phonograph was almost a bigger disgrace than no toothbrush.

Well, anyways, this day I am telling you about, I come home from the studio, and rushed up the stairs to the tune of Kick Me Around on the Hardwood, the sweet strains of which was eliminating from our flat and phonograph, and found that mommer had a surprise for me. Mommer always had a surprise for me, even if it was only a please-remit slip, but as a general rule it was a hot spice cake, a new veil or a jar of some sort of make-up specialty that she thought would improve me. And this time the surprise was my own name in print.

"Look, dear!" she says the very minute I got inside. "See what I cut out of Wid's and also from the Mirror this morning!"

And it was this way that I seen my first press notices. Some notices they was too! Sweet daddy! No others has ever looked so big to me. And this is what they says:

Among the cast supporting Trixie Trueman in The Mischief Maker, a comedy by Harold Greyton, which will be the charming little star's next release, are Helen Strowell, Robert Strickland, Ellen More, Tom Wells, Bonnie Delane, Hick Trowbridge and the famous Silvercrown collie dog, Snap. The picture is being directed by John A. (Nicky) Nickolls.

Quite a long notice, I'll say! And the fact that both notices was exactly alike and had therefore probably been sent out from the Silvercrown's own office hung no crape in my young life! I was in the paper, in the professional trade papers, and that was enough for me. And when on top of all this, mommer actually produced the same identical clipping from that very morning's Los Angeles Times' motion-picture column, I felt like a million dollars.

"Oh, mommer!" I says. "I'm really in! Now watch me soar!"

"I'd rather see you driving a tin lizzie along a safe road at fifteen an hour," says mommer, "than to see you go up in any aeroplane. You'd stay where you was going longer."

A day or two later Adele and Axel and me read another kind of notice yet, and it come out of a newspaper which a person couldn't see, nor put their hands on it, but which is a real news sheet just the same, and one is published on every lot, I'll say it is! And by this I mean that invisible daily, The Lowdown, which spreads news around in motion-picture circles probably more quickly than in any other branch of life. When anything big happens on a lot everybody knows it in advance as you might say. And it's a funny thing how often these lowdown rumors will turn out to be correct.

It was a press notice of this brand that Axel handed us at breakfast one morning when The Mischief Maker was all but finished. There was a couple of retakes to be made and then we would be through. I say "we" because Axel was by now working in the picture on account of my having introduced him to Nicky, and Nicky had of course hired him—for the atmosphere crowd. Nicky had merely talked to Axel for three minutes and then said, "Yes, I can use you in the ballroom scene," in a tone which left no hope.

Well, anyways, Axel was working for Silvercrown, and as usual mommer was giving both of us a 7:30 hot cup of coffee before going to work, just like in the old days, when Axel sprung his piece of information.

"Ay understand you ban Big Benny's best bet now, Bonnie," says Axel.

"That so?" says I. "Fat chance, Axel! Why, I'm just a feeder for Trixie. I've seen the rushes, and I dunno—they look rotten to me. I'm a fright in the make-up. Dirty servant girl."

"Ay heard the camera fellar, Joe, say you bane absolutely something new."

Mommer and I exchanged a significant female look at that, because being considered something new is going some in pictures. Axel went on.

"Ay heard you ban offered a six-picture contract," says he. "Ay hear every place you ban in strong. Nickolls wanted your name should be on the cast, but Trueman got sore. Ay tank you walk away with tha picture sure, Bonnie."

Again mommer and me exchanged a wireless. Of course we knew that I had made pretty good, and in the rushes I had seen that I had done about what they wanted of me. I had stumbled over pails of water, fallen off of stepladders, cooked a bowl of pet goldfish, and other humorous incidents until it was a wonder I had a bone left in my body, and me with no personal insurance either.

I had done all this without cracking a smile before the camera; and indeed why would I smile? But Nicky seemed to think it was wonderful that I didn't, because naturally every time I got hurt the rest of the people on our set, including Nicky himself, would set up a roar. Right up to the end of the picture I kept my face. Then when I heard the bad news at the end of the story, why, I smiled. The smile you all know so well.

Well, anyways, I had tried to do what they wanted, as I say. But up to now, with the job all but finished, nobody had even delicately hinted at a reëngagement. Not a soul had murmured that sweet word "contract" in my willing ear, and so far as I knew, by the end of the week I would again be admiring the boulevards from morning until night.

"That's a swell contract you tell about, Axel," says I. "But it's a stranger to me. Where do you get this dope, eh?"

"Pretty straight," he says. "A fellar told may that Joe told him, and Joe, he bane got it from Ed, tha operator of tha head's private projection room. Ed heard Big Benny told tha production manager to tall Nickolls to sign you up."

"Oh, dearie, I'll bet you it's true!" says mommer. "Why, that's first-hand, almost! Now if they send for you, send for me first! Be sure to, Bonnie. When I was Helena Holman's mother it was me got her twice the money they offered her at first. Always take your mother with you, hon, when you go about a contract, and look perfectly blank and round-eyed while I talk. There is something about a picture actress' mother makes producers fairly sick the very minute they see her coming, and they at once give better terms in despair."

"Sweet daddy, I only hope you have the chance to scare 'em!" says I. "But I don't know. I have already got the I'm-almost-out-again blues."

But Axel was pretty near right. For that very day things began to move for me, and move fast.

I was on the lot early, all made up, bucket of suds, mop, rumpled hair and all, for the retake of a long-shot. This was being left to a boy named Louie, one of Nicky's assistant directors. It was an unimportant shot which had merely had something wrong in the background, or Nicky would of done it himself, but this day he didn't appear to be at the studio. Well, we went out on the location, Louie and me, and he made the retake a couple of dozen times on account of being desperately afraid of not pleasing Nicky and consequently shooting about six hundred feet in order to get a sixty-foot scene.

And when we come in around noon I was only too glad to crawl up to my little cubby of a dressing room and change, my mind less on my art than on a glass of milk and a chicken sandwich.

I was just reveling in the thought of them the way a person will, when Eddie the call boy knocked on the door and says I am wanted on the phone and I went, thinking probably it was mommer to say "Don't forget to stop for the laundry on your way home," or some such excitement. But when I says "Yes, it is me speaking," this is what I heard.

"Miss Delane, this is Mr. Silvercrown," says the voice.

Well, naturally for a minute I was jolted, and then I come down to earth.

"Oh, sure it is!" I says, thinking of course it was Stricky or somebody trying to be funny. "Yes, Benny dear, I suppose you are offering me a contract or something! Well, I couldn't accept, thanks, unless it's very good. Jago and everyone is showering me with offers, kid!"

"I have no doubt of it," says the voice, kind of dry and shortlike. "But I guess you and me can arrange satisfactory terms, Miss Delane, if you drop around by my office about 2:30 this afternoon."

"My deah Mr. Silvercrown!" I says, very affected. "I rully don't know do I care to continue acting at all! Say, child, I'd rather you'd offer me a real lunch than a fake contract!"

"Say, Miss Delane, are you crazy, or what?" says the voice. "There is nothing fake about this contract and I got a luncheon engagement already."

A terrible cold sensation come over me at that. I don't believe I ever felt sicker; no, not even when I had the measles.

"Don't tell me you really are Mr. Silvercrown," I says weakly.

"Who else?" says the voice impatiently. "And you can come at 2:30 or not, just as you please."

Then the receiver was hung up with a snap, and I staggered back to my dressing room calling myself fool, idiot, nitwit and all the other uncomplimentary names I could think of, but getting mighty little comfort out of doing so. I had sassed the Big Egg himself, the one person on the lot which everybody was afraid of and treated with respect.

My heaven! I had called him Benny! I had called him kid!

What should I do? That was the point. If I went to the office at 2:30 very likely I would be politely kicked out. As a matter of plain fact the more I looked at the jam I was in, the clearer it seemed to me that I had wrecked my chance of ever working for Silvercrown again. There would be no good trying to explain; the conversation

"I was smoking my pipe when it came to me"

Which may, or may not, be a boost for Edgeworth

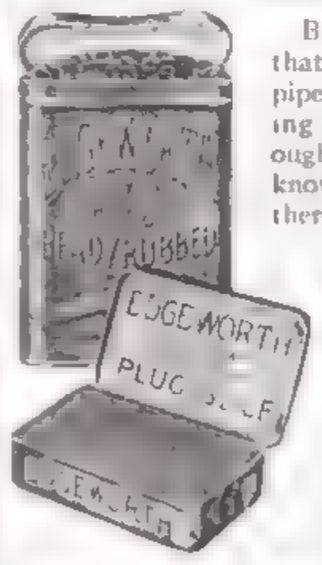
How many good ideas are born in a pipe of tobacco! There is something in the calm contentment of smoking a pipe that seems to open up the mind for new ideas.

A busy man, a thinker, whose brain is crisscrossed with a thousand impressions, finds that smoking his pipe wipes out most of the confusion, and leaves his mind clean, so that the new idea, the inspiration, has a much better chance to make its impression—as if pipe-smoking wiped all the chalk marks from the blackboard of the mind and invited new ideas, new thoughts, and creative plans to outline themselves thereon.

Lots of men get good ideas when shaving. Many more find their new ideas when puffing away at the pipe.

The right kind of tobacco is an important matter to a pipe-smoker—though, like breathing, he seldom thinks of it. Having settled on a certain brand, it becomes a habit to buy that. If the tobacco just suits his taste, it doesn't matter what its name is or what it costs—it becomes *his* tobacco.

Edgeworth suits many men. We presume there are some men who wouldn't like Edgeworth. It is a matter of individual taste—like eating onions.



But we have a belief that there are many pipe-smokers not smoking Edgeworth who ought to be—who don't know Edgeworth and therefore have no idea that there is a tobacco that hits their taste so exactly that it might have been made for them alone.

We want those men to try Edgeworth. We would like to hand them our pouch personally, but as that is impossible, we'll do what we can.

The makers of Edgeworth will send free samples to any pipe-smoker who will ask for them. Simply send a postal or a note asking for these free samples and they'll come to you by the first mail.

Edgeworth comes in two forms—Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. In either form it is a moist, fragrant tobacco that packs nicely, lights quickly, and burns freely and evenly.

We can't promise that Edgeworth will make brilliant ideas come to you; but we are sure you will have a delightful smoke—and after all, that's all that good tobacco is supposed to give.

For free samples, address your postal or letter to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Music, when soft voices die,
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Now within the means of everyone—
that most beautiful of pianos——
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had been too kind of natural for that. If only it had been any person in the world except Big Benny, the sacred, the upstage iceberg of the picture world! Sweet daddy, some grief!

Slowly I got dressed, forgetting I had ever been hungry and put all my mind on getting home and telling mommer. Oh, boy, it would take courage, for what she would say to me would be enough! And then just as I was ready to leave, that fresh Eddie, the w.k. call boy, called again, and this time he had a package for me.

Well, naturally I thought "Here is that make-up I ordered," because it was that sort of a neat kind of bundle, and I come pretty near not opening it. But then I thought, "Well, I will get out that lipstick; I really need it," and untied the string; and there inside was not the make-up at all, but the cutiest doll I ever seen. It was dressed like a bride, mostly veil and smile, and for a second I pretty near forgot my troubles when I seen it. Then I opened the note which lay on top of it, and forgot my trouble entirely if temporarily. The present was from Stricky.

"Dear B.," he wrote on his card. "Just saw this and thought of you. Hope you will like it. Will you eat with me tonight at seven? Devotedly Stricky. P. S. I hear you are signing up to be featured by Silvercrown. Congratulations!"

My heart just pumped like an oil well, with richness and pleasure. Dear Stricky! How cute of him to think of me and send me such a beautiful present! I done the doll up again and tucking it under my arm started for home in a far better state of mind when who in the lower entrance hall would I bump into but Nickolls.

"Hello there, little Bonnie," says he. "Where are you going with that shining face?"

"Oh, my Lord, does it?" I says anxiously, feeling for my powder rag.

"No, no; your nose looks as if you had been smelling a flour barrel!" he says, laughing. "Come on, walk as far as the corner of the boulevard with me. I have an important conference luncheon over at Frank's or I'd run you home."

"That's all right," I says, trotting along beside him. "I'd rather walk. I'm reducing!"

"Good girl, keep full of health!" says he approvingly. "For you are going to need it. Tell me, little Bonnie, have you heard anything from Silvercrown today?"

"Yes!" I gasped. "He asked me to come to the office after lunch."

"Hum!" says Nicky, putting on his lion expression. "I thought likely. Made any agreement with him?"

"No," I says, so full of grief I couldn't even go into details.

"I am going to ask something of you, Bonnie," he says seriously, after a little wait, during which we reached the corner of Hollywood Boulevard. "I am going to suggest that no matter what kind of an offer Silvercrown makes you this afternoon, you won't close with him until after you have seen me. What time is your appointment?"

"Two-thirty," I says. "But I don't believe he will offer me anything except the air."

"Oh, he'll make a proposition of some kind," says Nicky, still like a lion. "But stall him off until tomorrow. Then when you leave his office, beat it right on up to my bungalow, will you? And bring your mother."

"Sure!" I says, bewildered.

"One more thing," says he. "Just don't mention me to Benny, please."

"All right, Nicky," I says. "So long."

And then he crossed over and joined a bunch of men in front of Frank's place, and I, hugging my doll, skipped on down to Vine Street to ask mommer what was what.

At 2:30 prompt that afternoon, I having received not alone my chicken sandwich and etc. but a good bawling out from Adele for being such a boob, we both turned up at Mr. Silvercrown's office. I was that paralyzed over what I had done I couldn't of possibly spoke, even to announce myself. But fortunately mommer was not the type that is easily let out, and so she says "Mr. Silvercrown, by appointment" to the girl in the outer office, with all the manner in the world. The girl got through typing what she was typing, wrote our name on a form, and says "Be seated," so we were, while she opened a big carved teakwood door into the temple, and by and by come out and says Mr. Silvercrown would see us in a few minutes.

Well, believe me, if them few minutes didn't seem as long as any spent in a dentist office! People came and went, carrying papers and hustling, very busy. Finally a tall thin man come out with a big cigar, biting on it. He went into the room opposite and slammed the door. Then the girl at the desk got up and opened the teakwood for us.

"All right!" she says, and I'll bet from her cheerfulness she used to work for a dentist, at that. "All right, Mr. Silvercrown will see you now."

In we went, mommer sailing right ahead like a full-blown ship. Mr. Silvercrown was sitting at the far end of a enormous plush office, behind a big shiny desk with everything on it but work, so I suppose he had it there as a kind of fortress. Anyway it was awful large and heavy, with a space under it where he could seek the protecting company of the wastebasket in extreme cases. When he caught sight of mommer I thought at first he was going down to see was the wastebasket really there, but changed his mind and wiggled his cigar at us fiercely, instead.

"Sit down, sit down," he says with his thumbs. "Have a chair, do!"

"Thank you," says I. "This is mommer, Mr. Silvercrown."

"So I guessed!" says he. "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Delane. Well, I suppose it is you will do the talking, eh?"

"Not at all, dear Mr. Silvercrown," says mommer smoothly. "I guess we can leave that to you. I just come along to keep my little girl company. My daughter is so young, Mr. Silvercrown, only sixteen, and I never leave her go anywheres alone. And so talented, Mr. Silvercrown, too. Why, when she was a child, her professors used to say to me ——"

"That's all right, what they said, Mrs. Delane," says Big Benny, waving my past to one side like it had been cigar smoke—which was about what it was. "What they said don't interest me any," he says. "Beside which, she can say plenty for herself. You should of heard her on the phone this morning!"

Well, I turned black and white at that, I guess, but I needn't of, because all of a sudden Mr. Silvercrown slapped the desk and broke out laughing so hard he had to take the cigar out of his mouth.

"Mrs. Delane, your—shall I say—daughter sassed me something awful!" he says as soon as he could speak again. "It was the first time anyone outside of my wife has spoke to me nachural in years! I thought I would die laffing. Oy! Ain't we got fun?"

"Sweetdaddy!" I says. "I didn't mean—honest, Mr. Silvercrown ——"

"Don't you worry!" he says. "I like a girl can stand on her own feet. Now listen. I got you here because I might consider making you an offer. Mind, I don't want you to get any nonsense in the head about you're a wonder, or anything. But I seen the work you done in The Mischief Maker, Miss Delane, and I think with time and hard work we can make an actress out of you!"

Believe me, I sat on the edge of my seat then, all ready to jump at anything he should say. But mommer held me back with a look.

"Now I am prepared to sign Bonnie up," Silvercrown went on, "for a five-year contract at the same salary she's been getting for this last picture. And what is more, I will feature her in a new line of comedies. She'll get paid only when working, of course. But I'll write into the agreement that she is to make not less than five pictures a year."

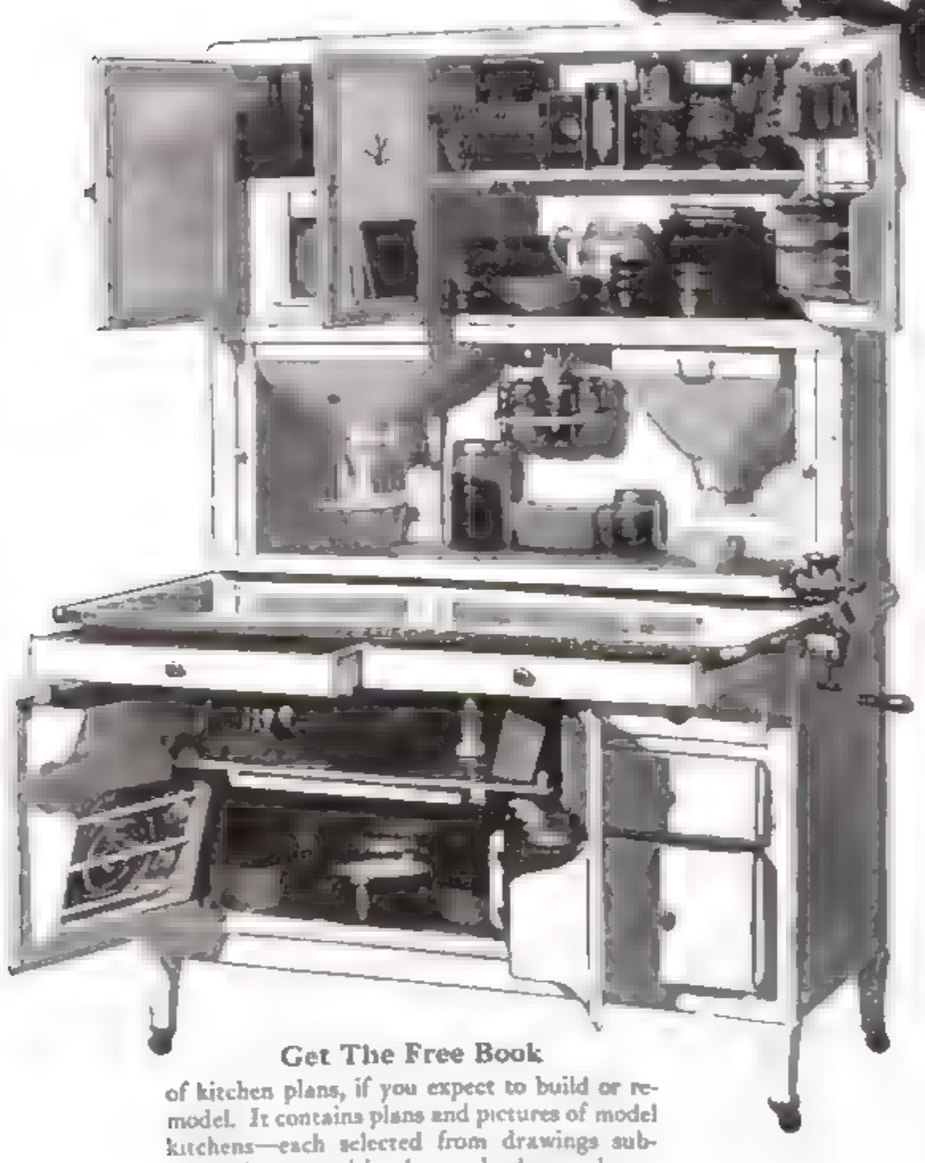
Well, even now I can hardly imagine my own feelings when I heard this. Five years! With the great Silvercrown. Featured! Why, it was too good to be true! Then I remembered my promise to Nicky, and nearly give a groan aloud. Suppose I held out and then for some reason Mr. Silvercrown changed his mind and I lost this wonderful chance? Mommer, however, never turned a eyelash, but rushed right at him.

"Oh, no, Mr. Silvercrown, that would never do!" she says very glib. "I'm afraid you don't appreciate my little girl's value. A clever comedienne is the rarest thing in filliums, and she is it. We don't need money, really, and can afford to wait until we get just the right opening."

"Well, we'll say full salary fifty-two weeks a year, whether she is working or not," says Silver Benny, chewing the cigar again. "How's that?"

(Continued on Page 72)

There is a HOOSIER to fit each kitchen and each purse. The one shown in the kitchen at the right is the HOOSIER BEAUTY, the most popular cabinet in existence. Below is the BIG HOOSIER, the most commodious cabinet in the HOOSIER line.



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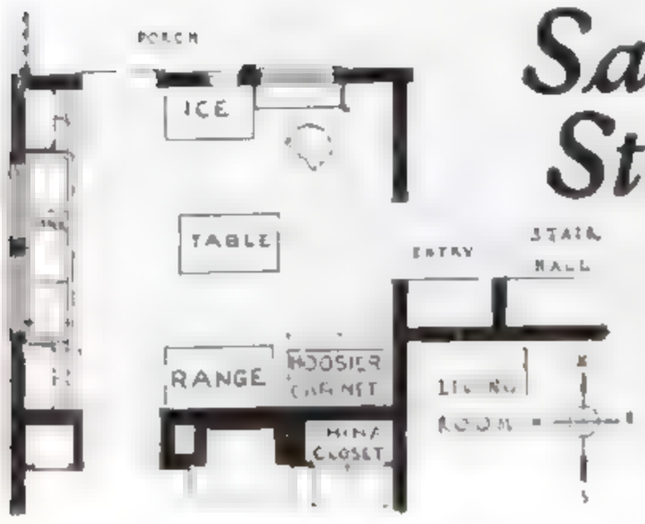

Saves Steps

Win Freedom from Drudgery with the HOOSIER

You may not realize it—but the average woman walks over two miles a day in the trying atmosphere of a stuffy kitchen. Surely this is one reason why so many women complain about the hardships of keeping house.

And it is one reason why you will see such a big difference in the way you feel, once you put the step-saving HOOSIER in your home.

The HOOSIER concentrates your work in a compact spot, equipped with the most modern labor-saving conveniences.

It enables you to work seated—at your ease. It saves miles of steps and hours of time each day. Before you know it, your kitchen work is done and you are ready for the pleasures which are now denied you.

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How Two Million Women Proved That the Hoosier is Their Best Kitchen Convenience

Two million women now use and endorse the HOOSIER.

Most of these women bought their cabinets on easy terms under our guarantee "Money back if not delighted." If—after they had used the HOOSIER—these women had found it less helpful than we claimed it to be, it would have been a simple thing for them to have returned their HOOSIER.

But they did not do so. Our files are literally full of letters from happy HOOSIER owners telling us that our advertisements have never begun to state all the help and happiness that is to be had from the HOOSIER. Many of them tell us that they would sooner part with any other piece of furniture in their homes than to have to give up the HOOSIER.

The HOOSIER stays sold because it is without question the most helpful convenience a woman can put in her home.

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With the passing of the pantry, it is more necessary than ever that the helpful HOOSIER be used as the central work unit of the kitchen—because the sole idea of the pantryless kitchen is to reduce the work and worry of housekeeping.

A kitchen which is planned with a place for the HOOSIER requires much less storage equipment than the kitchen which attempts to get along without one. It is less expensive to build and equip, and less expensive and more pleasant to operate.

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HOOSIER

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Laclede Fire Brick are also used as Cold Zone Liners, Linings for Driers, and Brick for Boiler Settings.

But the Cement Industry, though it is a large user of Laclede Fire Brick, is just *one* of the *hundreds* of different industries in which this famous brand is the popular choice.

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(Continued from Page 70)

"Well," says mommer, "that's better. But all it really means, Mr. Silvercrown, is that if you are paying her you will see to it that she is working. How about one-twenty-five a week, full time?"

"No, Mrs. Delane," he says, "I reached my limit. It ain't like your daughter was a well-known star we are bidding for. We will make her, consider that!

"At the end of five years she will be some place, what with the training and experience she will get. I don't mind telling you, I think she has got a big future if she will work."

"I see you think she will be good for five years, anyways," says mommer dryly, getting up and holding out her hand. "Well, Mr. Silvercrown, I am going to ask for tonight to think this over. Will that be all right? I don't want to rush Bonnie into anything. I never did, even when she was a darling little baby!"

"Very well, I'll hear from you in the morning then," says Silvercrown, opening the door to let us out. "I think you had better say yes, Miss Bonnie. A girl don't get a chance like this every day."

I could only nod and smile like a dumbbell as we was shown out, but once on the street I found my voice and let Adele have it.

"What was you so upstage for?" I cried. "Suppose he changes his mind? What if he gets mad because we put him off? Oh, mommer, I am afraid—we—you—have made a awful mistake!"

"Shut up, dearie!" says Adele, walking briskly but patting my arm as she drew it through hers. "Just you shut up and leave me run this. It's my business and I know what I'm about. Why do you suppose he wants to tie you up on a five-year contract, unless he thinks you are one of the biggest discoveries in years? He knows well enough that in two years you are going to have Trixie Trueman wiped off the silver-sheet and will be worth ten times the contract he'd have you tied up on! Then his sending for you instead of waiting until you come around begging for work! It all points to the one thing, dearie. You are started for the big time, and you'll land there quick."

Of course I could see there was sense in what she said, and had to admit as much, but felt kind of shaky about it too.

"I wonder what this Nickolls has got up his sleeve," says mommer as we climbed the hilly street towards his bungalow. "Well, we will soon know."

Nicky's house stood on one of them little ridges of streets that cling like shelves to the Hollywood mountains, and end because they just naturally can't climb any higher, and from the brick terrace the view of the city was like fairyland. The tall pepper trees on the sidewalk of the street below brushed this terrace with their tops. It was like being in a bird's nest.

You could see for miles and miles, the pink and white and green of the big town, the black spikes of distant oil wells, the purple and blue mountains rolling along towards the sea.

The bungalow was Spanish. Very simple, of concrete, with a red tiled roof and long windows, and a minute after we rang, Nicky himself opened a door directly into the great enormous room that was practically the whole house—a room as big and simple and ruggedly beautiful as himself. There was a open fireplace at one end and a open grand piano at the other, and a big blue tapestry with a heathen god of some kind embroidered on it, hanging from the iron railing of the stairs which led right up out of this strange room.

"Hello, girls!" says Nicky. "Come right in. I have had my Jap make iced tea—much against his principles—and it's just ready! Sit down and be comfortable. Now tell me, what did the old boy say, anyhow?"

We told him. At least mommer did, and he listened in silence, nodding now and then, or shaking his head in that lion way of his. And he let her get absolutely all through before he spoke.

"Have some more tea?" he says then. "No? Then let us talk about me for a moment. You must have wondered why I wanted to see you up here. Well, it is because I am leaving Silvercrown!"

Some jolt, that! Why, Nicky leaving Silvercrown was hard to grasp. He was part of them. He had been there for years. He was their best man and they told the world he was. He smiled a little when he saw our faces at his announcement.

"I'm not leaving Benny for another company," he says. "I'm going to make and produce my own pictures. I've been wanting to do this for a long time, and I've held out, waiting for just one thing. Now I have found it, and I am going ahead."

Nicky come over close and drew up a little leather-covered stool and sat on it, hitching himself over to us confidential and earnest.

"I want to explain the whole situation to you," he says, "but first I want to say something in Benny's favor. The Silvercrown are on the top of the wave, and if you sign with them you will be in with the big-time people, and in pretty fairly right. He is not offering you enough money for what he evidently considers you are worth, but if you sign with him you will get your money. At least it will be as certain as anything in pictures, and I want to be sure you understand what a good thing that is before I go any further. Do you?"

"Yes, Nicky!" I says breathlessly, because I could feel something big was coming. "Go on and talk, Nicky!"

"What I am going to do is this," says he. "I am going to see if it is not possible to make good pictures, and make 'em clean with a thoroughly honest force. Joe, that splendid camera man, is coming with me, and so is Louie, and I know where I can get one or two others. I'll rent space at the Banton Studios and work cheap. There will be no grafts and no favorites!"

"Good!" says mommer. "When will the funeral be, and do we omit flowers?"

Nicky laughed. "Why!" says he.

"I thought you was talking about going to heaven," says mommer.

"It's more likely to be hell," says Nicky with a snort. "But I'll get a clean organization if I have to raise just that to get it. I know my business, and I'm only going to hire people who know theirs."

He got up again and commenced pacing up and down the long room, clasping and unclasping his hands nervously.

"Now we come to the point," he says. "I own three scripts by Greyton, the chap who wrote The Mischief Maker. I bought them long ago, before the Silvercrown people could see him at all. They are all first-class comedy material suitable for extra superfeatures. And the only thing I have been waiting for is the right star."

He stopped in front of me and smiled that sweet smile of his that would win a heart of stone. But there was nothing slick in his eyes.

"I have capital enough right now to make one picture," says he. "And the promise of more. Say, little Bonnie, Ben told you one lie today, and that was when he said he'd make a real actress out of you. You are a real actress. You are that strange, unaccountable thing, a genius. I'm willing to gamble my entire stake on it. In other words, I'll give you five hundred a week, sign you for all three pictures at an increase of a hundred a week with each successive picture we make. It's not a fortune as pictures go; but it is all I can honestly offer you."

"Oh!" I says, getting to my feet like a person in a dream.

"Little Bonnie," he says, taking my hands, "those stories might have been written for you. And I'm going to star you in them if you'll stick by me!"

"Nicky, Nicky!" I says. "Don't think I'm kidding, but star or no star, you made me, Nicky, and I'd stick if it was the biggest gamble in the picture game!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO BY G. A. GRAGG PORTLAND, OREGON

Evening at the Grand Canyon

McQUAY-NORRIS

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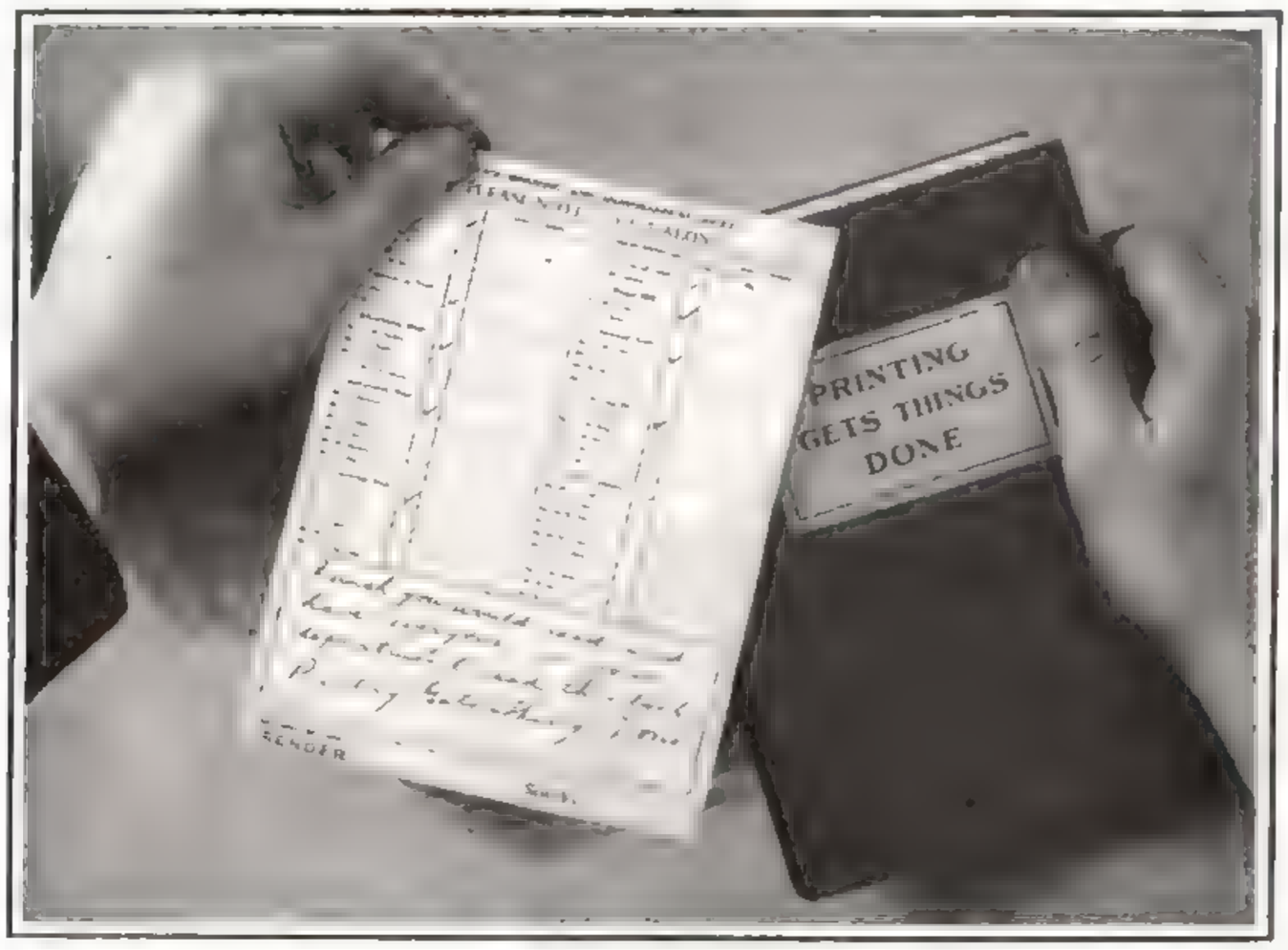

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THE GOOD EGG

(Continued from Page 13)

Billy McKee laughed unreservedly. "Jean, this is a fast worker. You'd better take hold of papa's hand."

"You'd better come along to dinner," she said severely, "provided that you and Jim can follow very respectfully while Mr. Gordon takes me in."

For the next two hours he saw life through a shimmering screen of unreality; but the mere circumstance of living had become to him a new and wonderful experience.

The car was brought around then, and the four of them ran down to a theater to see the last two acts of a popular play. Gordon had already seen it, but he never knew the difference, for he was sitting beside the only woman in the world and she was kind to him. And then there was supper and dancing.

At half past twelve he found himself alone at the table with her; and after five minutes of acute abstraction he came to himself with a start and tapped a cigarette against the table.

"So you're really going abroad," he said.

"I think so. And of course it isn't alone; it's with people I've known all my life."

"And you sail—when?"

"Three weeks."

"And be gone—how long?"

"Two years, anyway; perhaps longer."

Gordon drew a heavy breath and lighted his cigarette. "Of course it was my plain bad luck that you were never home when Billy had me up to the house before. But this is a very large bite out of the calendar, this trip. I'll be feeling mighty blue in about three weeks. Yes, suh."

She smiled, but not directly towards him. "I hope you'll let us see a lot more of you before I go."

"That rests entirely with yourself. For my part, I shall be thinking of nobody else."

She bent a little towards him. "You mustn't talk like that though. Really."

"And why not?"

Her voice was lower. "Do you think you know me quite well enough? And—some things that seem to please other girls don't always please me."

"That is one of the many reasons why I admire you," said Gordon. "You have restraint. That is the way I was raised also. That is the way I was taught to judge a lady. You know how to turn on the sparkle, and you treat your brothers' friends as if they were your friends, but you keep something back. It needed only tonight to convince me that I should have found the utmost pleasure in your society—if you had permitted it."

The dancers were idling back to the table. "Suppose you come up to tea on Sunday," she said slowly. "And—you've given me one of the nicest compliments I ever had."

He went up to tea on Sunday, and in returning home he walked ten blocks past his own street before he came out of his daze. In the following week he went up twice for dinner, and in the week after that he took her once to the opera and once to tea at the Chatham.

From the Chatham they were driving up Park Avenue in a taxicab when Gordon suddenly took her hand.

"Jean," he said, "I am a hound and I want you to know it."

There was a silence. "You haven't hurt my feelings—yet," she said.

"I have hurt mine. Because I should ask you, now, to marry me, and that is something I cannot do."

She was intent on her gloves. "At least, nobody ever said that to me before."

Gordon laughed mirthlessly. "My dear, up to a few days ago I was wishing you were as poor as I am. And then I woke up. Because if you had been born that way you would never have had the sweetnesses that come out of such a background as you've had. I can see you on a thoroughbred, but you would not be Jean McKee if you were mounted muleback. You would not be Jean McKee if you wore calico. And, Jean, I am a calico kind of man. Sometime I shall want to go back South and buy me a peach farm. That would not suit you. You love the outdoors, but you love it in a two-hundred-dollar sport suit, with a butleh to bring you tea after. And Billy has told me what you are worth."

"Billy told you—what?"

"Billy has told me you have most of the money in the family. He says you are worth upwards of two million. I could never ask such a woman to marry me!"

Presently she said, "You have a great deal of—pride—haven't you?"

"Pride was all the Yanks left us," said Gordon, and rode two blocks in silence. "Jean, folks tell me I am a good salesman; I will try to prove it. But I can never talk so to you again until I could support you. Never until my peach farm could be sort of silver-plated. I could never touch one cent of your money. I would sooner die. So—that's that."

At the door she said slowly, "Shall I see you again before I sail? There's only tomorrow and then the pier on Thursday. You'll come to the pier—won't you?"

"And because I am not near as brave as I am big," said Gordon, "I will also come tomorrow."

But he didn't come, and it was six o'clock before he even telephoned.

"Do you realize," she demanded, "that I've waited here all the afternoon, Lee? When I had a thousand things to do—and dozens of people wanted to say good-by to me. I never thought you could be so rude—and thoughtless."

"It was not my fault," said Gordon. "I didn't mean to neglect you. They was somethin' came up very suddenly that was necessary for me to do."

"Couldn't you at least have sent me word?"

"No, Jean, I couldn't. It was impossible."

"Then you'll come up tonight?"

"I'm sorry—I can't."

"What is it, Lee—business?"

"No, not business."

"Well, what?"

"Why, it's a very confidential matter, Jean."

Her next remark was somewhat belated. "It must be important."

"Yes, suh. It is."

"Is that all you're going to tell me?"

"It's all I can, right now. You see ——"

"Well, where are you now?"

"You see, I just want you to take it for granted I ——"

"Well, here's Billy. You can tell him, can't you?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that either. No, Jean."

She laughed a little. "After everything you said yesterday, don't you think you're just a little bit—reticent?"

"I'll tell you sometime, Jean, but ——"

"Then I dare say you're not coming to the pier tomorrow either?"

"Maybe I can't, Jean. Only if I don't, won't you please believe I ——"

"Why, if you don't get there, Lee, there's only one thing I can think. Isn't there?"

"Jean! Maybe this is good-by. Maybe I can't come. But you'll let me write to you, won't yo'?"

"Why," she said, "if you aren't even interested enough to come down to the pier I should say not. Most decidedly not. But you'll be there, Lee. I know you will."

Gordon hung up the receiver tardily and turned back to the desk sergeant. "Sheriff," he said with profound weariness, "isn't they some way this matter could be fixed up? Couldn't it be put over a day? Or couldn't it be set for a fixed time tomorrow evenin'?"

In his prime the sergeant had won a gross of medals for hurdling and shot-putting, and he knew an athlete when he saw one, and respected him.

"Nope," he said. "Maybe he'll catch the night court, and maybe it won't be till ten, eleven, twelve o'clock tomorrer. Depends on tonight's haul."

"But even if I do hang around, do you think the odds is that I can keep it out of the papers?"

The sergeant scratched his head. "Well," he said dubiously, "when a young feller gets pie-eyed, and takes a pocketful of eggs into a movie to sling at the actors—that ain't usual; that's news."

"But you see, sheriff, his dad's a minister. He doesn't know Whit ever took a dram in his life. It would mighty near kill him, suh. And it would lose Whit his job, and there are some very important people that would be hurt. People that have recommended him. They mustn't know either."

"Well, then," said the sergeant judicially, "he ought to of known better. But if you stick around, and see the boys, and maybe set 'em up to a little somethin', and then stick around tomorrow—oh, you got an outside chance. But you got to stick around."

It was half past three on the following afternoon and the Aquitania was miles past Sandy Hook when Gordon strolled into the office and, with an air of depression that was rather remarkable for one who had just accomplished a miracle, sat down at his desk. A few minutes later Billy McKee, rushing through the corridor, caught sight of him, halted, and finally came over.

"Say, Lee," he said in an undertone, "what happened? Why didn't you show up?"

"I had urgent personal affairs," said Gordon, and his mouth was nearly a straight line. "I am very sorry. But I told Jean last night I might not be able to get there."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, suh. I told her so."

McKee hesitated, and then passed on to his brother's private room.

"Well, Jim, Lee's out there with a grouch you could cut with a knife. Says he had some personal business to look after. That's all."

His brother made a grimace. "Sort of cooks any idea we had, doesn't it? And I thought they were getting along great."

"So did I. But if Lee'd let anything else interfere with coming down to the boat—why, I guess it didn't amount to much. It's too bad. Too infernally bad. But—all right. Forget it."

At the outset he sold merely his own personality; but in six months he was also selling bonds. New York had capitulated to him; he was beloved alike by dowagers and business men; he was adored by flappers, and he treated them with a kindly indulgence that broke half a dozen hearts before the winter was out. He went into the best of all young-men's clubs, and his week-end invitations came like snowflakes. Many of these invitations, however, he declined because he had previous appointments with a young man who was received nowhere.

"Whit," he once said, "I promised you I would see you through, and I am going to keep my promise, but you sure do threaten to spoil my disposition."

"Lee, I haven't had a drink in two weeks. These bootleggers are a gang of robbers—and the stuff isn't any good after you get it."

"It isn't just that, Whit. You soldier on your job. And then to go gambling in the market—with no more money than you've got—and your father needing all you can spare!"

"Well, it was inside dope, Lee. How did I know it was going to be a bloomer?"

"Never mind that, Whit. I'm goin' to loan you the three hundred this time, but please don't ask me ever again. It's high time you were standing on your own feet, and not mine."

"You're a darned good egg, Lee. When can I have it?"

As to Jean McKee, Gordon was pretending daily that he had forgotten her. In the first place she had shown too little faith in him; he felt that she should have trusted him blindly and implicitly. She should have sent him a message of some sort, even if she sent it through one of her brothers—a message to say that she was sorry for the way she had spoken to him—and his reply had long since been composed, mentally. But neither his sense of pride nor his sense of justice would ever have let him take the initiative.

To be sure, he did write her a letter—and a score of letters—but he posted them in the scrap basket. He began to make sly overtures to Jim and Billy, veiled hints that he would appreciate a little information; but the veiling was too thick. And so, as time went on, the more insistent he became in his guardianship of Baker—as though that guardianship, which already had cost him an immense sacrifice, was now to be regarded as a memorial.

"Just this once, Whit, and never again! I saved your reputation when the odds were a thousand to one, and I'm protecting my ante. But for heaven's sake, Whit, buck up!"

And then one brilliant May morning Billy McKee said to him, blithely enough: "Got some news for you, Lee. You remember my sister Jean, don't you? Well, she's engaged."

"Your sister is engaged?"

"That's what she says. Letter this morning."

Gordon smiled. "Who to, Billy?"

"English chap. She's mentioned him a good deal lately."

"Yes, suh," said Gordon after a pause, "I remember your sister very well indeed. Yes, suh. And I suppose—she'll stay in England then?"

"No, she says she's going to sail for home the first of the month."

"The first of the month? Yes, suh. Nothin' like two years, but it seems like a long time since she went away. Well, I hope she got a good man, Billy. I got to go over to Broad Street. Anything I can do for you?"

He didn't come back until after lunch, and then he wandered into Billy's office and lounged in a leather chair.

"Billy, the spring weather's kind of got me."

"It's got everybody, Lee."

"It has got me rather hard, though. It does every spring, when the weather first fairs off. I wonder what you would say, Billy, if I told you I feel like we'd come to a four-cornehs in the road?"

Billy glanced up. "What is it in English?"

"Why, in plain English, Billy, it means that I am thinking of quitting my job."

Billy stared at him, slack-jawed.

"What's the matter, Lee? Has somebody been telling you we're too small a house for you? Have you got the bug that with somebody with bigger participations you could get rich quicker?"

"Now, look here to me, Billy," said Gordon with great mildness, "I don't allow anybody to talk that way to me and stay healthy. There's a funny story I read once about a man that was taken by his enemies and put in a dungeon, and he stayed there for twenty years, and then one day he got a bright thought. Yes, suh. He opened up the window and he got out. The only differences between me and him is just two: I was taken by my friends, and I got the same bright thought in much less time."

McKee had risen, to stand by the window. "Lee, in six months more you'd have been a partner."

"Billy, I've counted every brick in every building across the street; I have sat and counted 'em upwards, downwards, crossways and cater-cornered. I know if I raise up my head I'll see nine shelves full of transfer cases, and I know the dates and the letters on every case. I carry forty-six telephone numbers in my head, and I call them up one after another, just like I was a little blond cutie—and I can make upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year without getting off my chair. But I'm thinking of the country now, Billy—and a farm, and horses and dogs. I have sent a right smart piece of money to my folks, and I have lived pretty high, and I have saved eight thousand dollars in cash. I think I am going home."

McKee continued to stare at him. "Well—I wouldn't think you'd leave your friend Baker in the lurch, even if you would us."

A slash of red appeared on Gordon's cheeks, but he continued to smile faintly. "Billy, that's not a man's way of talkin'—you only said it because you didn't mean it. But I would have told you sooner if I had ever had reason to suppose you were interested. There's a woman out where he lives; she's considerable older than Whit; a big, strong woman that was a trained nurse. And she knows all about Whit, and she's going to marry him. And she'll take care of his health, and make him behave, and they're goin' to be married in a month." He laughed reminiscently. "I have just been financing their wedding trip. The lady had some wildcat mining stock she bought once, and she gave it to Whit to sell, and Whit gave it to me, and I paid him par for it—one thousand shares of the Golden Emperor Mining Company, one thousand dollars—and resold it on the Curb this morning for sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents. No, Whit doesn't need me any more."

(Continued on Page 78)

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—box of FOUR pairs $5—deposit $1—balance of $4 paid to the postman on delivery.

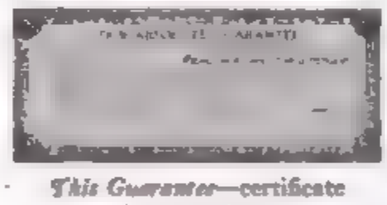
Any person who asks for more than $1 deposit and gives less than 4 pairs for $5 is not our representative.

Note:—The demand from our regular customers is such that the Real Silk Representative in your locality may be delayed in reaching you. Therefore, we suggest that you telephone our local office in your city (consult phone directory) and a special representative will be sent to see you.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, *Indianapolis, Indiana*
Branches in all principal cities

Things to Remember

This Gold Button—to identify the Real Silk Representative.



This Guarantee—certificate in every box.

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The owners of the Wills Sainte Claire are those owner-drivers who appreciate the thrill of tremendous power and eager obedience to the lightest touch; who realize that in this car, and this car only, perfection of balance is combined with light weight, sturdiness, roadability, ease of riding and responsiveness that give them a new experience in safe yet thrilling travel.

The Motor — Eight-Cylinder, actually twin fours; 60 horsepower; overhead camshafts and valves in cylinder head. This construction produces the enormous, flexible power; the smooth, noiseless operation; the unequaled simplicity and accessibility of all essential parts.

C. H. Wills & Company
Marysville, Michigan

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE
Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 75)

Billy walked over quickly and put his hand on Gordon's shoulder. "Lee, you run true to form every minute. Now don't say you're going to quit. Call it a vacation. Just take a good rest and come back when you're freshened up. Why, Jim and I need you even if Baker doesn't. Oh, I'm not talking about selling bonds—but—why, we've been a team. We've lived together. You take a vacation and then come back. You'll be a partner and you'll make a fortune."

"No, Billy. You'll never see me in Wall Street again—not until the cows come home. I shall miss you, but —— And besides, I have got all the money I want."

"Eight thousand dollars! What can you buy with that?"

"Just a little peach farm, Billy—a hundred acres—with a shack on it."

"Yes, and then suppose you wanted to be married yourself and have a family! Don't be an idiot!"

"There's not much possibility of my getting married, Billy. That's cold turkey."

"What? Why is it?" Gordon didn't mask his expression soon enough. McKee after an instant of utter consternation gripped his arm. "Lee," he said thickly—"why—has all this got anything to do with what I told you this morning?"

They gazed at each other.

"But, Lee! We—I thought you'd forgotten all about her. You never mentioned her; you never wrote to her—did you? You ——"

"She would not have wanted me to write, Billy."

"How do you know?"

"I was told so."

Billy wet his lips. "But when you didn't even come down to the boat to see her off, Lee? Why didn't you come down? Haven't you the sense you were born with?"

Gordon's laugh was brittle. "Just about, Billy. Just about. But there's no sense making it harder for each other—is there? It's cold turkey, now. I'm goin' home."

He was sitting alone in his room that night when Whitney Baker came bursting in, and Baker had completely lost control of himself. He had a folded newspaper in his hand, and as he raved he brandished it at Gordon as though it had been a mace. He was using nouns and adjectives which, if anyone else had spoken them, would have turned Gordon into a savage, but the Southerner shed them mechanically. It took him ten minutes to learn the trouble, and even then he couldn't learn it from Baker; he learned it from the printed page, where Baker's accusing finger pointed.

Overnight a faulted vein on the Golden Emperor property had been relocated; and between noon today and closing, the penny stock had suddenly rocketed to four dollars a share.

"I had not seen that," said Gordon gravely; "I was not in touch with things today, Whit. It is mighty tough luck for you. But after I gave you my check and took the certificate I resold it this morning."

"Yes, you did; and what did you get for it? You've got it yet or else you got three or four thousand for it. And they say it's going to twenty!"

"Why, Whit—look here, boy, just calm yourself. You talk as if you think I'd stolen your money."

"Well, it's so close to it you couldn't tell the difference!"

Gordon started up. "Whit, you go too far. I will tell you what I never would have told you if you hadn't said that. I sold your stock at half past ten this morning for a trifle over six cents a share. The balance of what I gave you was a present. I gave it that way because I thought that while you owe me three thousand dollars that you've borrowed off me from time to time, you might have the decency to be embarrassed if I gave you a large wedding gift. I ——"

"Oh, you did, did you? You paid me a thousand dollars for what you got sixty for, did you? Yes, that sounds like business! I'll tell you what you did: You thought a thousand would hush us up. You knew what was going to happen to it, Lee. You knew. If you didn't, then why did you buy it from me, yourself, personally? I've been the best friend you ever had, Lee Gordon, and and Harriet thinks I've rooked her—and you did it—you—you—you!"

Gordon's face was granite. "She thinks—what?"

Baker was on the edge of hysteria. "Why—I took her the money—and she'd seen the papers!"

"Oh! She expected—more?"

"Well, why shouldn't she?"

"And she thinks you held out something on her?"

Both of Baker's hands gestured to himself. "Of course!"

"Do you see now, Whit, why I have been so anxious about your reputation?"

"Well, how about yours?"

Gordon's eyes grew larger. "It's too bad, Whit, but I sold your stock on the Curb this morning. I was happening on Broad Street, and so I went out into the market and offered it to the first man that looked like he had a few dollars in his pocket. I never saw him before, and I could not recognize him again. I cannot produce even a memorandum of sale, but I should have expected you to believe me—and I still believe that your lady will believe me when I go to her and tell her the truth."

"She won't believe you! And she says if I don't—confess—and come up with the difference by tomorrow morning—she'll tell my father and the bank! Tell them everything."

"She mustn't do that, Whit. Why, she couldn't! Your dad thinks you're a tin god on wheels! No, I'll fix it up for you, Whit. I'll tell her the truth and she'll believe it. It's too late to go out there now, but what's her telephone number?"

"Lee, you can't do that."

"Why can't I?"

"I—there's something else."

"Well?"

Baker was crying now. "Well—I hated to have her think I haven't got a nickel—I told her I got two hundred and fifty for the stock—and the rest was a present from me."

Gordon took two tremendous strides and reached him. "You told her that? You —— Look at me, Whit! Did you give her all the rest of my thousand? Did you?"

"All but—two fifty, Lee."

"What was that for?"

"I—don't know."

Gordon stepped away from him, and his voice now had a razor edge to it. "Whit, if she would marry you after that you're the luckiest man God ever made."

"Well, she says she'll forgive me—provided ——"

"Provided what? What is it you want me to do?"

"It was your fault anyway. Come up with what you got for it; or if you've got the stock yet, come up with the closing price. That's a fair—compromise."

There was a long silence. At last Gordon drew a deep breath.

"Whit, for five years I have tried to make a feeble imitation of a man out of you, because you're so much like a human polecat that nobody else would stay in the same county with you. I will tell you now I never liked you, I always despised you, but I was sorry for you. So damn sorry that I have made great sacrifices for you—sacrifices so big that money—simply money—is nothing by comparison. And you, Whit, repay me by being the only man on earth that ever doubted my word. If I threw you out of this room tonight, Whit, you would have no father tomorrow night. You would have no job, and you would not get another one in a hurry. You would not be married, and I believe that this woman would do what I have been unable to do, and keep you straight. And if she does not marry you, Whit, I would rather shoot you like a dog than have you go on living as a nuisance to everybody, including yourself. I am going to do one last thing for you, Whit. I am going to sit down and write a letter, saying that I have sold the stock and got four thousand dollars, today's closing price, and inclose my check for thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars, making four altogether, with what was paid you on account—since you told her you sold it for two fifty. I will let my five hundred, which you gave her as your present, go as it lays. The two fifty you held out, you can do what you please with. And after that I am going to open the door, Whit, and if you ever speak to me again, Whit, I promise you I will make you sorry for it."

He rummaged on the table for a sheet of paper, a blank check, and took out his fountain pen.

"Lee"

"What do you want?"

"You know—maybe I didn't mean quite everything I ——"

"Shut up!"

He rose, sealed the envelope and tossed it towards Baker.

"That," he said, "is very large returns on your investment, Whit. The only investment in humanity I ever knew you to make.

"I was lonesome and homesick, and you spoke to me, friendly-like, and called me a good egg. And for that, altogether, I have paid you more than seven thousand dollars, counting what you owed me, and I have paid you in time and in happiness."

"Lee, I ——"

"Shut up! And the one thing for which I am obliged to you is the knowledge that in comparison with everything really important, money isn't worth a damn. Money! I am giving you most of all I have, Whit, and if it had been all of it it would have meant no more to me than it does now. The door is open; get out of here before I kill you."

Now under the circumstances he might perhaps have been forgiven if during the next two weeks he had avoided society, but as a matter of fact it simply never occurred to him to play the martyr, either for anybody else's benefit or for his own. He was bruised to the very bottom of his heart, but he saw no reason why, because Jean McKee was engaged and Whitney Baker was a reptile, he should take it out on the neighbors. And so he dined with his friends and danced with them; he went to his club and conducted himself very much as usual, and even after he had formally separated himself from McKee & Co., he went down to the office two or three times to make practical suggestions to Billy.

Billy said to him, "When are you going South, Lee?"

"Oh, right soon now," said Gordon evasively.

Billy repeated this to his brother. "Do you see what he's doing, Jim? He's just hanging around to see Jean."

His brother was very serious. "Darn it all—if we'd only known! But he never said anything, and Jean never said anything. Wouldn't that have been great, though, Bill?"

"Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you that Baker'd turn around and bite him sometime?"

"If Lee'd only gone down to the boat that day!"

"Well—look here, Jim. It's too late now, of course, but don't you think the best thing would be to take Lee with us when we meet her? I mean—maybe it would be easier for him to see her in a crowd, first, and then if there was any—possibility of a change ——"

"Oh, that's pretty far-fetched. But if you want to suggest it ——"

"Sure, I'll suggest it. Even if it's only one chance in a billion."

Gordon, however, said no; so that while Jean was being expedited through customs he tramped the floor of his own room, and he was still tramping the floor, with his hands behind him, when Billy McKee knocked loudly.

Billy came in and stood looking at him with an expression that was so curiously apprehensive and so marvelously fraternal that Gordon jumped.

"Listen, Lee. In a way I suppose this is none of my business, but I had to come to you."

"What's the matter?"

"It's about Jean. Almost the first thing she did was to ask about you. And when Jim and I spoke about her—engagement ——"

"Well?"

"She said it was broken—the day before she sailed from Southampton. I thought you might want to know. Of course it's none of my business, but—I made it my business, Lee."

There was a heavy silence. "I wonder when I could see her, Billy."

"Say—nine o'clock tonight?"

"That would not be reasonable. She's your sister. You haven't seen her yourself for a year."

"Well, does it mean anything to you that if you want to come up Jim and I have a date—a vitally important business date—right after dinner?"

"I could never ask you to say a thing like that!"

"But I've already said it, Lee."

(Continued on Page 81)

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HONEST MEASURE PUMPS

S McC

(Continued from Page 78)

Gordon looked down. "Billy, there are times when there isn't any use in talking—but I am going to accept your offer. I shall call at your house at nine o'clock."

They shook hands, and McKee went out without another word.

She was standing by the window when Gordon came into the room; she turned suddenly and gave a little gasp. Gordon's eyes were dilated, and his features were set with a hardness that wasn't altogether becoming.

"The first time I ever saw you," said Gordon in a voice so low that it was barely audible, "was in this very room. Do you remember? And they were funning about you because they said you were always late. I have come up to tell you that I am a solid year late, Jean."

She came out towards him. "How do you mean, Lee?"

"If I had known then all that I know now," he said, "I would never have behaved to you as I did. I still might not have been able to come to say good-by to you on the dock, but I would have let you understand. I believe now that you would have understood. I would never have been so cussed stiff-necked. I wanted you to trust me too far—and it was my fault."

"I've always trusted you, Lee."

"Trusted me for what?"

"For everything that was big and manly and generous."

"Then why did you act like a little girl, Jean?"

She said the very last thing he expected. "Because I was jealous, Lee."

"Jealous!"

"Terribly."

"Why, I—I cannot grasp it."

She nodded. "I wanted you, and you wouldn't come. But why wouldn't you write to me?"

His eyes were incredulous. "How could I? You told me that unless I came to the dock I might not write to you. And I could not have written, anyhow, without explaining why I did not come. And that would have put me in the wrong. And I was wrong, Jean, only I was too inexperienced. You would have thought me either a hero or a fool—and I was too young to know that I was both, but mostly fool. And I hated to have you think me the one, and I was too full of false pride to want to have you think me the other."

The simplicity of the man dumfounded her; and when she realized the illimitable depths of his respect for her and his respect for himself she felt the tears starting. No other man she had ever known could have so defined himself in so short a paragraph.

"Do you know what I did, Lee? I was so hurt and so—childish—I tried to put excitement in the place of happiness. I even went so far as to—imagine I was engaged."

"So I heard."

"It wasn't real. Never. I think we both knew it. It only lasted a few weeks. You see, you never wrote to me, and"—she gestured aimlessly—"I didn't seem to care so very much what happened."

He looked down at her and his eyes softened. "Why did you break it off?"

"I told you. It wasn't real. I didn't want him. That's all."

Gordon moved nearer to her. "Jean—if I had known all I know now I should have asked you to marry me before you sailed. I have learned that of most everything in the whole world money counts the least. I believe, still, that a man who marries for money deserves nothing better; but if a man loves a woman, and she happens to be rich, he is a hypocrite to throw her down on that account. I loved you, but what I thought was pride was littleness. But as things are now ——" His voice wavered. "As long as I live I can make twenty to fifty thousand dollars a year in Wall Street. I can buy my peach farm, and have my horses and dogs, and spend three months there out of the twelve. I can support a wife. And even if you have more money than that it can't prevent you from being the sweetest thing I ever looked at. Would you consider it, Jean? And would you please forget what I said about you? And please believe that I would love you quite as well in calico? Money? That's nothing. I would still ask you if I hadn't a cent in the world—and I haven't—because I love you."

After a second or two she lifted her head. "Lee," she said with a funny little catch in her voice, "don't you know I've loved you—from the very first?"

He held out his arms.

It was half past eleven when James F. and William W. McKee, after much stamping on the stairs, ventured into the room where Gordon and their sister, deeply flushed, awaited them. They took one comprehensive glance and shouted in unison and hurled themselves forward.

When the brunt of it was over, Gordon caught Billy McKee's sleeve. "Billy, suppose I show up Monday."

Billy laughed uproariously. "I thought you said you wouldn't be back in Wall Street until the cows came home."

"I have heard them coming," said Gordon, "with bells on."

"You know what it means, don't you? You'll have to be a partner, and it's a twenty-year agreement."

"With three months off every year for the South, Billy? That is, unless we get bigger participations?"

"Sure! Honest, Lee, are you coming back?"

"Are you as glad as you sound, Billy?"

"Lee, we'll burn up the Street!"

"Wait till your horse's hoofs hit the sand, Billy. Or you flush a covey of birds under the blackjacks—you'd call 'em stunted oaks."

"Oh, Lee, you are a damned good egg!"

"I've been scrambled consid'able, Billy. Oh, Jean! Jean, dear! A point of order. If an egg is scrambled and turns out all right, isn't that a sign it was all right in the beginning?"

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A Silhouette of Pine Trees in the Adirondacks, New York

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THE mellow glow of lamp light, fragrance of good tobacco, the click of busy knitting needles, all these and more bring quiet contentment. And yet—a chill creeps in or, even worse, the room grows hot, uncomfortable. Gone are peace and comfort! Nothing can bring contentment in a room too hot—or cold.

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Almost all fine things are preferred because they *are* fine, and for no other reason whatever.

That is the basis on which Old Hampshire Bond is bought and used.

Of course we don't know all the folks who buy Old Hampshire Bond. But we've met and talked with hundreds of them. Some of them are big business men; some are men in small businesses; others are doctors, lawyers, merchants, clerks. But every one we know possesses that innate something we call good taste, that instinctive appreciation of fine things, so that to write his letters on Old Hampshire Bond—the finest paper he can get—is as natural with him, and as devoid of the desire to "show off," as it is for him to rise when a lady enters the room.

And we would rather make a paper that is bought by people of this sort—because it is such fine paper—than to make ten times as much paper for people who use their stationery, their clothes, or their cars to knock other people's eyes out and "get the business."

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MALLOCH KNITTING MILLS
729 Grant Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

mills are about 4,000,000 spindles, but not a pound of the fleecy staple is grown in the empire. Her looms are capable of weaving 34,000,000 yards of woolen goods, for which no native wool is supplied. Steel is consumed to the extent of 1,500,000 tons, and the home production of iron ore aggregates only 130,000 tons.

In these facts you see what I meant when I said that Japan was up against it in the matter of raw materials. Due to the high cost of production that stands in a class by itself, to chronic failure to write off losses, and to persistent inflation and speculation, Japan has reached the point where her foreign trade is on the toboggan and her gold supply melting away. Unless drastic measures are taken to retrench she will meet with disaster.

Just as she stood at the crossroads of her political destiny after the signing of the Versailles Treaty in 1919, so has she arrived today at the crucial turn in the lane of her economic life. She must restrict her population or find some new outlet in Asia for her expanding millions. With the spotlight turned squarely upon her program she can no longer have recourse to the forceful methods that made her an international irritant. Besides, as I have pointed out, her people are not migratory. It gets down to a simple proposition. Japan must turn to intensive industrialization, like Belgium, and become, like England, one of the workshops of the world. It means the shift from a purely agricultural people—80 per cent of the population are now engaged upon the farms—to an industrial nation. The question is, "Can she do it?"

So much for the preliminary survey of the situation. To get at other and equally vital causes of the depression which has affected the economic status of the whole Orient, we must go back for a moment to the Great War, which set up the signboard for most contemporary social, political and industrial ills.

The End of the Boom

When Europe first saw red in 1914 Japan was a debtor nation. She had a big foreign debt and she had to rustle to raise the wind to meet the fixed charges. Her principal exports were raw and finished silk, copper, cotton fabrics and coal. Art novelties and braided work were incidental features. Her principal markets were the United States, China and Great Britain.

The wind that blew Europe ill was a godsend for Japan. Before the war had lengthened out to a year she was reveling in a prosperity that continued at full tilt for five years. It changed the whole social aspect of the nation, for it developed, as elsewhere, a new-rich whose swollen arrogance has been an incentive to socialism. But it did more than this. It bared a fundamental weakness in the Japanese productive structure. That war-born prosperity was a sort of boomerang, and Japan is now getting the full force of the back blow.

With the development of the submarine warfare Japan and the United States practically stood unchallenged in the larger market place of the world. They had the goods to sell and out-of-the-way places like Southern Asia, South America, India, the Straits Settlements and South Africa had to have these goods. The circumstance of war drew an invisible line across the globe. It extended from Port Said to New York and divided business into two zones. One was developed by the United States and the other by Japan.

Japan was thus able to get her hooks into areas where her merchandise had never gone before. Her salesmen swarmed to these new stamping grounds. Now began the carnival of cheap goods which has been the undoing of the empire. She got, for one thing, what in international commerce has long been known as the German trash trade. This was cheap stuff made for the Oriental market.

Japan was no stranger to mediocrity in merchandise. For fully ten years before the outbreak of the war the Germans and the British, but particularly the former, had exploited Japanese ability to turn out cheap products. The first advantage was cheap labor and the second lay in Japan's close proximity to the markets that the Europeans wanted to reach. These Japanese goods were often stamped with British or German labels in very much the same way that so much German merchandise was marked British and sold throughout Europe. Japan fell easily for this kind of output and when her great chance came she worked it to the limit.

During those inflated war days the Japanese product often did not live up to the sample. Some of her lead pencils, for example, had graphite only at the ends; many of her steel shovels doubled up with rough usage; some of her cotton output was as flimsy and unstable as paper. So long as merchandise was self-selling Japan could get away with this kind of thing. Between 1915 and 1920 her foreign trade grew by leaps and bounds. From a debtor nation she changed to a creditor people. Her exports for the first six months of 1920 were double those of the whole year of 1913. Putting it another way, the value of Japan's trade increased 320 per cent between 1913 and 1919. She was able to convert an adverse trade balance of 98,970,431 yen in 1913—and there had been adverse trade balances during the four preceding years—into large favorable trade balances for the four succeeding years. The high tide came in 1917, when her exports exceeded the imports by 567,193,941 yen. Her gold reserve piled up proportionately.

The turn came in 1919, when imports again took the lead. From an excess of 74,587,263 yen that year they went to 387,780,170 yen in 1920 and 361,317,117 yen last year. This year they will probably be larger. Likewise there is a shrinkage in the gold holdings. The peak was reached in 1920, when Japan had 2,178,625,959 yen in the yellow metal to her credit. By the first of this year it had gone down to 2,080,444,703 yen.

Peace, as you may imagine, was as great a shock to Japan as the outbreak of war was to Europe. It is an interesting commentary on the Japanese state of mind that the news of the armistice was purposely withheld by the authorities for fear of the panic that might ensue. No effort was officially made in Tokio or elsewhere by the Japanese to celebrate the conclusion of the most terrible war in history until the emperor himself commanded that it be done.

There was an hour of retribution for all the commercial methods indulged in during the red years. Just as soon as Germany, America, England and France were able to turn their munition factories back to normal output, the consumer got wise to what Japan had been doing. He turned down the Japanese product and began to buy the real article again. The inevitable result was that late in 1920 Japanese exports began to slump, and they have dwindled ever since. Japanese merchandise can no longer hold its own in competition: first, because much of it is still below par; and second, the excessive cost of production makes it impossible. China is now underselling Japan in Japan with Chinese goods that, plus the duty, are cheaper and more desirable.

Water Falls, Glen Onoko, Pa.

That Japan is alive to this state of affairs is indicated by the following paragraph from the resolutions adopted by the Associated Japanese Chambers of Commerce at their convention held in Tokio:

> The principal reason why Japanese goods are being driven out of foreign markets is their bad quality. In order to remedy this evil it is first of all desirable that smaller workshops should combine so as to produce uniform goods. Further, it is necessary that official inspecting places should be established for the rigorous examination of the principal exports, while in the case of other goods the guilds concerned should see that they are kept up to a proper standard of quality.

This lack of commercial honor in merchandise is matched by a corresponding departure from ethics in the whole larger business structure. Practically no Japanese activity has been immune to such sore spots. Some have developed into international episodes. The notorious Naval Scandal of 1914 upset the Yamamoto government, caused two admirals to be dropped, and gave heart disease to a score of other high-placed officials. It involved a well-known German electrical firm which sought a huge government contract.

No less sensational was the opium scandal in the leased territory in Shan-tung. This disclosed the amiable fact that Japanese customs officials were receiving large sums of money to permit opium to get through to the Chinese. In some instances the forbidden drug went through as military supplies.

During the past twelve months what might be called a new code of business morals has been developing in Nippon business. It has been discovered that honesty is not only the best but the most profitable policy, and it will henceforth apply to merchandising morals as well as to others.

Buying at the Top

Practically all transactions in Japan, even matrimony, are negotiated through an intermediary. Even so humble a commodity as a sack of charcoal passes through six or seven hands before it reaches the ultimate consumer. Every hand that touches it takes its toll of profit. While I was in Tokio there was a public bidding for the electrical supplies in a new office building. One of the men interested told me that the successful bidder had to calculate on a profit of 60 per cent. He, however, got only 7 per cent. The rest of the profit was swallowed up by the various middlemen who had to be fixed. Even China could scarcely beat this record.

In this connection it is interesting to add that one reason why the Japanese is unable to hold his own in so many big transactions is that he can see only the immediate front. To obtain this he sacrifices really big returns. In other words, he lacks the long and patient vision of the German, who does not build for today but for tomorrow.

Another side light on Japanese commerce is through the revelation of what might be called Japanese business psychology. A Nipponese almost invariably buys when prices are high. He will not purchase in a low market because he thinks that the commodity will go still lower. Where the American cotton manufacturer, for instance, will keep on purchasing in a falling market, his Japanese confrere will sit tight. The boom in manufacturing came at a time when the price of machinery was abnormally high. Hundreds of Japanese plants were equipped at these inflated prices. The joke of the situation at the present time is that the great majority of inventories are written at these abnormal rates. The Japanese persistently refuse to write off their losses, and as a consequence many are dwelling today in a fool's paradise.

Diverting as is this narrative of the rise and fall of the war-born overseas trade, it pales alongside the story of the puncturing of the famous silk boom. Since silk is the principal export of Japan it is well worth pointing out, for many of the present-day commercial ills—indeed, the beginning of the whole depression—date from the collapse of the bubble in which nearly the whole nation participated. In this episode you get another angle on Nipponese big

(Continued on Page 85)

The Welcome Given to Seiberling Cords and Seiberling Policy

Eight months ago you had not seen a Seiberling Cord; for the first one of the many thousands that have left the factory had but started on its way to a Seiberling dealer.

Today the Seiberling Cord is under wheel in most of the cities and counties of the nation. From the first it met with immediate acceptance by car owners. In six months it had national distribution.

Today 2,550 tire retailers have aligned themselves with Seiberling—men like ourselves, old in the business—men who are quick to recognize unusual value in a tire.

Eight months ago the Seiberling Cord was awaited with interest, as the product of F. A. Seiberling and of an organization of long and highly successful experience in building high-grade cord tires—an organization that began a new business with the policy: "Cords only, of but one quality, the best we know how to build."

Today, confidence in that organization, the structural merits of the tire itself, the impression of high quality given by its appearance and its performance thus far upon the road—have all conduced to a welcome without parallel in tire distribution.

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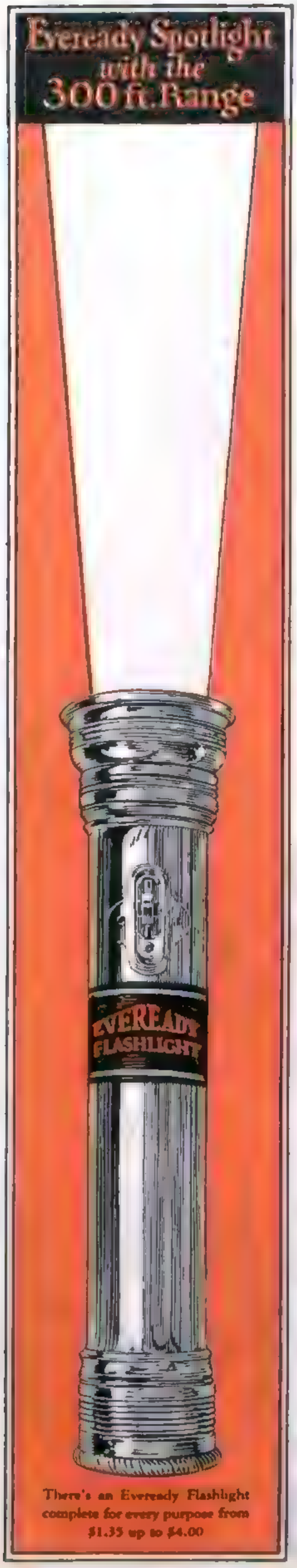

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THE CAMPER'S FRIEND IN NEED IS AN EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

An Eveready Flashlight defies wind and rain

This Eveready Spotlight shoots a 300-ft. electric beam—steady as the sun—defies wind and rain. Not a flicker in the whip of the gale; untouched by the drenching downpour; hurls its brilliance into the blackest night!

Eveready Flashlight Batteries are universally used because they are better. They give a brighter light; last longer; and *fit and improve all makes of flashlights.* Insist upon Eveready.

For sale everywhere at hardware, electrical, sporting goods, drug, and auto accessory shops; garages; general stores.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 82)

business, for in it you see the government-subsidy machine working at full time.

Raw silk constitutes one-third of the Japanese exports, nearly 90 per cent of which goes to the United States. Silk has often been called the filament that binds Japan and America. As one of the leading silk producers said to me, "Cut this silken cord that ties us to the United States and Japan faces economic ruin."

In order to understand the orgy of speculation which brought Japan to her present unhappy state you must first know that silk is a medium for gambling there, precisely as cotton or wheat in America. There is a silk exchange in Yokohama which deals in futures. The standard quantity dealt in is the picul, or about 133 pounds. This picul, so far as trading is concerned, corresponds with our bale of cotton. Where we trade in bales the Japanese deal in piculs.

Silk culture is largely a peasant industry because many thousands of farmers raise the mulberry trees and the eggs. As with cotton and corn, weather enters largely into the matter, although demand and supply are, of course, the fundamental determining factors. This would make the industry stable but for the element of speculation which has entered so largely into it. Unlike cotton, raw silk is a perishable commodity and must not only be shipped on the fastest steamers but converted as soon as possible.

Prior to the panic of 1907 Italy produced more silk than Japan. She kept up the price and the Japanese capitalized the hour by reducing. In consequence, the American manufacturers flocked to the new field. Although there are many grades of silk in this discussion we will use what might be called the standard grade. Before the Great War the average price for this grade was 1000 yen a picul. Henceforth in this article the yen will be used to indicate a value of fifty cents, which is slightly above its parity.

The Great Silk Panic

With the outbreak of the war, depression seized the Japanese silk trade. It was assumed that silk would be regarded as a luxury, and that luxuries would come under the ban. The home banks clamped down the lid on the producers and there was despair everywhere. The price dropped to 700 yen a picul. It would have gone even lower if the government had not stepped in, formed the Imperial Silk Company, and begun its subsidizing. It bought 7000 bales at 700 yen a picul, which kept the price from going lower.

At this point it may be well to state that with silk, as with most of the other important industries, especially cotton and steel, the Japanese Government is the guardian angel. Whenever a big slump comes it goes into the market and buys immense quantities in the effort to bring about stabilization. Frequently this inflates the price to an artificial standard. One reason why Japanese prices are all out of gear today is that there has been too much government support of them. This constant subsidizing has had the tendency of giving the Japanese producer a dependence upon paternalism that frequently sterilizes his initiative and judgment.

Japanese pessimism about silk becoming a luxury and being banned was premature. With swollen wartime wages came the silk-shirt era. Munition workers everywhere began to revel in luxuries they had never known before, and silk shirts and silk frocks were among them. Instead of becoming depressed the Japanese silk market took on a new lease of life and between 1914 and 1918 the average price was 1600 yen a picul. With the signing of the armistice came a depression and the price dropped to 1300 yen a bale. Once more it was stabilized, at 1300 yen, this time by a gentlemen's agreement, for the Imperial Silk Company had ceased to function. It was a lull before the storm.

In April, 1919, began the boom which got all Japan on tiptoes and likewise plunged thousands into ruin. It was due to high wages and to an increase in the consumption of silk, brought about by the new styles, which favored wider lengths of the product. In addition, the world was still bitten with extravagance and had acquired the silk habit. An orgy of silk buying started and the market went up like a skyrocket. By January, 1920, the highest quality of silk had soared to 4800 yen a bale. Japan now went speculation-mad. Everybody with any money at all began to gamble in silk. Even the coolies got the itch. Ten men would get together and between them buy a single bale. A great deal of this buying was on margin because in their excitement the speculators believed that there was no limit to the price that would be reached.

The craze extended to all other lines. Literally thousands of new companies were organized on paper and their stocks sold on the Tokio Stock Exchange. No one took the time or trouble to investigate a new issue. They simply bought frantically right and left because everybody was doing it. The stock of the Tokio Exchange, which is dealt in as a security, rose from 50 to 549.

Needless to say, there was an end to the bubble. Curiously enough, the needle was first applied in America. By March, $250,000,000 worth of silk was held in New York. The Wall Street banks now refused to lend any more money on it and almost overnight the American manufacturers began to sell the raw article at the top price and to take their profits. The collapse followed, and before a week had passed the unloading was under way. By April the price had dropped to 3600 yen, in May it was 3000 yen, and by August it had dwindled to 1200 yen. Meanwhile banks were failing, the big plungers went into bankruptcy, and the thousands of pikers who risked their savings were wiped out. Ruin stalked about.

So wild was the excitement that the Yokohama Silk Exchange had to close. The silk industry faced absolute paralysis, and once more the government stepped in. It reorganized the Imperial Silk Company, which secured a loan of 65,000,000 yen from the government at a low rate of interest, with the understanding that it would immediately go into the market and buy 40,000 bales, so as to maintain a minimum level of 1500 yen a bale. These measures applied only to the foreign market. This subsidizing had the effect of once more stabilizing the situation. Early this year there was a slight boom, due to the resumption of the American looms after the long strike in the hosiery trade, and the price went up to 2261 yen a bale. At the time I write this article it hovers around 1700 yen.

Such, in brief, is the story of the Japanese silk boom, which not only ruined a host of people but gave the industry a black eye because of the unbridled speculation that was permitted. One result was a strong reaction against the Yokohama Exchange and the inauguration of a movement to establish an exchange at Kobe, which would be free of the gambling influences of Yokohama. Farseeing Japanese silk producers realize that unless steps are taken to prevent a repetition of the 1920 madness the business will have a checkered future. Moreover, every other important Japanese industry is now clamoring for the same government aid that was given to silk, and the government is at the moment unable to come through, because it has troubles of its own.

High Production Costs

The collapse of the silk boom was sufficient in itself to dislocate business, but, unhappily for Japan, it was only one of many causes contributory to the uncertainty that still darkens the business skies. A more permanent and irritating obstacle to the return of anything like normalcy is the high cost of production, which extends to practically every organized industry.

For many years Japan enjoyed low production costs, which applied to officers, clerical force and artisans. The extremely low standard of living made this possible. All this is now a thing of the past. In Tokio, for example, the cost of living is higher than in London, New York or Paris. Everybody is affected by the change because everybody eats rice, and I have already shown how its cost has soared. Living conditions in Japan are worse than they were three years ago, for there has been no deflation. The result is that wages have not only maintained their boom level but everything is correspondingly expensive. Here you have another reason why Japan's exports have dropped away and why British, German, American and Chinese commodities can be brought in, pay a duty of 30 or 40 per cent, and even then undersell the homemade product. For the first months of this year the balance of trade against Japan continued to average over 90,000,000 yen a month.

Now we come to an interesting psychological phase of Japan in transition. Practically every large Japanese employer is anxious either to shut down his factory or greatly to curtail his force, but he is afraid to do so for fear of riots and disastrous strikes. During the last few years Japanese labor has realized that it is an important factor. The one-time docile and almost doglike acquiescence to authority has been followed by revolt against restriction, and even destructive disorder. The guilds, which take the place of our labor unions, are well organized and are beginning to exert an influence that ten years ago would have been looked upon as sacrilegious.

Even when the Japanese employer wants to dismiss his employes he faces an overhead charge that is unique in industrial history. He cannot let his workers go, nor will they leave, until he pays them what is known as a retirement allowance. It is nothing more nor less than a bonus which, contrary to our idea of it, frequently puts a premium on inefficiency. This retirement allowance is one result of the family system. In Japan every family must take care of its own and this rule also applies to the employer. No matter whether a man works for one month or ten years, the moment he is dismissed he must get a cash present. It therefore becomes much cheaper in many instances to keep men at work at a loss than to fire them and pay the allowance.

Cost of the Bonus System

While I was in Japan one of the leading American manufacturers there told me that it had cost him 300,000 yen to get rid of five hundred employes. The irony of the situation was that the day after some of them received their bonuses they got jobs with a rival concern. When the Nippon Yusen Kaisha—more commonly known as the N.Y.K.—which is the leading Japanese steamship company, laid off six hundred employes last May it had to pay out 1,000,000 yen in retirement allowances. Some of the large Japanese concerns have a habit of taking on the graduates of the Higher Commercial School upon their graduation each spring. Business conditions this year were so unstable that they waived this privilege. The students, however, insisted upon receiving the retirement allowance, even before they were employed—and got it!

The same system applies to men higher up. Every important official in a Japanese company expects a bonus at the end of six months. It is no uncommon thing in flush times to pay out several million yen in this way semiannually. When periods of depression come these bonuses must be paid as usual, otherwise there is serious internal trouble. The result is that hundreds of concerns are in a bad way.

This bonus system provided an excellent loophole for escape from the payment of income taxes. Until this year income tax was paid only upon salaries. The managing director of a large factory would get a purely inconsequential salary of 4000 or 5000 yen a year, upon which he paid tax. His bonus of 200,000 or 300,000 yen would be immune.

Just as the Associated Japanese Chambers of Commerce officially called attention to the inferiority of Japanese goods, so did they also point out the danger of the present high production costs in this resolution:

> Prices should be made to decline by reforming the system of production and economizing the costs. While prices are going down all over the world there is in Japan a highly disproportionate difference in price between goods for export and goods for domestic consumption, and also between wholesale and retail prices. From a trade point of view, it is both useless and harmful to try to keep up prices by artificial makeshifts.

Less permanent but much more disturbing for the moment is the readjustment following the Limitation of Armament Conference at Washington. In the long run the historic meeting in the American capital will prove to be of immense benefit to Japan, for it in reality has saved her from national bankruptcy, though it is just now playing havoc with the established industrial order.

To a degree greater than obtained in England the disarmament program was a shock. The reason is obvious. Japan had embarked upon a naval program that taxed practically every important shipyard in the empire. The securities of these companies dropped thirty to fifty points the day the Four Power Pact was signed, and the yards found themselves with armies of employes facing canceled orders.

Just as soon as the shipbuilders, who include the government, began to talk of laying off employes, there was the usual uproar. At a meeting of employes of the government establishments at Asukayama the following question was telegraphed to the Minister of the Navy:

"Are any workmen in the government workshops to be dismissed in consequence of the Limitation of Armament Agreement, and if so can they expect two years' wages as their discharge allowance?"

This modest request was indorsed by the workers in the arsenals and navy yards at Kure, Kokura, Nagoya and Osaka. The question has not yet been answered, for the work in hand has not necessitated any curtailment of employes, but before this year is ended Japan must decide whether she will pay this enormous retirement allowance or face the alternative of serious uprising.

That Japan is booked for trouble is shown by the demonstration of arsenal workers at Tokio during my first visit, in February. One thousand of the men adopted a resolution calling upon the Minister of the Navy to guarantee discharge allowances to everybody affected by armament reduction. After the mass meeting a parade was formed and the workers marched to one of the leading temples, which is the usual objective after a Japanese procession. Eight thousand arsenal workers participated in a similar demonstration at Osaka.

Fortunately for the government, as well as for the private shipowners, the breakdown of the negotiations at Washington on the submarine question gives them complete freedom in the construction of cruisers, torpedo craft, submarines and supply vessels. Various new contracts have already been awarded for these auxiliary craft, which will tide the builders over the immediate crisis. The money that the Japanese taxpayers expected to save through the restriction of big-ship construction will go into the building of smaller vessels.

The Shipbuilding Industry

Progressive Japanese shipbuilders, however, are taking no chances. As in England, they are beginning to convert their establishments to other uses. The great Kawasaki Dockyards Company, at Kobe, is preparing to undertake the manufacture of electric locomotives in anticipation of the demand that will arise shortly, owing to the electrification of certain railway lines in the empire. The Mitsubishi and the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha are going into the manufacture of aircraft, especially seaplanes, while the Niigata Engineering Works and the Asano Shipbuilding Company are turning their attention to the production of Diesel engines. The Osaka Iron Works, which dealt heavily in armament, will henceforth turn out electrical equipment and cables.

Despite these preparations to meet contingencies, the outlook for Japanese shipbuilding—and it is one of the most important industries of the country—is not particularly cheerful. It is only fair to the Japanese to say that the commercial malpractice which has marked so much of their export merchandising is conspicuously absent in ship and big metal construction. Some of the ablest men in the country are engaged in it.

Chief among these shipping magnates is Kojiro Matsukata, the third and most commanding of the eight sons of Marquis Matsukata, the last of the Genro. As president of the Kawasaki Company, at Kobe, he is the foremost factor in ship construction in Japan. He represents a curious blend of education, for he studied at Harvard, took a course at Cambridge, and polished it all off in France. With the exception of Doctor Dan, the head of the Mitsui company, he is more like the all-round American business man than any one of the leaders I met in Japan.

When I asked him how the disarmament program would affect his business he said: "In ordinary times we employ 20,000 men. Now we have 14,000 at work and I think we can keep them going, certainly for some time. Instead of big ships we shall be able to construct smaller and auxiliary craft for the government, and in addition we expect to enlarge our field in the construction of

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Jesse L. Lasky presents

Gloria Swanson in "Her Gilded Cage"

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN BOWER HESSER

By Elmer Harris Based on the play by Anne Nichols . Scenario by Percy Heath

A Sam Wood Production
A Paramount Picture

SEE glorious Gloria as the cabaret dancer Paris and New York go wild over!

Outwardly a typical wild flower of footlight fame, this beautiful girl is in reality the sole support and protector of a crippled sister whose only dim hope of expensive cure lies in Gloria's success.

The aim is infinitely noble—the path infinitely dangerous—the risking of one girl's love and honor for another's healing, a drama of great intensity!

Those who saw Sam Wood's "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment" and "Her Husband's Trademark" have an inkling of the thrills afforded by his spectacular handling of *"Her Gilded Cage."*

The brilliant Paramount cast includes David Powell, Harrison Ford, Walter Hiers, Ann Cornwall and Charles Stevenson.

For authentic scenes of the back-stage life of a popular dancer this is the best picture ever made.

Released Paramount Week Sept. 3-9
First showing at more than 200 leading theatres.

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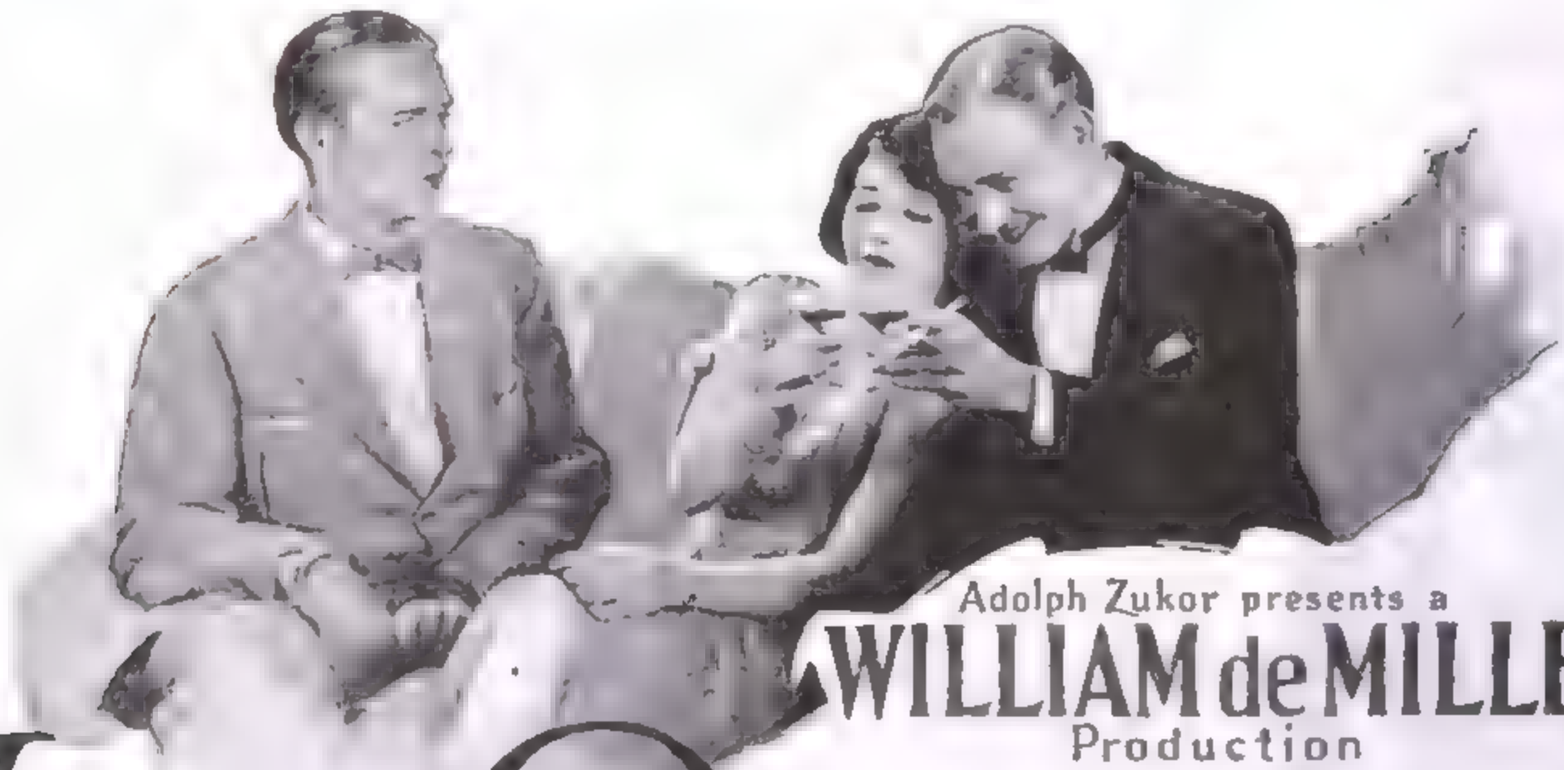

Adolph Zukor presents a

WILLIAM de MILLE

Production

"Nice People"

with

Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,

Conrad Nagel & Julia Faye

From the play by Rachel Crothers *Screen play by Clara Beranger*

A Paramount Picture

Released
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First showing at more than 200 leading theatres.

SEE for yourself what the gilded rich of America's young people are up to today!

Is it merely high spirits, or are they running wild?

In *"Nice People,"* Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye and a brilliant cast depict the life of the youthful pleasure hunters of today.

Face the truth, see for yourself all the ritual of the worship of the god of Pleasure, conducted in an atmosphere of flashing eyes, white shoulders, and a general disposition to find out just how rich a mixture the human body and soul can operate under!

William de Mille has produced the photoplay in a manner which demonstrates that a halt must be called.

"Nice People" has broken records on the stage.

See how powerful it is, come to life!—on the screen!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
ADOLPH ZUKOR, *President*
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Celebrated at more than 10,000 theatres

For the fifth time, annually, thousands of America's finest theatres devote an entire week's program exclusively to Paramount Pictures!

Once more, Paramount's foremost stars, greatest directors and brilliant stock company, with their record of unbroken success, receive the stimulus of a nation-wide endorsement!

The signs are up at your theatre!

See the Posters in the lobby!

See the Banners out in front!

See the Announcements in the newspapers!

The latest and greatest and most thrilling Paramount Pictures are there!

PROTECT HIM

Keep him outdoors—build him up. Health is Nature's greatest blessing. Let your youngster romp to his heart's content—in the snug warmth of a sturdy

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Durable As Grandma's Knitting

Your boy will appreciate the generous size collar, the roominess, warmth and comfort of its fine downy wool. Parents will appreciate its durability. Seams reinforced by hand where the wear is most severe. Be particular, insist on "Klingmade." Popularly priced. See Klingmade dealer in your town.

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Assure the clearest tones from your receiving set, whether you use a crystal set, amplifier or loud speaker.

The Automatic Electric HEAD SET is the perfected product of telephone experts of over thirty years' experience.

Go to your dealer first. If he cannot supply you with the genuine Automatic Electric HEAD SET, send your order direct. $10.00 With Plug attached $11.50

Jobbers and Dealers—Write for discounts and full particulars about our Jobber-dealer plan.

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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railway equipment, both steam and electric. The salvation in Japanese shipyards must lie in this kind of conversion."

When I saw Mr. Matsukata early in June he had just returned from a trip to Europe. In connection with Japan's new place in international trade he said: "If Japanese industry is to hold its own it must reduce the cost of production and at the same time Japanese workers must improve their physical and mental equipment. They must reach the same level of efficiency that the Western worker has attained."

All the Japanese shipbuilding companies made enormous profits during the war and immediately after, and they can easily withstand costly readjustment. The Kawasaki yards, for example, did such enormous business that only this year K. Matsukata was able to purchase a $5,000,000 collection of modern paintings as a gift to the Japanese nation. When I spoke to him about it he smiled and said, "That was merely part of the war profits."

Of far-reaching significance is the growing commercial kinship between Japan and Germany. It has reached the point where Japanese who indulge in the rare luxury of frankness will admit that Germany really represents one of the economic hopes of their country. A close and formal alliance is among the near possibilities. Here is a matter well worth dwelling upon.

This news should not startle anyone who is at all familiar with Japan. For many years Germany, in the eyes of the Japanese, could do no wrong. The Prussian army was the model of the Japanese and every year hundreds of Japanese students were sent to the German universities to become impregnated with culture. Germany's downfall was a terrific shock to Japan, but it did not reduce Teutonic stature in the admiring eyes of the little Nipponese. Germany in defeat was not only still great but, what was more practical, highly useful.

Leanings Toward Germany

So long as the postwar boom continued Japan made no particular economic overtures to Germany. She welcomed German business men and gave them every facility. The German electrical concerns which had been so strongly intrenched in prewar days renewed their hold, and Hugo Stinnes, wise and farseeing wizard of commerce that he is, at once established branch offices there.

Just as soon as depression fell upon the land the Japanese turned instinctively to the Germans for aid and counsel. They argued like this: The Germans were our friends and mentors before the war. They will now help us out of our troubles. Let us make a close economic alliance with them.

The best evidence that Germany reciprocated Japan's desire for economic relationship lies in the fact that she sent Dr. Wilhelm Solf as her first ambassador since the armistice. He was Minister of Foreign Affairs at the close of the war and carried on the historic negotiations with President Wilson that led to the signing of the armistice. Diplomatically speaking, Solf was one of Germany's best bets, and the cordial reception that he received indicated that Japan was flattered by his coming. In the first speech that he made, at the reception given at Tokio in his honor, he frankly said that Germany wanted intimate economic connections with Japan and that the two nations, one impoverished by war and the other reduced by a costly prosperity, could march hand in hand toward a common and productive future.

Japan has returned to her old custom of sending students to Germany—130 went this year—and she has even gone to the extent of subsidizing German scientific research. During my first stay in Japan, H. Hoshi, head of the largest pharmaceutical concern in the Orient, tendered the German government a present of 2,000,000 marks for chemical research work. These straws indicate which way the wind is blowing.

There is a strong conviction that Germany and Japan will try to divide up Siberian and Chinese trade. In the matter of Germany's essential needs, coal and raw materials, Japan can be of little help, but German science and efficiency and Japanese business convenience can combine into a powerful factor in the commerce of the Orient.

The arrangement recently made between Furukawa & Company, a huge Japanese industrial company, and the Siemens Schuckert Company, which is in the Stinnes electrical-manufacturing group, is typical of what will continue to develop between Japan and Germany. By this agreement Japan will supply materials, capital and labor, while Germany in turn will contribute factory equipment, experience and experts. Twenty German engineers have arrived in Japan to construct the factory at Tokio that will be used by this combination.

In commenting on this particular deal one of the leading Japanese newspapers summed up the Japanese viewpoint with regard to German coöperation when it said: "These arrangements are very appropriate to meet the present situation in both countries. Japan will be able to make good her commercial defects and shortcomings, and Germany will have a strong aid in her economic rehabilitation."

Meanwhile the Germans are not only doing business hand over fist in Japan but are underselling every foreign competitor. A German-made cylinder grinder was sold to the government arsenal at Kure for 7200 yen, while the best American quotation on a similar grinder was 12,000 yen. A German stone crusher was bought by the South Manchurian Railway for 2450 yen. In the same competition the lowest American bid listed a similar machine at 8600 yen. Whether Germany will be able to maintain these low prices in the future is problematical. In Japan, as elsewhere, the Germans are probably selling at a loss in order to get back their trade, but with the strong coöperation they are receiving from the Japanese they will probably be able to hold their own.

Of almost equal significance is the new Japanese attitude towards China. Although Japan has professed a change of heart with regard to her neighbor, the Chinese are still suspicious. Business, like necessity, knows no caste or hate, however, and the volume of trade between the two countries is constantly growing. The Chinese boycott against Japan, due to the Twenty-one Demands, has practically ceased to function. Although the Japanese made light of it there is no doubt that this measure worked a considerable hardship for a time. During the first four months of this year Japanese exports to China showed an increase of 2,500,000 yen over the same period last year, and the imports an increase of 5,600,000 yen.

After years of blundering, which almost completely alienated their second-best customer, Japan realizes today that China's good will is absolutely essential to her prosperity. Taking a larger view it can readily be seen that on close economic coöperation between China and Japan depends much of the commercial stability of the Orient. Japan is wise to this and is therefore moving heaven and earth to rectify the mistakes of her past.

Investors Dividend-Mad

Just as Japan has begun to exploit German efficiency, so is she also seeking to capitalize the low price of labor and raw materials in China. During the past twelve months six Japanese cotton mills have been constructed in the vicinity of Shanghai. Chinese labor is almost exclusively employed and Chinese cotton will be utilized in the mills. The Japanese manufacturers thus escape the almost prohibitive high cost of production at home and also gain the good will of working and living with the Chinese. In a subsequent article of this series, dealing with the Japanese penetration everywhere, you will see how adroitly Japan has fastened her hooks into many desirable quarters of China.

Japanese finance has fared little better than Japanese general business. It contributed to the orgy of quotation and speculation and is now reaping the whirlwind. Someone has said that this state of affairs is due to low thinking and high living. This is not altogether true so far as the Japanese bankers are concerned, because they include able and big-visioned men who have pleaded in vain with their countrymen to get the gambling virus out of their systems.

Every bank in Japan is literally cluttered up with loans. Moreover, they must keep on lending. They are like the traditional person hanging on to the tail of the bull, in that they are afraid to let go. If the Tokio, Yokohama and Osaka banks called half their loans tomorrow, Japan would be plunged into panic. During the flush days everybody could get credit and nearly everyone was organizing a company. You get some idea of the increase in company formations when I say that in 1914 new capital issues aggregated 250,000,000 yen. In 1920 the amount was 5,113,000,000 yen, and more than half this sum for 1920 pertains to the first three months of the year.

To understand frenzied finance in Japan you must know one astounding fact about Japanese business conduct. The Japanese stockholder is dividend-mad. Every intelligent security holder wants regular and adequate return on his money, but he does not want it at the expense of the company's integrity. This is the exact opposite of the Nipponese state of mind, which demands dividends, no matter what the company is doing.

The result is, incredible as it may seem, that many Japanese concerns pay dividends when caution and self-preservation would dictate retrenchment.

The amount of dividends paid by the average Japanese corporation during the past five years has not been duplicated in any other country. Dividends of 40, 50 and 60 per cent are quite common, while a few companies have paid as high as 75 and 100 per cent. An American stockholder in a well-known Japanese company told me at Yokohama that this particular concern had reduced its dividend from 60 to 15 per cent and that in order to pay it, several million yen had to be taken out of the reserve. All sorts of jugglery is resorted to to pay unearned dividends.

Loose Banking Laws

This is not altogether the fault of the company managers. It is a concession that must be made to the stockholders. The average Japanese investor has not been educated to the point attained by his Western brothers. He thinks that the moment he puts money into an enterprise he should get big returns. Many companies stand in fear of their stockholders, who do more than protest, for they often raise roughhouse at the annual meetings.

There is another and fundamental reason why Japanese finance is not particularly cheery. It lies in the laxity of the general banking laws. Most institutions, especially the private banks, are free from the limitations on loaning power such as obtain in the United States, where banks are subject to drastic state or national laws. In Japan money may be loaned at will, and bank inspection is lax.

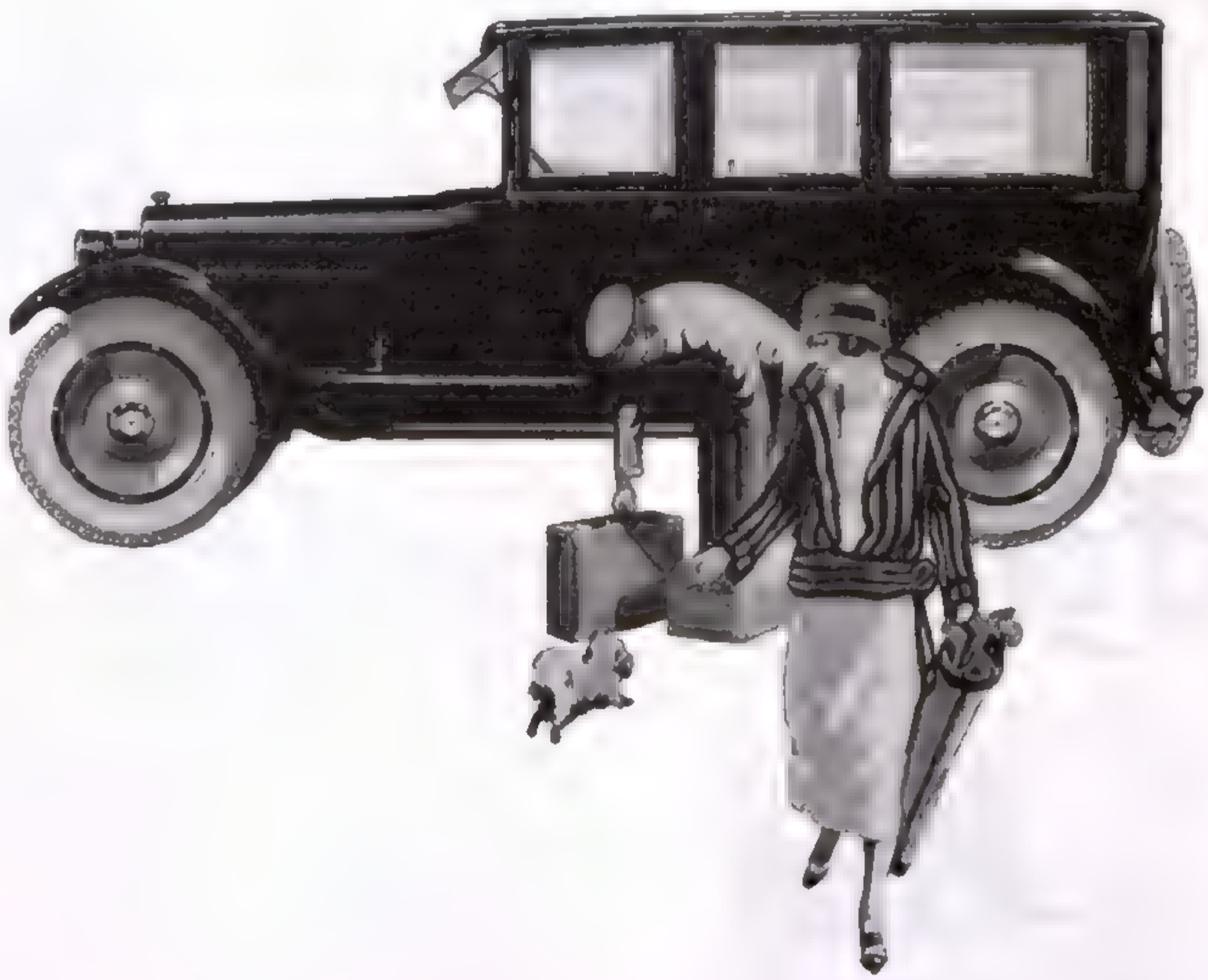
There was a conspicuous example of private manipulation of Japanese banks when the silk bubble burst. The prize silk plunger of Japan was a young man who inherited many rich holdings from his father, and among them a directorship in one of the banks. This young man tried to get a corner on silk, with the usual result. He not only went broke but broke the bank. In discussing his affairs with me he naïvely said, "I was a director in the bank and the bank's funds became involved in my operations." The best comment on this brand of financing was made to me by a Japanese who had spent much time in America. In condemning the failure of this particular bank he said, "Some Japanese banks simply play craps with their deposits."

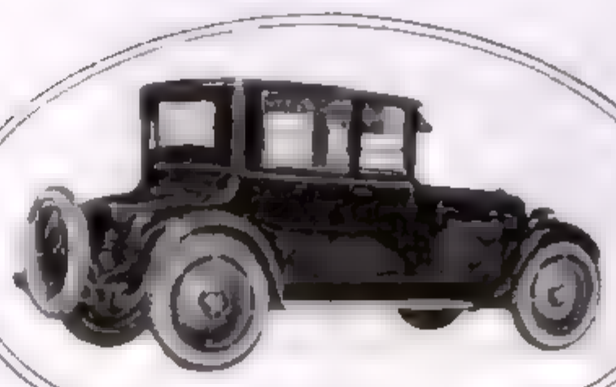
Although a period of retrenchment has set in, failures are numerous in Japan. During the month of May ninety-seven corporations went to the wall, and on the day I left Japan there were rumors concerning the stability of one of its large business houses. A year ago the name of this firm was rated very high.

Despite all this maelstrom of inflation, bankruptcy and general business confusion, the yen holds its own in foreign exchange. This is due, of course, to the fact that Japan built up such an immense gold reserve during those years of prosperity. At par the yen is worth 49.87 cents. In December, 1918, it went to 52.25, which means that at that time the American dollar was at a discount. Its only rival then was the Spanish peseta. Both Spain and Japan had done some prize war profiteering. The yen reached its lowest mark in May of this year, when it went to a trifle over 47 cents.

Although space is growing limited there must be a swift glance at the leading Japanese banks, especially the Bank of Japan, which does for the Island Empire what the Bank of England does for England. It is the balance wheel of the whole

(Continued on Page 90)





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Widely Stocked
In black, blue annealed and galvanized sheets

Toncan Culvert installed 1908

This 36-inch Toncan Metal Corrugated Culvert made by The Canton Culvert & Silo Co. has been in service fourteen years. In reference to it the Vice-President and General Manager of The Toledo and Indiana Railroad writes: "We find the culvert pipe which you shipped to Bryan, and which we installed under our track at Joe Run, is in perfect condition and doing the work correctly." Toncan Culverts endure because they are anti-corrosive.

* * *

Toncan Enameling Stock assures unblemished surfaces of lasting brilliancy when used as a base for porcelain enamel.

(Continued from Page 88)

Japanese financial machine and was designed by Marquis Matsukata when he was Minister of Finance. Then, as now, Matsukata incarnated the feudal idea and he developed the banking system along this line. I use the word "feudal" here because each one of the great more or less government promoted banks really represents an arm of the government. The Japanese say that they were organized as financial organs of trade. This is also true, for in the main they follow the German model. Each has its bit to do, and does it well. The Bank of Japan—its Japanese name is Nippon Ginko—issues notes, discounts or purchases government bills, buys and sells gold and silver bullion, and does a general banking business. Its work is more restricted than that of any other bank, for, as central institution of issue, it is forbidden to make loans on real estate or the shares of banks and corporations.

Analyze the work of every other big bank and you find that it is part of the government service. The Yokohama Specie Bank, for instance, which is the best known, having branches everywhere, is the bank for foreign trading, in the same way that the Bank of Japan is the bank for internal trade. The Industrial Bank is like the great Deutsche Bank in that it is the creator and partner of various industrial undertakings. It will finance only Japanese enterprises.

For each of its colonies Japan has a specially created bank. The Bank of Chosen—Chosen is the Japanese word for Korea—does the job for that colony; the Bank of Taiwan, for Formosa; and the Hokkaido Colonial Bank, for Hokkaido, which is in the north of Japan.

Mr. Inouye's Views

There is still another distinctive feature about Japanese finance. Nearly every one of the feudal families, whose story will be told in the next article, has a bank in connection with its far-flung commercial enterprises. They have thus brought about an interlocking financial and commercial arrangement by which one feeds the other. In some respects it resembles the liaison that existed before the war in Italy between the Banca Commerciale Italiana on the one hand and the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the famous A. E. G.—on the other. This Italian bank was practically controlled by the German electrical concern, and corporations intending to equip a plant were expected to expend the proceeds of loans with the A. E. G. The Japanese private banks owned by the ruling families do not go to this extreme, but they are out for all the industrial business they can control.

Japan's leading banker is Junnosuke Inouye, who as governor of the Bank of Japan exercises a wide influence. If his colleagues had heeded his persistent warnings to cut down the scale of living, reduce prices and inaugurate an era of retrenchment, Japan would not be in her present plight. It was Inouye who tried to divert the silk gamblers from their mad course in 1920. He represents the soundest financial judgment in the empire. Moreover, he expresses a rare Japanese type, in that he has not only lived in the West but has really assimilated Western ideas. For a considerable time he represented the Yokohama Specie Bank in New York, and speaks English fluently.

I asked Mr. Inouye to prepare a statement for me on the Japanese situation and the outlook. This is what he wrote:

> Our business prosperity that had been witnessed during the war period was brought about and based upon a rare activity in our export trade, visible and invisible. With the termination of the war and export demand on the decline, the situation was bound to reverse itself and any protracted economic activity could hardly have been expected. But the process of readjustment has been too long delayed. Our people in general indulge in undesirable habits of extravagance and laxity, fostered by the easiness of securing large incomes and profits during the prosperous times. Consumption has thus been kept up.
>
> Business men were reluctant to adjust their affairs to the changed conditions and often resorted to various means of sustaining prices. Hence, prices of commodities have not come down as much as expected, while wages have even become higher. The result was for our export trade further to dwindle and at the same time to encourage increased imports, thus accelerating the adverse tendency of our foreign trade. Industries at home naturally have been hard hit and are being threatened both from waning demand and increasing imports of foreign goods. The money market had begun to be seriously affected in providing funds for increasing imports, rates showing a tendency to stiffen. Our credit balances abroad, which had been built up in the past, have been fairly drawn to meet this need. On the other hand, the consuming power of the people has been gradually decreasing since the latter part of 1921, noticeably from October and November forward, and more particularly in rural districts. This is indicated by a steady decline in the amount of transactions in all lines of business. All these may be taken as evidences that we have now entered a period of general business depression.
>
> As for the future, there will be some falling off in imports when the present seasonal importation of raw cotton shall cease. But this will not materially affect the adverse tendency of our foreign trade, which will most likely continue for some time hereafter, as we can hardly expect an increase in our exports in the near future, considering the high level of commodity prices at home and unfavorable conditions of the markets abroad. Financing of imports, therefore, will keep money strong for some time to come, and our credit balances abroad will necessarily continue to diminish. As the money market tightens, however, our importation becomes difficult. Besides, the consuming power of the public will be further reduced. The depression will be more keenly felt. Trade activities will slacken, prices fall, and business enterprises be discouraged. There being no new demand for money, easy monetary condition will follow
>
> A relatively long time will be required in passing through all these phases, but it is not until prices shall have sufficiently fallen and the money market shall have been stabilized and rates lowered that the situation will turn the corner. Then, and only then, may we look for an improvement in our business conditions. But I do not see any violent disturbances ahead unless something quite unexpected shall happen. Overexpanded businesses are being curtailed in some measure, prices have more or less fallen from the peak, and stocks of goods are not so large.
>
> That our postwar business and financial situation should undergo such a change was not unforeseen. In fact, preparation was being made on the part of our government and the Bank of Japan with just such a recurrence of adverse foreign trade in view. It consisted in their taking over credit balances growing out of our excess of exports and holding or investing the same at New York and London, our people themselves having thus far been quite unaccustomed to foreign investment on any such large scale. While the ban on our gold exports still continues effective, sales of such credit balances abroad from time to time have served and will continue to serve the purpose of supplying, in a large measure, the necessary foreign exchanges to cover our adverse trade balances.
>
> The general depression from which we are now suffering is a necessary stage in which readjustments, whether of overexpanded businesses, of expenses, or of prices, shall be carried through in order to lay the foundation upon which a period of real prosperity can be erected. Any attempt at this juncture to counteract the forces of the time by resorting to artificial measures is not only useless in itself but would hinder the progress of readjustment and so greatly retard the restoration of normal conditions.
>
> The whole nation must awake to this fact and be prepared to put up with the difficulties of the moment. It must screw up its relaxed mind and get back to the good old habits of industry and thrift. Our own government, on their part, must lead the nation by introducing economies and cutting down their expenditures. During the past six or seven years government works and expenses have been enormously expanded, which are altogether out of keeping with the changed economic conditions. I believe that the government, by enforcing retrenchment and economy, will greatly help the business and financial readjustments and speed the return to normalcy.

The Rise of Doctor Dan

Of the same type of commercial integrity as Inouye is Dr. Takuma Dan, who is executive head of the vast Mitsui interests, and who is conceded to be Japan's foremost business man. With the possible exception of the veteran Viscount Shibusawa, he is better known to Americans than any of his contemporaries. His career illustrates the fact that Japan, in spite of the sway of the feudal family, is a land of opportunity.

Doctor Dan's father was a poor samurai and he was sent to study in America early in the Meiji era by the baron of the domain where he was born who happened to be a powerful nobleman named Fukoka. Such was the custom in those days. Young Dan made a brilliant record at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he went in for mining engineering. Upon his return to Japan he taught English at the government school and later served in the imperial meteorological service. Subsequently he became an engineer in the Miike Coal Mines. When these properties were

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Protect Them Or Pay The Penalty

YOU may not fully realize how fast the Elements are rotting, corroding or disintegrating your roofs of composition, tin, canvas, etc. But every day Heat or Cold—Rain or Snow are at their destructive work.

A film of ordinary roof paint will not keep your roofs leakproof, unless you repaint nearly every year. The paint film is necessarily thin, cracks easily and is so comparatively short lived as to be expensive.

Stormtight

FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

is a heavy liquid, easily applied. It *will* stop all leaks and keep your roofs leakproof for *many* years, because of its thick elastic body and special weather resisting ingredients. And yet it is not expensive, and anyone can "pour it on and brush it out." Thus Stormtight makes roofs leakproof, better and cheaper.

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No need to replace them at the present excessive labor and material costs. Coat them with Stormtight and make them as good as new. Never too late for Stormtight because old, leaky, disintegrated roofs of tin, composition, paper, canvas, etc., form a suitable base for Stormtight and become leakproof for many years.

Figure the saving over re-roofing. It runs into hundreds and thousands of dollars. We have many examples where $200 worth of Stormtight has saved the expense of $1000 for a new roof. Millions are being saved by Stormtight this year on factories, homes, barns, garages, outbuildings, etc., in the cities, towns and on the farms.

Buy of your dealer in gallon cans for repairs, or barrels for covering the whole roof.

Here are Proofs of Performance

We had a roof over our store building that we had been unable to stop from leaking. We were up against it until the STORMTIGHT got in and since using on the roof we have ceased to worry.
—IVY WHITE ASH COAL CO., Inc., IVATON, W. VA.

STORMTIGHT has proven very satisfactory. Some of it was used on a felt roof preparation and some on tin. —SUPT. PUBLIC SCHOOLS, URBANA, ILL.

Our Plant Engineer reports STORMTIGHT purchased in 1918 has been used with good success. —THE HOLT MFG. COMPANY, STOCKTON, CAL.

We used STORMTIGHT in very difficult places to test its merits. Beyond question it is everything you claim, and we are pleased to recommend same.
—BLOOMER COLD STORAGE CO., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

Your STORMTIGHT closes up every leaky place you put it on. I have a composition roof that has been leaking for years. STORMTIGHT has proven very effective.
—J. H. BOOTH, ALTON, ILL.

Big orders for STORMTIGHT have come in in the last few days, and our stock of the liquid is completely exhausted. We are enclosing an order.
—CEMENT PRODUCTS COMPANY, WILMINGTON, N. C

Answering your letter of May 12th we have never had so many inquiries for STORM TIGHT as at the present time. No doubt, it is due to your extensive advertising in magazines. —COOK & MEYERS COMPANY, Inc., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Write for booklet "Leakproof Roofs" and testimonials covering many years.

The Points Where Most Roofs Leak

We Want Dealers Everywhere, to Supply the Growing Stormtight Demand

Some dealers are selling thousands of dollars' worth of Stormtight annually. The customer who buys Stormtight buys other articles because he is a home owner; thus dealers get *more* than the Stormtight profits.
Write today for our proposition and Dealer Book, explaining our Sales and Advertising coöperation. Special mechanical show window exhibit.

Write for our salesman to call

L. SONNEBORN SONS, Inc.

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Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

Your Doors—open willingly and close securely—always—*with Good Hardware.*

Why is it that some doors render grudging service, while others oblige with cheerful alacrity?

In the majority of cases, it is a question of locks.

The locks that you put into your home should last as long as the building itself, and give the same efficient service to your children and grandchildren that they gave to you.

They will—if you put in Corbin locks. Corbin locks are Good Hardware. But don't stop with putting one on the front door. There are Corbin locks for your rear door—your garage door—vestibule door—fruit-closet door—and for all other doors in your house.

Corbin locks *work*. They have the spirit of co-operation. They meet you half way. Every Corbin key has a perfect understanding with its Corbin lock. Your Corbin Master Key is the master of any number of locks which you want it to open.

Corbin locks are made in a wide variety of enduring designs to harmonize with every architectural environment. They give utmost security. They add to the appearance and to the investment value of any building.

Do not overlook the importance of Good Hardware. To do so is short-sighted. Whether you are planning a seven-room cottage or a seventeen-story office building, you want Good Hardware. You can afford no other kind. Talk with the local Corbin dealer. Get the advice of your architect. They know, better than most people, that "good buildings deserve good hardware."

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The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 90)

acquired by the Mitsui interests he went with them. From an obscure position he has risen to be the dominating official in the enterprise that does one-third of the import-and-export business of Japan.

When I saw Doctor Dan in Tokio in June he had just returned from America and England, where he went as dean of the Japanese Business Men's Mission. He told me what he had frankly told his countrymen—namely, that they must reform their business practices in the matter of export merchandise and must make their goods live up to the samples.

When I asked him about Japan's problem of raw materials, he replied: "It is, of course, our most serious industrial problem. One way out is to establish factories in the near-by countries, where raw materials as well as labor are cheaper. This means that we must extend our manufacturing interests in China."

It remains only to disclose Japan's official commercial spokesman, Baron Yamamoto, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. In him you have a man of practical business experience, who has kept his post through various administrations. I went to see him at his private house, which, like many other residences of high-placed Japanese officials, had an entire wing fitted in the European style. The visitor is thus spared the hardship of removing his shoes at the front door and sitting on the floor.

Baron Yamamoto, like Doctor Dan, has an engaging personality. Although he understands English he will not risk a conversation in it and my talk with him was through an interesting interpreter. He was J. E. de Becker, who occupies a unique position in Japan in that, like Lafcadio Hearn, he is an Occidental who has become a Japanese subject. He is one of the leading lawyers of the country.

In the course of our informal talk I propounded this leading question: "Why are people so distrustful of Japan, and especially of Japanese business?"

The Economic Situation

The minister's reply was, "For the same reason that we Japanese are distrustful of America. During our war with Russia you said to us, 'Go to it, little man; we are for you.' As soon as we had won that war you began to suspect us of every conceivable thing. Happily, the Washington conference was like a breath of clean air that has blown away the miasma of suspicion."

I asked the minister to outline the Japanese economic situation, whereupon he said that he preferred to write his views. He therefore set them forth as follows:

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the great contribution made by the Washington conference to the peace of the world. As regards its economic effects upon Japan, some industries—such as the iron, shipbuilding and allied industries—may be more or less affected; but this will be merely temporary phenomena of the period of transition. Sooner or later the economic situation will become settled and it is my belief that the conference will have beneficial effects upon economic activities in general, especially in view of the fact that national resources can henceforth be concentrated on peaceful enterprises.

At the Washington conference Japan adopted a conciliatory attitude towards China and made as many concessions as lay in her power, with the result that all the misunderstandings subsisting between the two nations have been cleared up and a basis has been prepared for an amicable and satisfactory settlement of the various questions pending between the two countries. Such being the circumstances, it is my hope and belief that the business relations between Japan and China will improve.

Even prior to the conference we had no designs of the nature of territorial aggression upon China, as suspected by certain persons abroad. All that we wanted was to establish more intimate economic relations between the two nations, since Japan and China are geographically so closely related to each other that the economic advance and development of China will naturally accrue to the advantage not only of the Chinese but also the Japanese people. Therefore the Chinese policy of Japan hereafter will, as in the past, consist in endeavoring to develop the natural resources and promote the economic advance of China.

Even up to the present, business relations between Japan and America have been very intimate, America being the most important customer of Japan. Apart from a few absurd demagogues and tub thumpers, of whom every country has her share, there have been no persons in this country so irrational as to regard America with hostile eyes. The Washington conference has put an end to the naval rivalry which was the only cause of misunderstanding between the two nations. This cannot but result in bettering the trade relations between the two countries as time goes on, even if its favorable effects are not apparent all at once.

The economic situation and conditions in Japan have made considerable progress of late years, but we are now passing through a period of reaction following in the wake of the restoration of peace. The hard times brought on by the panic of March, 1920, are not yet at an end, but unsound undertakings which were freely promoted during the war boom are being gradually swept away, things are returning to normal conditions, and those enterprises and concerns which are sound and reasonable bid fair to prosper and progress in this country. It would appear, therefore, that economic circles here have nearly passed the worst period of depression and confusion, and are emerging upon a new state of stability, so I hope that as the economic situation in the outer world recovers, we also shall gradually regain our business prosperity.

The real cause of the present depression is to be sought in the reaction from the business boom during the war. During the war various enterprises were started in order to meet the pressing demand for commodities resulting from shortage of goods experienced all over the world, and the majority of business men were influenced by the temporary and abnormal prosperity to such an extent that they lost self-control and indulged themselves in unsound dealings, until a great reaction was precipitated by the confusion into which the share market was thrown in March, 1920, since when business has been in a depressed state. Abroad the dawn of economic recovery is discernible in European countries, and the economic situation in America has not yet emerged from depression, while here in Japan the cost of production, which rapidly and largely increased during the boom period, is still unreduced. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that Japan's foreign trade should decline and that there be a reduction in production.

The speculative mania has considerably cooled off since the financial reaction that set in in March, 1920. In fact, things are almost back to normal conditions in this respect. It would appear, however, that the stories circulated of the successes of speculators—of whom there was a large crop during the disturbed war period—have aroused the speculative emotions of the general public—a fact which is deplored by thoughtful men, who are much exercised about the questions as to how to remedy the mischief which has been done.

Japanese economic conditions have shown considerable development of late and much progress has been made in primitive industries. In the case of manufacturing industries, however, we are still far behind the more progressive countries of Europe and America in respect of technical skill, management, methods employed in increasing efficiency, and so forth. But I believe that there is a bright economic future for Japan if improvement be diligently effected in these respects.

There is room for further development in our industries, and there is a natural tendency for the surplus population of this country to endeavor to find their living in industrial activities as our economic funds increase. Colonial expansion is also certainly desirable so far as it can be encompassed by peaceful means, but a fundamental solution of our population problem cannot be sought in that direction.

Not all Japanese business men share these views. For the final expression let me offer the opinion of the managing director of one of Japan's greatest institutions:

"If a Japanese is frank he is bound to say that only a drastic blow will bring the nation to its senses. We are not only vain and militaristic but there is no stable base for our business structure and no equity behind the wild fluctuations of stocks. The inevitable result will be a collapse.

"One glaring fault in our make-up is the family system, which permits the weak to cling to the strong. When a member of a family rises, all the failures in the clan cling to him. In this system you have one reason for the depression in Japan."

Sponsors of a New Order

Here, then, is the frank revelation of Japanese business as it is. If its fundamental weaknesses have been bared it is because they are a necessary part of the picture. Japan does not want for big-visioned men of high character and courage. They are leaders of the Inouye and Dan type, and they are making themselves sponsors of a new order which will revolutionize commercial morals and methods.

The lately installed Premier, Admiral Baron Kato, has begun to slash national expenditures and his performance is likely to become a constructive precedent for the rest of the nation. Economic recuperation lies through economy.

The Japanese have many things to learn before they can profitably and permanently compete with the older business civilizations under normal conditions. They must sacrifice quick and artificial profits to a more stable earning power; they must deflate and take the consequences, however costly; they must master the trick of quantity output because in mass production lies the hope of their overseas trade. It means intensive industrialization and a reversal of the existing system. Thus another episode of transition will be added to the drama of the changing East.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to the Japanese feudal financial families.

THE CAKIE

(Continued from Page 34)

"I've been out riding in Derry Gilmer's boat!" she announced. "Wasn't it lucky that it came already set up? Emily went along. I steered."

G. Calder stared into his soup. He ached to grip his sister by the nape of her shaven neck and bury her prying nose in the scalding dish before her. But he said nothing. His mother looked up inquiringly.

"Why, Georgie, I thought you said it wasn't finished? I thought you said it would take another day. You told me you had to go back tomorrow."

G. Calder stiffened. Now he was in for it. This was one of the sickening consequences of owning a family. He flashed a fratricidal look at Susan and sprang out of his chair, but before he could speak grandfather took charge of the situation.

"Georgie ain't been foolin' away his time on any boat," he announced calmly. "He's been helping me down in the shop. Helping me set up steel edgers!"

G. Calder felt the cold nausea of the doomed. He lifted his chin and fixed his family with an aloof and anguished look. Let the flood descend. Let his father swell up and say, "Well, it's about time!" Let his mother look incredulous and cry, "Georgie, not in that dirty place?" Let Scoot shrill with vindictive glee. Suddenly he did not care. Suddenly hot triumph thrilled him. He had earned ten dollars. He had earned it with his own blood and muscle. He had fought steel and conquered it. Ground all-steel blades from the hardening bath—which was something no hunk or Slovak on the pay roll had ever done! Let 'em rave.

"You've been grinding shears?" his father demanded, puzzled.

His son set his neck muscles.

"Yes—I've been grinding shears. As well as a man can—standing on a concrete floor, with no room for his arms, and the light in his eyes!"

"Steel bankers," added grandfather. "Put an edge on 'em like a razor."

"Georgie!" This was his mother. "Look at your thumbs! And your nails! Your father would have given you a place in the office. What in the world ——"

"I don't want a place in the office! I don't want those Polacks looking after me and grinning. If I'm going to work in that shop I'm going to know their blame jobs better than they know 'em—like grandfather does."

"Oh, it's funny!" Scoot went into a hysteria of laughter. "Georgie—working! In overalls—greasy ones—I saw 'em. And eating hamburgers—Georgie Williams, the soft shoe dancer—the holiroly lad with the ennuied eye—the cake eater ——"

"Cake eater?" demanded grandfather. "I dunno about that. Now if you was to say pie eater ——"

It was then that Hattie's expressionless face appeared in the door.

"Tellyfoam," she announced. "They want Georgie."

"Don't call me Georgie!" thundered G. Calder Williams III.

The family heard him distinctly:

"Oh—Emily? Sorry. Can't make it tonight. Call Butler, why don't you? I'm not going out. Got some work I want to do tomorrow. Got to get up early. G'-by!"

Watch This Column

"The Storm" is Here

VIRGINIA VALLI

IT was a thrilling thing when the Smuggler and his daughter shot the rapids. And when, from high on the bluff that lined the stream, a bullet from the hard-riding Mounted Police cut short the smuggler's career. I was actually sorry, for he was a lovable character. *Yet that shot made "The Storm"*

Unhurt, the daughter (Virginia Valli) landed at the cabin of her father's friend (House Peters) who was host to a blasé city rounder (Matt Moore). Before the woodsman could guide the girl to civilization, the blizzard broke.

All Winter the three were housed in the same cabin. And the men fell in love with the girl. What a tangle! How vividly these artists tell the story and how wonderfully the elements are employed to appal and thrill, no tongue or pen can describe.

When the hero and the girl saw the love-light dancing in each other's eyes, and the villain melted into the mists across the lake, I awoke as if from a dream and was shocked to find that, instead of being locked in the frozen North, I was sitting in our own projection room gripping the arms of my chair.

It's a wonderful picture, "The Storm." If you don't see it you will miss an epic in moving pictures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre to get it. He can, if he will.

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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 5)

For all this about four cents an acre was paid, which the Federalists contended it was not worth. The Lewis and Clark exploration had been planned before the purchase, and therefore, lying through foreign territory, its extent and true purpose were masked. It had been in Jefferson's mind for a number of years, but he had written to George Rogers Clark his doubt whether the country had enough of that kind of spirit to raise the money. It went, however, forward from the Wood River at the mouth of the Missouri, in 1804; and its successful accomplishment gave to the country its peculiarly American greatness.

With it the true West was founded. All that followed—the fur trappers, the emigrations, missionaries to the north and trading ventures south, surveys and states it alone made possible. In the ringing history of the Union it was supreme in boldness and endurance and importance. The Missouri was ascended in keel boats and pirogues; and as they passed La Charette, Daniel Boone, a very old man, stood watching their difficult progress. They saw parrakeets where Kansas City was to follow; and at Council Bluffs they first met the Indians, under an awning formed by the mainsail. The Ricara Indians, to their surprise, refused any gifts of whisky, an attitude in which the Mandan villages, where, in North Dakota, they spent the winter, took no part.

A fort was built there, buffalo and antelope killed for meat through months when the air was frozen with a crystallized cold; and in the early spring they went on in two pirogues and six canoes. The journey was a continuous triumph over the wild, sickness and utter physical exhaustion. Which waters to follow, what passes to climb, what unmarked ways to make—there was nothing to indicate. They cast out in sections and met and spread again; crossing the Continental Divide at the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, they left the plenty of the plains, the pheasant and the deer and buffalo for the sterile high country; walking, dragging their canoes, or on starving horses, they rode into the fantastic eroded landscapes of sandstone; killing the horses, at last, for food. They cut their way through tangled forests, and trod, with their moccasins double soled, over wastes of prickly pear.

Early Settlers on the Move

They saw the Shoshones with their cheeks painted vermilion for the peace ceremonial, sacred quarries of pipestone and dark mountains of obsidian; they wandered through the rose colored flowers of the bitterroot, and poled a way—through that land bought for so few cents an acre—over the American, the El Dorado and French bars, where, in ignorance, their setting poles displaced nuggets of pure gold. They trailed by the Last Chance Gulch, from which more than forty million dollars was to be taken. Lewis discovered the great falls of the Missouri, and sat for a long while, solitary, in the iridescent spray of its cascade, with only a golden eagle where the city of Great Falls, smelters and steel bridges and artificial dam and cataract would stand.

In the October of 1805 the expedition took the water of the Columbia, and, swept past the basalt slabs of the Dalles, in November they heard the Pacific beating on the Western Coast.

Such accomplishment, such keen joy, was no longer possible; it could happen only once, and Meriwether Lewis, William Clark, knew it, as they should, for their own. They had in reality conquered a continent, brought it, almost, in their bare hands to their nation. The last survivor of their company, a sergeant, Patrick Gass, at ninety, was baptized into the Campbellite faith in the Ohio River; and that, it seemed to me, perfectly symbolized the tranquillity his part in a heroic enterprise helped to bring about: The broad smooth river of a Sunday in summer, the green bank filled with the people of Wellsburg, the concerted voices swinging out over the water in the strains of an evangelical hymn.

That peace, that safety to sing, Lewis and Clark—and, before them, Thomas Jefferson—secured; and again I envied them, the men and the time. It was a simpler period, and its simplicity, its rigor, bred obdurate men, a Spartan duty. They, in turn, those early national figures, brought forward, nourished that spirit which, it began to be clear, was above all others the genius of the West, of America. And in all the journey I made in circumstances of such safety and ease I searched everywhere for its survival into today. I searched—and found the mountains, the plains that had resisted planting, irrigation and the plow. The Gates of the Rocky Mountains had not shifted by a rock, the Lolo and Bitterroot passes still drove westward toward the sea; but, as I had already discovered, they all had the aspect of a monument to the men who had won them in extreme intimacy and unflagging effort; they had the effect of a magnificent gift to a supine generation.

It would be an error to regard the Lewis and Clark Expedition as expressing the entire activity of early inland exploration; it was important in national accomplishment; but it had no monopoly of daring vision and fortitude. Practically since the United States had been formed, its vigorous citizens turned westward; gaining a country, a constitution, they dropped both, in effect, impatiently behind them. This movement across the Alleghanies was totally from American sources; its body was men who, for long or short periods integral parts of the colonies and states, of their tradition and seasoned bloods, moved West still pursuing a completer freedom. The great European immigration began only after 1830, a different population and a different spirit from those of the early adventurers.

The Westward Push

The emigrants who first settled in Western New York were of New England; from Pennsylvania the pioneers shifted through the great valley of the Allegheny into Virginia and North Carolina; the Scotch-Irish of Carolina and Georgia, falling away from the large estates and land holdings, spread northwest—the southern trails were held by the Cherokees; while the Quakers and Baptists moved directly inland from an advancing slavery. At the middle of the eighteenth century a hundred thousand Scotch-Irishmen removed to the borders of the English states; and these, with the Protestant Germans, practically won all the lands beyond the mountains.

The realization of this gave me a keen pleasure; that was America, unformed and yet whole, intangible, yet solid, conquering. It had an air, so lacking now, of unity; a political unity followed, but through the meshes of its greatness incalculably valuable qualities had slipped away. I thought with envy of the Virginians who had settled at Draper's Meadow, by New River, the first upon westering water. What trout, what deer and pheasant were theirs! Compared with the present, what simplicity of peace! I recalled Colonel Cresap and Nemacolin cutting the trail over the watershed of the Laurel Hills to the Monongahela, which was to become so famous in Western emigration as Gist's Trace.

The camping places of that Trace were at Great and Little Meadows; scattered through the wilderness, lonely and far apart, were the fort on the Potomac; Fort Ligonier, on the Loyalhanna; Loudoun, on the Little Tennessee; and Byrd, in the Upper Holston. The junction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny was the famous Forks of the Ohio. Indiana became a state in 1816, Mississippi the next year, and Illinois in the year following. A beautiful, a magnificent time.

Suddenly it had all become actual, living to me; it was no longer merely history, records, books. Until that first amazing western journey my ignorance, my complacency had been illimitable; I had thought of Daniel Boone as a figure in a boy's book, of the Alamo as the motive of a sentimental song, and of the Northwest as a carnival in a palace of ice. Buried in the obscurity which it was the special feature of American education to maintain, I had considered the history of the United States accomplished in New England and Virginia. The symbol of the whole, I had been instructed, was the legend of Washington's cherry tree, the base the Pilgrims' Rock, and the sole inspired challenge to old injustice that cry of Patrick Henry's in a Richmond church.

(Continued on Page 97)

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Continued from Page 94

Tippecanoe I vaguely remembered as a party cry connected with the name of Tyler, but whether Tyler had been elected to the presidency or defeated I could never quite recall. But it was Harrison who had fought the Battle of Tippecanoe, defeating Tecumseh at the headwaters of the Wabash and opening another vast territory for settlement. Clearing by clearing that was moving forward—across Southern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, over the Mississippi and up the Missouri to the Great Bend. There the tide was halted, but it gathered in a dam of restless vigor that, when it broke, peopled all the far plains.

It was later that Francis Parkman went out over the Oregon Trail, out from the frontier town of St. Louis, and became a part of the primitive migrations of Indian villages. It was not primarily the Indians that interested me in his record, but the fur hunters, the implicit Americans. Some of the older French forest runners remained. Their names recurred like mementos of Richelieu's Company of a Hundred Associates; but the majority were the leather-clad traders of the Santa Fé and the border hunters from the newer Missouri. They had, appropriately, squaws for their wives; and they were of a fierce stock of Methodism, with brilliant red paste rubbed into their swinging hair.

The men who had left New England as Congregationalists became either Methodists or Baptists—evangelical, as their changed setting demanded. They flung away, by necessity and by passionate choice, the vices and virtues that had been theirs, and acquired others, worse and better. Education went; conventional morals were shattered; the Lewis and Clark Expedition found winter wives in the Mandan villages for a button from a coat or for nothing in the world but a smile; there were wicked knives and the closely wadded explosions of long, murdering rifles.

The streams of emigrants poured more and more solidly onto the border, over that right bank of the Ohio called the Indian shore. They came on the Mohawk Turnpike, the turnpike by the Catskills, the trail of the French and Indian Wars, along the National Road to Wheeling. They traveled on land in small wagons with tilts, and on water by arks and rafts of rude logs. They cut out circles in the forest, planted crops, and sold, moved away, moved West, before the corn was ripe.

As a race they were hardier, more reckless with vigor, than any it is now possible to know. Making the times, in return the times made them; each was fitted to the other, each interpreted the other. Returning to the Missouri from lonely winters in high headwaters, they changed their leather for, approximately, the manner of civilization; but the change was more apparent than real; their strong individuality remained.

The Oregon Trail

It remained, that was, for the span of their lives; hardly longer. Parkman, joining in the vindictive destruction of the buffalo, killing all the bulls ridden horses could reach, sparing here and there a cow, thought that they were inexhaustible; he regarded the herds in the attitude of that day, with the wantonness of hatred. But in fifty years, in less, the herds were gone, a romantic memory. Except for small numbers kept with a jealous pride in parks the buffalo vanished; the retreating roar of their hoof beats carried away the last echo of the Western frontier.

The consolidation which so rapidly followed—the changes of progress—was yet borne forward by the spirit that had given it life. The British, who had based their claim to the Oregon on Captain Cook's third voyage and the Hudson's Bay posts, had withdrawn north of the forty-ninth parallel; it was called then, generally, the Columbia River, and there was a persistent Eastern opposition to its inclusion in the United States. Benton, of Missouri, had already begun insisting upon the complete acceptance of even Western claim to a common nationality; an attitude bitterly combated since the formation of the original states. They had no right, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, proclaimed, to throw the rights and properties of the people into hotchpot with the wild men of Missouri. And it had been the opinion of Gouverneur Morris that the wilderness was not the proper school for political talents. The Western people, he asserted, would ruin the Atlantic interest.

This, balanced against subsequent backwoods figures, was entertaining to remember; for even then the importance, the domination, of the East had waned. The multiplication of scientific and gold-seeking expeditions had brought forward the necessity of improved routes of communication; the use of the railway had put before the nation the possibility of transcontinental lines. After the rush to California new gold fields had been located; quills of gold were brought from Omaha, and the settlers in Cherry Creek founded Denver; the miners prospected over the Arkansas, Smoky Hill and the Republican. The Comstock lode of silver converted Nevada into a state; and the surveys for railways began.

Transcontinental Lines

Before that John Butterfield's mail service connected the Missouri and Sacramento. The stages left St. Louis and Memphis, and, joining at the western border of Arkansas, drove forward through Preston, El Paso and Fort Yuma. They covered two thousand seven hundred and ninety-five miles, and the passengers were often forced to ride on the overcrowded bags of mail. William Russell it was who conducted the pony express, limited to the carriage of urgent letters in light saddle bags; and its time was better than the stages by two weeks. Ben Holliday took it, in turn, and sold it later to Wells, Fargo & Co. The whole period of this rigorous accomplishment, killed by the overland telegraph, was hardly longer than four years.

An amendment to an army appropriation bill in 1853 carried a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a survey of the best routes from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and five lines were followed: The most northern Isaac Stevens surveyed; the old South Pass was again brought forward; Frémont's line was considered, crossing the Divide at the head of the Rio Grande; and other routes led by Fort Yuma and the Mojave River. In the July of 1862 the Union Pacific Railway was incorporated.

To assist in its construction the United States lent bonds for sixteen thousand dollars a level mile, thirty-two thousand dollars a mile in the foothills, and forty-eight thousand for the mountains. In addition, the road was given a right of way four hundred feet across, it might have the building materials of the public domain, and a land grant of alternate sections in a ten-mile strip was increased from ten to twenty sections for each mile of track. When this principle of giving land to railroads was developed—there was an initial difficulty, soon lost sight of, solved by making the grants to the interested states—in one session of Congress seven states demanded fourteen million acres of land. After the Union Pacific came the Southern Pacific; the Texas Pacific was the last railroad laid, as it were, on land grants; and in 1890, but not before, a solid bond of states reached from ocean to ocean.

In 1890 the department of the census announced that the public lands were all exhausted; and not only the fact but its date startled me. In reality the historic American frontier had lasted slightly into my own life. I had known, at one time, a woman who had come to school in Pennsylvania by a packet boat over the canal. She had attempted to tell me something of her experience, but I had not listened, and now she was dead. It was no more than a few years until, on the Broadway Limited, I was going, for the first time, from Philadelphia to Chicago, nine hundred miles, in twenty hours. There was a bath on the train, a barber, maids and a valet, there was a stenographer and the elaborate dining cars. When the train ever so slightly rocked, passengers, complaining, asserted that in the future they would travel by an alternate smoother route.

Events had moved, had been made—was it fatally?—so easy, with that swiftness. In Chicago I began to develop an uneasiness in regard to my eastern security of satisfaction. The fact was borne upon me that as an American city Chicago was more native, and for that reason more enthralling, than New York. St. Louis—in it I was still ignorant of Manuel Lisa—stayed my damaged complacency; but Kansas City lowered it again; and Denver—Denver completed the ruin of most that I had been. From there I was delivered, bound in past stupidity, to the West. Captain Bonneville, Lewis and Clark, the Sublettes, Donner and Sam Houston became realities; places grew into my consciousness, made up my thought, that I had never touched in imagination. I found cattle men in Denver, copper miners at the Silver Bow Club of Butte, lumbermen in the Douglas fir of Washington, what was left of the heroic gay of San Francisco; I found them, and, from their reticence, their reluctance to touch upon what had been so largely themselves, I caught distant flashes, diminishing vistas, of the brilliantly colored life which had so notably faded.

If the frontier had gone, the frontier that was the parent of a democracy actual if short, if the action were over, the scenery, to such a great extent, empty of its bravest figures, there was still, there, a living touch of memory; lean faces darkened by the sun of alkaline plains, with eyes permanently narrowed against a too brilliant day, eyes narrowed and aged, but not dim; there were still voices touched with humor and with inflections like the whip of a braided hair rope; thin men in loose clothes regarding the present with tolerance but gazing back into the past with inextinguishable and affectionate regret. They were, I thought, better than financiers, than the present manipulators of public resources, better, unhappily, than their sons.

It was in those older men, who, when they had gone West, had left the United States, at once left and carried it with them, that I found a trace of what I began to think of as an American spirit. The land that I inhabited, deep green turf of colonial Pennsylvania, was, as much as anything, English in appearance; there were dipping country lanes with hedges of roses; orchards gray with years; the brooks, choked by water cress, crossed paddocks in high white fences; there were the pink of fox-hunters and sounded horns on the October hills. The farmers were slipping quietly away to the back roads, the farthest rim of the country; the country places of gentlemen, with houses English or French or Tuscan, were everywhere evident.

How the East Faces East

The life was suave, insulated, and curiously empty of any individual or national traits. Its views, its experiences and paths, were instructive—it knew Santa Margherita, in the Italian Riviera, but not Ohio; Ohio was more distant from its comprehension than Semiryetchensk; the boundaries of its thought were still those of the Province of William Penn; and as a political unit it was divided between a magnificent indifference and an organization that left nothing to chance. It was actually the exact place from which the early adventurous Scotch-Irish had turned to the great valley of the mountains; the sole change lay in the fact that there was no longer a path of escape.

The American tradition there, gathered into museums and societies and the remodeling of houses on old walls, was wholly colonial and sectional—that cherry tree of George Washington's and Patrick Henry's unequivocal demand. It was still Federalist; its history and its forms were of the utter past—across the Atlantic Ocean.

It was, today, a colony. That spirit, then, explaining, perhaps, the Revolution, went no further; it was without a unique, a national feature. But in the West the shape of a distinctive individuality appeared—that courage, at once practical and highly picturesque, romantic, which, in opposition to ease, had steadily adventured to the Shining Mountains.

This was the effect, the magic of America on Europe; this was America. It had grown customary to speak of politics as an institution only recently corrupted, investing the politicians of other days with cloaks of unassailable rectitude; but the truth was that politics in the United States had always suffered from the infirmities of its borrowed forms; except in rare individuals in great moments it had sold and betrayed and bartered and obstructed the country whose instrument it was supposed to be. The history of America was the history of individuals and small impassionate groups of men—the handful of settlers making the state of Kentucky from the last end of the Old Dominion, those raids into Texas when it was still Mexico, Lieutenant Mellan building his military road through the wild at Walla Walla; yes—La Salle dying under

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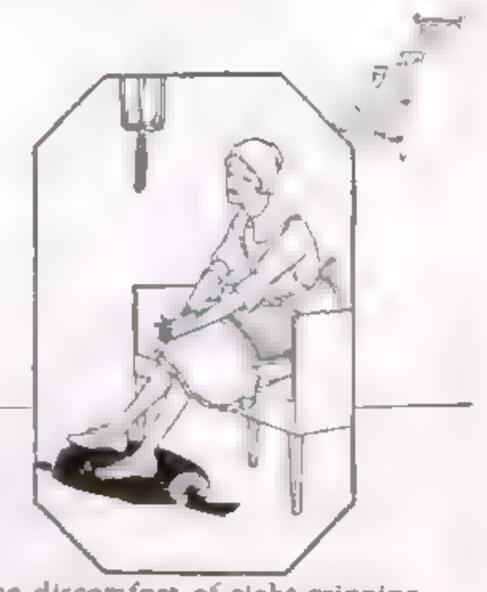

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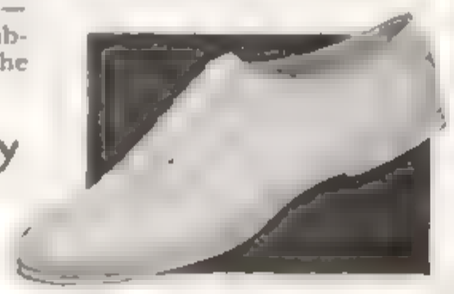

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the rifle of Duhaut, a disaffected politician in his small company.

In each case that reckless courage, touched with a native humor or savageness of conviction, was clear; everywhere it was a force acting in defiance to settled habits; they were men who held the country above itself. And acting alone, separated by barriers of rock and water and plains from both instruction and support, they still had a concrete vision of a land, a union. That it should be, in a strict sense, lawless was inevitable; but it was a lawlessness which, in simple places, soon turned to simple but rigid laws. And against such defect there were always the qualities of the heart.

The conditions of the West made independence—that term synonymous with the dream of America—the most vigorous of facts. For a space it existed, it was maintained at all costs; and the theorists, the comfortable jugglers with resounding or pacifying words, regarded it with a natural and profound distaste. It was, of course, incompatible with their conception of a state, perhaps with any state at all; it was an affair of individuals and not of organized, exploited society. A settler lonely in his cleared land, with his solitary crop growing under the dead trees he had girdled but had no time to remove, was more independent than another in a line of cabins, no matter how short, along a river bank; and he was free compared to the citizen of a small post town, however thinly it was ranged around its fort. They were all, in the early West, inhabitants of another sphere from that of Charleston and the ports of Massachusetts.

Old Developments and New

Yes, there, momentarily, the spirit of a nation was visible in a body different from other bodies, a country rose not like other countries; or at least different in that it was authentic, itself. There was a dignity in its apparent lack, higher, more aloof than that of any solemnity of social or political broadcloth. It didn't, however, lie in the mere simplicity of butternut or of soft tanned leather dress; the democracy of its circumstances was not the secret of its value. Strangely enough its equality was more aristocratic than plain, for it bred individuals careless of public opinion, above the pettiness of a pretended and commonplace gentility, traits never the property of a mob.

Signs of this, in the men who had been a part of it, on bronze tablets and shafts of stone, I found; the presence of the Rocky Mountains was a constant reminder; but there was little more left, little that was visible. Yet the visible, changing always, was unimportant compared to a survival of the spirit. I wanted, above everything, still to see individuals capable of decisions, endurance, and with that consciousness of a paternity, a land lifting them from a small commercialism of existence. St. Paul was to a certain degree different from Chicago; St. Louis from Kansas City; but the degree was not impressive. It lay principally in a commercial rivalry of different manufactured products and the promise of mercantile futures.

This, in the present, was natural, except for the exclusiveness of a commercial preoccupation; the social development, at least as charmingly open as ever, was for my special hope more discouraging. It was that because its aim and its notable accomplishment were to be wholly urban, cosmopolitan. The golf club was its main interest; and the golf clubs, alike in houses, in close greens, in the people around their porches, were everywhere absorbing, nullifying the cities they so signally decorated. The club at Portland might be lifted entirely and put down at St. Louis, the St. Louis course relaid at Denver, and the changes would not be perceptible; the clubs of the West might be moved East and the Eastern sent beyond the Mississippi—it would make no difference; the playing would continue, the rows of polished automobiles along the drives without the need of a shifted brake, the chatter would go on with no interruption. Sand traps across the fairways had taken the place of the bars in swift rivers, bunkers had been constructed to meet the loss of mountain trails.

I had no complaint against this; it was useless to rail at time, at, I suppose, infinite improvement; and I was not slow to avail myself of the opportunities of play. But under the Rockies, by the volume of the Columbia River, across the old sodded ruts of Western overland immigration, it seemed to be a trivial source of a nation's ultimate physical powers. The land had been consolidated, closed, bound city to city by steel; there was no longer a need for keen sight, quick hearing, deft and tireless muscles; the decision, once important, for the crossing of a continental divide was now directed to the choice of one paved street for another. Where men had made territories, states, they now conducted real-estate developments; where they had fought for an abstract principle of free soil they now intrigued with corporate interests. But what, far more than that, was largely lost was made clear by the fact that in coming together they had separated; in forming a nation the spirit of its birth had grown flickering and dim.

There was, practically everywhere, the talk and the actuality of patriotism, still vibrant from the late Great War; but it was a talk, a patriotism of the surface of the present. Men had fought, none more devotedly; but, the fighting over, there was a relapse, a disintegration into inert particles. That was among the people whose origins and race were rooted in the original soil. There was a tremendous activity among newer and more alien bodies; the alien bodies, the melancholy truth was, were now performing most of the hard work, the building of the nation. Those who in the broadest sense might be called the American people had grown perceptibly weary; they appeared, in their own phrase, to be out of sorts. The country, their country, had gone notably to the dogs; it had become an oligarchy or a monopoly crushing the native stock.

What had happened was that the native stock had already become weary of too much work; stupidity and weariness together had delivered him to a suspicious discontent. The first frugal Scotch-Irish had mysteriously vanished, except on picnics and holidays; the Maine woodsmen, the first of all lumbermen, had given way to fractious Finns. The railroads—in the service of which Captain Gunnison had died under the arrows of the Indians—had been delegated to labor contracted for by the herd in the boot of Italy.

A Study in Contrasts

The American, then, regarding with a shocked surprise the murders in his cities and the strangling in his politics, became, synonymously, loud and impotent. There was in him almost a total failure of identification with his land. Either he remained poor and disaffected or by uncommon energy and luck he grew richer; in that process—as he rose from workman to superintendent and from there to owner—remarkably losing his prejudice toward what formerly he had condemned as foreign labor.

It was, now, the Japanese who toiled in their market gardens, bent with their women through termless days in the mud, eating the frugal ends of nothing, while the prune growers of great acreages let their fruit rot through an unfavorable market. Yet what, exactly, a purely American blood had lost was not the habit of industry but the spirit of fortitude in which the body was only a means to a necessity of space, of self-expression. That of course had had the West to go to, space was possible, space and freedom; a condition the property, the benefice of the past. I did not lament that. I was only looking for the survival of its spark; the form was unimportant.

Before that I had been, living in Penn's Province on the Delaware, unaware even that such a flame had ever been bright. The West cleared my vision there; crossing, at last, the Mississippi I went into a country which I recognized as actual, as historic—historic, traditional, in a few years. It had a direct bearing on me. I was a part of its immensity. I met it with a gratitude which, suffering from my limitations, I was inclined to conceal. And I swept it, west of the great river and, by necessity, north of Texas, in search of further and further reassurance. There was in me, I discovered, a longing to belong to an authentic and heroic part of the earth, and not merely to live in a factory of the most modern and cunning machinery, in a greased clatter of steel and unintelligible tongues. And there the Shining Mountains were higher still than factory chimneys.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

You carry a Pocket Knife— *Who made it?*

IT would be interesting to stop the first ten men you meet and ask them who *made* their knives. Perhaps *one or two* could tell.

A knife is one of the most universal articles of human use.

Isn't it strange that more people don't know the *name* of a responsible, honest knife *manufacturer?*

* * *

Everybody knows how merchandise values have been standardized—and how the consumer benefits.

It's almost unbelievable that no one has paid much attention to pocket knives.

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Not with just another line of knives. Not with just some pearl and bone handles.

But with the fine steel, sharp cutting edges—with science—above all, with human imagination and understanding.

* * *

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One is to produce knives that will *cut.* Not just when they come out of the store, but *right along.*

The other is to meet every pocket knife need of every man, woman, boy and girl in this country with the *proper model* of knife.

It takes more than 700 different styles to meet the varied personal demands for Remington pocket knives.

For the office, for school use, the shop, the farm, for the tourist, camper, hunter, prospector, trapper, carpenter, electrician.

For the pocket, the tool-kit, the belt scabbard, the watch-chain—and Mother's work basket. With every type of blade for every purpose.

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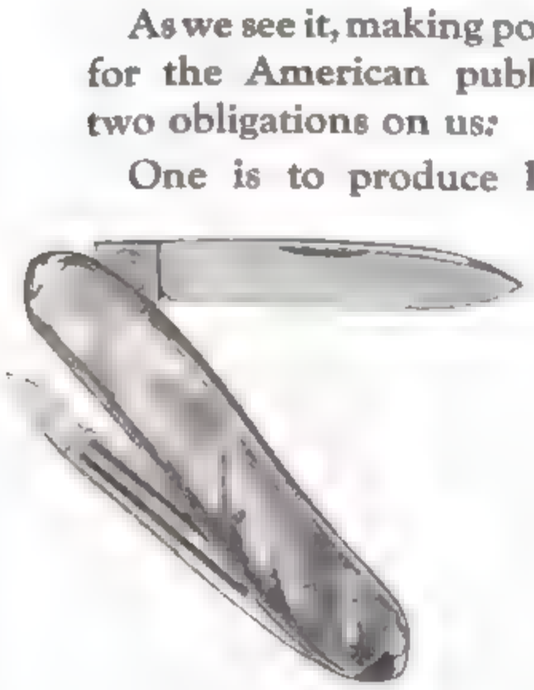
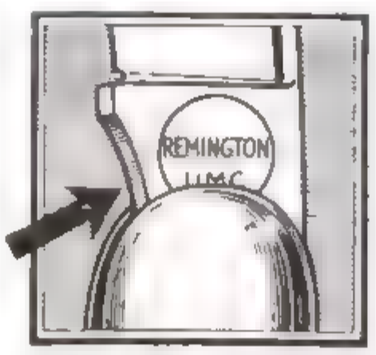
It takes over 300 *operations* to perfect that knife according to the Remington standards. Sharp, lasting edges—perfectly finished inside and out—everything trim and workmanlike. A knife that does you credit in its appearance and gives you the service you *expect* when you buy a pocket knife.





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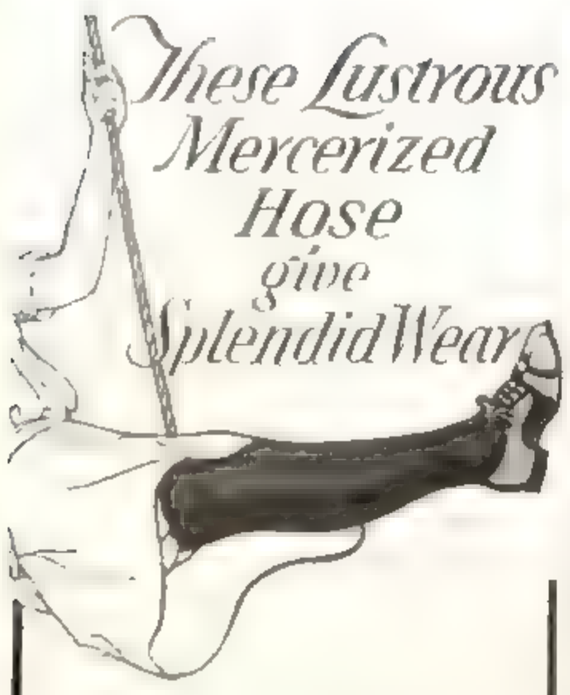

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MATYUSHKA MOSKVA

(Continued from Page 23)

but a few American Red Cross cots furnished with American Red Cross sheets and blankets. The boys used the window sills for dressing tables and if anyone had failed to provide himself with the usual articles of common utility for toilet purposes he was out of luck. I also had a Red Cross cot and I, too, turned a window sill in my room into a wash-hand stand and dressing table, but I had two articles that filled everybody else with envy and that became, when I took my departure, bones of contention. These were a big library table and a reading lamp. By right they should have belonged to the man who eventually drew the library for living quarters, but when I moved in there was nobody there at all, so it was quite natural that I should adopt the communist principle of "to each according to his need" and help myself to whatever happened to be available.

In front of the house there was a garden surrounded by a high wall, and though it lay under three or four feet of accumulated and hard-packed snow one could see that it was a pretty garden. In the center of it there was a fountain indicated by a graceful faun figure on a low pedestal; its walls were banked with shrubbery and in one corner of it rose a single stately pine tree, which, being snow draped, was a lovely thing to see.

The garden in the rear was more spacious, but less formal. There was a frozen brook running down across it, which was spanned by a humpy little rustic bridge. Beyond the bridge on the gentle slope up to the high wall was a children's playground with a tiny rustic playhouse and a tattered swing hanging from a vigorous branch of an old locust tree. There had been children. I wondered what had become of them. Wondering, wondering all the time; that is how one's mind is occupied in Russia. My windows looked out on the rear garden, and in the midst of the tremendousness of all that was going on round about me it was restful sometimes just to stand and look into its wintry softness. There were some pet rabbits in a low hutch up under a clump of shrubbery, and they were always hopping about in the snow, playing tag with a flock of ravens. They may not always have been the same ravens, but I had an idea they were because they displayed a strange familiarity with the rabbits in disputing their right to the bits of food the old man scattered in the snow.

The Old Caretakers

The old man was the only person in evidence round the place when I moved in. He was the caretaker and had spent his life in the employ of the owners of the property. He was a sad old soul and didn't seem to know quite what to do with himself, but when the Americans began to come along in ever-increasing numbers he cheered up considerably and seemed to fall in with the idea that everything thenceforth was to be run in an orderly manner and that he had dignified responsibilities. He brought an ancient sweet little wife in from somewhere, and the two of them occupied a room down under the stairway in the broad front entrance. His duties were to keep the fires going and to watch the doors. She had no duties to begin with, but the commandant or other local soviet authorities decided it was her duty to keep the street clean out in front of the premises. In the middle of the street there were street-car tracks, while on the opposite side there were no buildings at all, only some vacant lots; so she had to clean the street all the way across, using a pick and a stiff twig broom to keep the tracks clear of ice. The old man didn't like to have her do this, so very frequently he did it for her while the wood remained unchopped, the fires died down and the house got bitter cold.

The commandant was our communist overseer. He was in the employ of the Soviet Government and so Red in all his characteristics that it hurt one's eyes to look at him. Every house in Russia that has been confiscated by the Bolsheviki is in charge of a commandant, and I offer this fact as proof in its way that in a communist state the political plum tree is fairly well laden. There are more people in the employ of the Soviet Government than any other government on earth ever employed. It is said that in the city of Moscow alone there are at least half a million attached in some way to the public pay roll. One half of Russia now knows how the other half lives. No wonder they need credits.

Our commandant did nothing but swagger around giving arbitrary orders, antagonizing everybody and making a general nuisance of himself. He insisted upon occupying the best room in the house, which had been assigned to the reverend representative of the American National Catholic Welfare Council, and appeal had finally to be taken against him all the way up to the top of the Moscow soviet, after which he subsided and began to show some appreciation of the privilege he enjoyed of loafing in the immediate vicinity of an American food supply. He never did any work. My observation was that the real object of the establishment of a dictatorship of the workers is to relieve the workers of the necessity for working.

Who Wouldn't be a Vegetarian?

We had two little maids. They were the regular maid variety of the wholly noncommuniatic and wholesome peasant type, and were brought in by our housekeeper, a high-class gentlewoman who had been rescued from destitution by our Y. W. C. A. girls, who themselves became the hostesses of Brown House and undertook the responsibility of seeing that it was run with considerable reference to the comfort of its curiously assorted family. The chief occupation of one of our maids seemed to be to be providing *kipitok* for everybody, *kipitok* being Russian for plain boiled water. She had been placed under a solemn obligation to see that no American ever drank water that had not been boiled and cooled under her personal supervision. There were dangers to be avoided of cholera and typhoid and other kinds of water-borne diseases, and the city water system was in a sad state of neglect and disrepair. She took this obligation very seriously, but she evidently thought it was merely by way of catering to an American custom that proved Americans in general to be rather queer. Every time anybody asked for *kipitok* she laughed.

Our cook was a rank failure. He was sent to us by the local commissariat of labor, and I think he must have belonged to the bricklayers' union or something of that kind. There was not much doing in the bricklaying line and the labor laws say that a man has a right to work. In Article Two of the Bolshevik Code of Labor Laws it says:

> The District Exchange Bureaus of the Department of Labor Distribution may, by agreement with the respective unions, assign individual wage earners or groups of them to work at other trades if there is no demand for labor at the vocations of the persons in question.

Yes, I think our cook must have been a bricklayer. Or maybe he was a steam riveter in a boiler factory. At any rate he was not a cook, though he did know how to make cabbage soup. What Russian does not? His pet performance was wrapping up strange messes of very sour curds mixed with chopped meat in leatherlike bits of pastry and sending this creation in as the *pièce de résistance* of the one meal in the day at which we permitted ourselves to have meat. In a town down in the Volga Valley the cook at the A. R. A. residence where I was a guest sent this kind of thing in for luncheon one day and I was placed in the position of having to declare that I was a vegetarian. In order to combat profiteering in cannibalism the local soviet authorities had just issued an order forbidding the sale of chopped meat in the markets, and the thought of it made me rather ill. Under such circumstances one really wants to be able to recognize one's meat.

In my recollections of Brown House there is a final picture. This may not be the place perhaps where it fits best in my narrative, but speaking of cooks I am reminded of myself coming downstairs dragging a heavy bed roll to be put in the baggage camion that was waiting to take my duffel to the station for the train out to Riga, and finding Luella Lamb sitting disconsolate in the hallway. She was there to apply for the job of cook and I should really like to know whether or not they decided to give her a trial. Her references as a cook were very poor.

Her name was not Luella Lamb, either, but the consonants in this name give it a caressing sound and I feel a warm desire verbally to caress the lady upon whom I have bestowed it. Being the dear that she is she might not mind in the least if I used her real name, but not having consulted her and being mindful of her dignity I think it is right that I should present her incognito, even though the incognito amounts to nothing more than the flimsiness of a made-up name. She was dressed in a kind of Red Cross outfit with a blue veil bound Madonna fashion round her shapely head and with a Red Cross pin attached to it right in the middle of her forehead.

"Why, Luella," I exclaimed, "I didn't know you were a representative of the Red Cross!"

"Well, no'm," said she, "I ain't, but I'm a membah. All good Ame'icans is membahs o' the Red Cross. I had this heah blue veil an' mah Red Cross pin, an' the unifohm suttinly does give a lady some p'tection!"

The first time I ever saw her was at the ballet. She was with a party in a box on the second tier just opposite from where I sat, and was pointed out to me as a local celebrity, her story being that she invaded Europe a good many years ago as a kind of black Patti, that she had enjoyed a special popularity in Russia and had more or less adopted the country as her own. You might think that under such circumstances she would have lost some of her Maryland characteristics, but she had not. Quite the contrary, she had developed into a stout matron of the self-assertive but waddling type with which we are all familiar, and had retained unimpaired a dialect as softly and beautifully rich as any I ever heard.

Married But Uncompromised

One day she blew into the American Relief Administration headquarters and announced to the boy on the outer door that she wanted to see the managah. Not knowing which of several managers she was referring to he asked her what she wanted to see him about; whereupon she literally walked over him and strode unannounced through the door upon which is printed in large letters "Administrative Offices." Nor did she pause within this door to make further inquiries. She cast her eyes over the great room filled with desks and typewriters until they found a door across on the opposite side in a glazed partition marked "Chief of the Administrative Division," and she made straight for that. Mr. John Mangan, who works under this title, looked up and met what he describes as a smile of mingled triumph and apology.

"Why, hello," said he, "how did you get in here?"

"I jus' come in," said she; and says Mr. Mangan in telling about it: "I knew something had blown my way that I was destined to enjoy." He had never seen her before and had no idea there was such a person in Moscow. He asked her who she was, and she told him; after which he invited her to sit down and tell him what he might have the pleasure of doing for her.

"Well," said she, "you-all are an Ame'ican outfit an' I'm an Ame'ican. I'm jus' about starvin' to death an' I thought maybe you-all 'd have sump'n foh me to do."

Mr. Mangan knew that being an American she would have to be taken care of in any case.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"We-ell," she laughed, "I'm a singah to begin with, but I don't suppose you-all's got any singin' you wants done. Othehwise I think I'd be adapted to sump'n of an administrative cha'ectah."

"Are you all alone over here?" he asked.

"No, suh; Ise got mah husban'."

"Oh, you're married?"

"Yas, suh; Ise ma'aid to a Pole. Mah real name's a Polish name, but it wouldn't mean nothin' to you."

"Then you are not an American. You are a Polish citizen."

"Now see heah, don't you-all make no mistake about that! Ise an Ame'ican cthitizen all right! Mah Ame'ican cthitizenship is one thing they cain't nobody evah take away from me! I ma'aid a Pole, but I wasn't fool enough to go through no compromisin' ctheremony!"

"What does your husband do?"

"He ain't doin' nothin' now. They ain't nothin' doin' in his line."

"In that case how do you get along?"

(Continued on Page 102)

He Makes a Good Impression

Doors open readily to the well-groomed man. If you have learned how much personal appearance counts in business success, you need Pompeian Massage Cream. It brings you the clean, attractive coloring of youth in the natural, normal way.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses all dust and dirt from the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples in the natural, sensible way—by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

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Genuine PLATE GLASS MADE IN U.S.A.

Nothing Else is Like it ©

(Continued from Page 100)

"We-ell, tha's jus' the trouble. We ain't gettin' along. We been gettin' along by sellin' ev'thing we had, one thing at a time, but they ain't nothin' left, an' I jus' gotta find wuk."

Mr. Mangan said he felt a deal of embarrassment in referring to her Polish relationship, because to her mind it evidently was so entirely regular, but she was an American and he suddenly found her on his hands. It has been part of the business of the Relief Administration in Russia to help Americans to get back to their own country in case they wished to do so. Said he, "If your American citizenship is still intact why don't you let us send you home?"

"Could I take mah husban' with me?" she asked. And that was that!

When her position was explained to her she said she was not going to take advantage of any privileges that her husband couldn't share; that he had been good to her when times were good and that it was her duty now to stay and help take care of him. If he had to starve she would starve with him. It was that spirit in Luella that won for her the respect of everybody. Mr. Mangan had a sudden inspiration. He and the director general with two or three other men messed together at headquarters and they had presiding over their kitchen a genius whose sole idea of the culinary art was to heat up American canned goods by the simple process of dropping the cans into hot water. They were all so fed up on the result that they were losing their appetites along with a good deal of the interest in life that was necessary to them in the work they were doing. Looking upon the golden-brown expansiveness of Luella, Mr. Mangan's mind was lit up all at once by a vision of a desirable change.

"Can you cook?" said he. She treated him to a dazzling smile.

"Kin I cook?" she replied. "Say, does I look to you like somebody what's done fo'got huh middle name?"

"Can you cook liver and bacon?"

"Does you-all mean reglah livah an' bacon?"

"Yes!"

"Ca-a-'ves' livah?"

"Yes, calf's liver."

"Say, come to, man, come to! You'se in a trance. You-all done fo'got where youah at! This is Russia! They ain't no such thing as ca-a-'ves' livah in Russia!"

He told her he believed there was, and that if she would take a couple of million rubles and go out into the markets she would be able to find it. He could supply the bacon; good American bacon, and —— He was gradually making himself so hungry that he just couldn't stand it any longer; so he engaged her on the spot, gave her the rubles and told her to hurry up and get liver and bacon for lunch—with fried potatoes and hot biscuits—and—oh, boy!

She Meant Well

He spread the news, with the result that everybody was promptly on time for luncheon. They sat down, smacked their lips and waited. Nothing happened. The usual process was for the tall lanky woman they had for a waitress to come in with a tureen of heated-up canned soup, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. At the end of about fifteen minutes, when everybody was beginning to get very impatient, there was a scrimmage of some kind out in the hallway that led to the kitchen, some high words in Russian, and Luella herself came bursting in with a huge platter piled high with very dark brown slices of something.

She planked it down on the table and said: "Theah! You-all wanted livah an' bacon foh yo' lunch, an' I let them Russkies out theah in the kitchen know that I was a-goin' to suv it to you! These heah pieces up heah at this end o' the plattah I can identify as real ca-a-'ves' livah. As fo' the rest, you-all will have to do yo' own guessin'!"

Whereupon she waddled out with her head in the air.

It was all a total loss. She had utterly ruined about two million rubles' worth of perfectly good food. She had made sole leather of it and it was not edible. They had to call in their Russian and ask him to heat up a can of corned-beef hash That was what I was thinking of when I said Luella's references as a cook were very poor. After that they provided her with some emergency food rations and proceeded to dismiss her from their minds. I had not seen her for a long time when I encountered her in the hallway the evening I was leaving Brown House. I smiled in indulgent appreciation of the value she placed upon the Red Cross uniform and thought to myself, "Well, if it's never abused any worse than you'll abuse it its dignity is perfectly safe."

Then I said, "Where have you been all this long time, Luella?"

"Me?" she replied. "Ise ben in the hospital!" She was quite haughty about it.

"What do you mean, you've been in the hospital?"

"Yas, they done tuk me an' put me in the hospital."

"What was the trouble? Typhus?"

"No'm, I done had typhus las' yeah an' got over it. This time I had pneumonia It's awful hard to keep f'm gettin' a cold when you ain't got no fiah an' not enough clothes to keep you wahm. I got a turrible misery in mah chest an' a ver' high temper'ture an' they done tuk me an' put me in the hospital." This was before an American woman's citizenship was secured to her as a man's is under any and all circumstances.

At the dinner table in Brown House I often called my mind to a pause and wondered if what I was listening to could be real. Wondering again? Yes, always wondering! It all seemed so much like a troubled dream. So far as we were concerned there was nothing in the world except a Russian horror of hunger and distress and an American effort to mitigate it in some degree. Our thoughts occupied themselves with practically nothing but the situation in which we were living, while our lives revolved round the single purpose of relief.

To Freeze or to Starve?

There were our Y. W. C. A. representatives working among the women and girls of the city and coming in contact every day with such things as would hardly bear talking about. The representative of the Catholic Welfare Council was specially interested in the famine refugees who had come into the city in hordes and were passing through all the time in great numbers, making their way toward the European border, where refugee camps had been set up. Suppose you were sitting at a dinner table talking with your right-hand neighbor about what to do for a high-class girl whose father had been shot, whose mother was in exile and who herself was an outcast sunk to the dregs of such a society as the Bolshevik system could be relied upon to create, and you should suddenly hear your left-hand neighbor casually remark, "Trouble with them is they haven't any clothes. There are forty men and they can only rig out a half dozen or so. They take turns about wearing the clothes and getting out to beg and rustle for food."

You probably would turn, as I did, and ask, "Who's that?"

"Oh," he replied, "another crowd of refugees from the Ufa district."

"What do you mean, they have no clothes?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said he. "Do you know it's the first time I've ever come across quite such a case. They've been more than a month making their way here from Ufa and all the time they've been trading the clothes off their backs for food. They're the most pitiful outfit I've ever encountered. They're just almost literally naked and a lot of them have already frozen to death."

"Forty men, you say?"

"Yes, and with their women and children a crowd of about two hundred—actually starving!"

"Where are they?"

"They're in a couple of box cars down on the railroad track."

"Can't we feed them?" This was a foolish question, because I knew perfectly well we could not. The supplies for adult relief provided for by the American congressional appropriation had not yet begun to come in. They were on the way; their arrival was anticipated, with what eagerness you can imagine, and arrangements had been completed for their immediate distribution in various localities; the refugees could have qualified as legitimate beneficiaries under the terms of the agreement with regard to this operation, but at the time the American organization had no means—neither funds nor food—with which to meet such an emergency as they presented. It was awful!

Everything in sight had been allocated to cover the program of child feeding. We

(Continued on Page 105)

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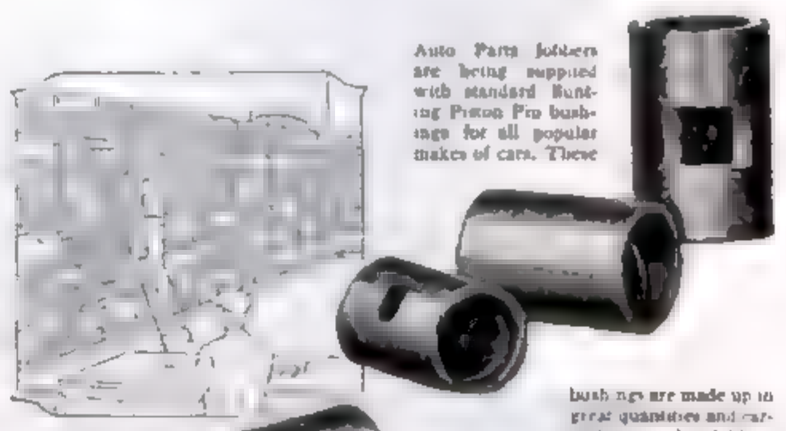

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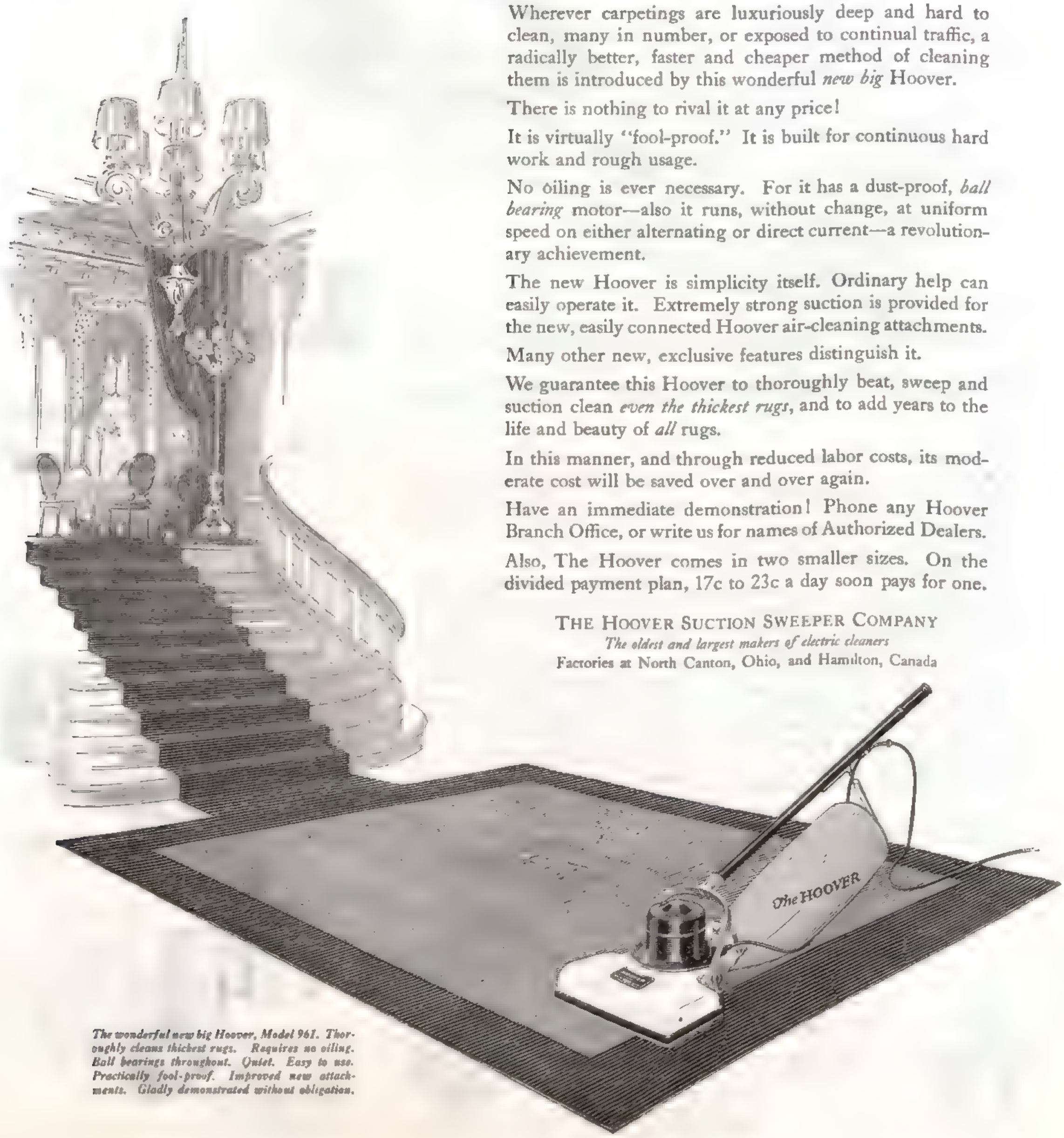

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(Continued from Page 102)

were feeding thirty-five thousand children in the Moscow district, as many more in Petrograd, and in the country as a whole approximately three million, but aside from extensive medical relief the child-feeding operation was the only thing that had been definitely provided for.

Our relief organization has arranged to stay in Russia until January, and though I do not question the judgment behind this decision it seems to me to be rather curious in a way, because we never would abandon that kind of enterprise in midwinter in such a country as Russia unless it became plainly evident that the necessity for going ahead with it no longer existed. And who can say now that on the first day of January, 1923, we shall be able to close our thousands of children's dining rooms in that unhappy land? Unless the Soviet Government is prepared to take over the program and carry on, what is to become of the millions of little people when they are turned out on the second day of January to get their food any way they can? And if we cannot be sure that we shall have performed our full duty by the first day of January, why should we not be prepared to go on? Why did not our representatives in Congress assembled realize in early September of last year the situation they rose so nobly to meet in December? If they only knew what a splendid thing they did when they finally did it! One has to admit they did it without any delay when they were asked to do it, but one hopes that they are now interested in the result and in the future possibilities. Whatever else the American Relief Administration is doing in Russia, it is helping to save the soul of a nation and is providing an example of brotherhood such as the Red International never dreamed of; and these facts alone make it very much worth our while to spend anything in its support that may happen to be necessary. I believe in preparedness. If there is any possibility at all that this great work will have to be continued after January generous provision should be made for it in ample time.

I cannot bear to think that any of the horrors of the past winter in Russia will be duplicated during the next. I don't believe I lived a day in Moscow without witnessing some fearful tragedy. Death from starvation! A man is walking slowly along the street in front of you; he staggers, then he stumbles and falls forward, struggling ever so little; he is still; the people pass him by. Death from starvation was such a common sight that one could look upon it almost unmoved; one could look upon it as being an inevitable incident among the day's events.

The Dreaded Chaika

I asked the American padre if we would be able to clothe the refugees in the box cars. He said, "We gave them some socks and shirts and a few blankets today, but we'll have to make some kind of special arrangement for clothing them. We'll see about it tomorrow."

"And won't they sell whatever we give them in order to get food?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "I suppose they will. But we can't help that. Food, after all, is the first necessity."

All this was just customary dinner-table conversation, you understand, and detailed for the purpose of indicating the kind of atmosphere in which we were living. We discussed wholesale starvation and the general wretchedness of the Russian people as casually as though these things were familiar features of life, too commonplace to arouse in us any kind of emotion.

They aroused in me an almost overwhelming anger. I am not much of a theorist or idealist. I am just an average American citizen whose life has been considerably influenced by the Ten Commandments, the Parable of the Talents, the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the Lord's Prayer and the Declaration of Independence, and my mental habits having been so formed, it could not be otherwise than that in connection with the Russian situation I should be moved chiefly by a vast indignation.

I could not induce myself to view this situation as anything but the imposition upon a very fine people of a monumental tyranny, a tyranny imposed by a strangely insane but magnificently maneuvered minority. The Bolshevik idea of government is a lot of Red talk coupled with a careful suppression of everything in the way of reasonable discussion or argument.

Leaving the Red Army out of consideration the only two departments of the Soviet Government that function as though they were under the direction of experts are the Department of Propaganda—the Communist International in other words—and the Chaika. This word is an abbreviation of the Russian word *Chrezvychaika*, which means "extraordinary commission," and though its name sounds innocent enough this institution is a fearsome thing. It really is a vast secret-service organization supporting a revolutionary tribunal, and its chief business is to catch you looking cross-eyed at the Bolshevik tyranny if you dare. Bang! And so much for you, Buckingham! I really must express it in just such verbal gestures because at the very mention of the Chaika one's instinct is merely to dodge.

It has been a tremendous success, since it has accomplished its purpose to bow the people down under a terrible fear. The manners of the whole class of bourgeoisie, and of the intelligentzia as well, have become deprecatory, not to say cringing. Their eyes are furtive; they are afraid to speak. One feels that they spend their lives listening to hear some dreaded sound, and one observes them casting glances round about constantly as though the one thing for them to remember is that they walk in dangerous ways.

Where Walls Have Ears

Nobody would ever discuss the situation with me freely and openly. The idea the Chaika had succeeded in burning into every mind was that you never can tell who is hearing what you say. And I suppose this came to be true after a while. It was very trying to my disposition. I am naturally trustful and outspoken and I really find it difficult ever to suspect anybody in my immediate vicinity of being anything but trustworthy. One of my favorite remarks was: "If such a vast majority of the Russian people hate this thing, as they seem to do, why on earth don't they rise up and throw it off?"

And invariably someone would say to me: "Sh-h! You never can tell who is hearing what you say!"

It might be your chauffeur listening from behind the wheel to what was being said in the car. It might be some guest in a small social circle. It might be someone with whom you were sympathizing after he had taken the pains to complain to you about the hardships he himself was having to endure. It might be the maid who dusted the plentiful lack of furniture in the room you occupied. It might be some listening stranger in a theater or a museum. It might be the porter in your railway carriage. It might be a trusted employe of the American Relief Administration. It might be anyone at all. In any case I was always being "shushed" and told that I must be more careful, and, as I say, nobody would discuss the situation with me except in the strictest confidence.

Both Russians and Americans seemed to enjoy telling me what was sepulchrally referred to as the truth, but only in hushed privacy and behind an admonition to me not to forget that in asking the kind of questions I constantly asked I was engaged in a dangerous occupation. I once asked if there was any chance of my getting a concession to establish a free-speech accident-insurance company, thinking that nearly everybody would like to be insured against the accident of being overheard and that I would do a big business. Not that my occupation was so dangerous for myself, you understand, but that it was very dangerous for those who gave me the information I sought.

While I was in Russia the Chaika was what was known as abolished. All kinds of new laws and regulations were promised and promulgated; it was said, for one thing, that the time was at an end when citizens could be arrested and kept in prison indefinitely without accusation and trial, but the effect of all this upon the populace did not convey to me an idea that it was regarded as being anything more than a pretense by which the authorities sought to quiet the storm of criticism that was rolling in upon them from abroad and from the very classes they were seeking to influence with their propaganda; and subsequent events have served to prove that those who did so regard it were not very far wrong. It might also have been a reassuring gesture for the benefit of the populace at a time when the populace was

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in sore need of something in the nature of reassurance, but no such institution as the Chrezvychaika has ever been abolished except through the process of being hoist by its own petard.

As regards the permanence of that which they have set up and called a government the Bolsheviki express a profound confidence, but to doubt that their intention is to continue to maintain it through the operation of some such agency as the Chaika is to doubt their intelligence. It could not possibly be done otherwise. Tyranny thrives upon nothing but the terror of the tyrannized.

The representative of the Y. M. C. A. occupied the head of the table at Brown House, and as time went on he began to entertain us daily with descriptions of life among the students in the schools and universities. He was just instituting a program of relief for students and was encountering some fine opportunities to compare the Bolshevik theories of education with Bolshevik practice and results achieved, the truth being that the soviets were conducting the educational department of their so-called government with just about the same degree of efficiency as was to be observed in their conduct of the railroads and industries of various kinds.

The schools, like everything else, are controlled by the henchmen of the boss Bolsheviki. These men are all Red and naturally under the influence of the Red obsession. I tried to talk with a number of them and found none who could refrain from turning away from my line of inquiry—which had to do solely with the educational details of the educational system established—and launching for my benefit into platitudinous polemics against capitalism and bourgeois governments; so I concluded that was about all the educational system amounted to. I was right.

In 1920 the British Foreign Office appointed a commission of various kinds of experts to investigate conditions in Russia, and in concluding the brief section of its report which deals with education this commission says: "We derive, from the evidence submitted to us with regard to education, the impression that there is no question as to the enthusiasm and sincerity shown by the Soviet Government in the cause of education, and that this enthusiasm and sincerity in combating ignorance is directed primarily not to assist the free expression of ideas and thus to promote intellectual progress, but to develop the human mind as a machine for the reception and exposition of the Soviet Government's conception of communism."

Difficulties of the Wonder Workers

As time went on it became more and more the purpose of the American Relief Administration to offer as much assistance as possible to the better elements in the population, the idea being that if Russian civilization was to be saved in any degree these elements would have to be depended upon to save it. The student bodies, for the most part, were enjoying intellectual contact with nothing but Bolshevik propaganda, and it interested us considerably to speculate upon how they were managing to square the facts of their actual existence with the communist theories upon which they were being fed, and what the effect upon them would be of a practical demonstration of the inability of their great communist state to apply the principle of each according to his need without foreign charitable aid; what their reaction would be to a realization of the fact that the communist wonder workers were swamped in an economic situation they were unable to handle. And I may say that if the boss Bolsheviki had known that the Americans in their midst were indulging in any such speculations the students probably would have been permitted to worry along without any extra food. What they dreaded above all things was counter propaganda, and there is no propaganda quite so effective as a practical demonstration. This is the full explanation of their reluctance to permit the American Relief Administration to operate in Russia, and their insistence upon the stipulation that no American relief worker would interest himself in Russian politics or send out of Russia any information of any kind except such as might be useful in stimulating benevolence in the United States. They were glad enough to accept American aid because they were plunged in difficulties they could not overcome, but to acknowledge their necessity as something for which they themselves were responsible was a thing they would not do. The effort they made to keep up in the world outside the fiction that famine conditions obtained only in the basin of the Volga River and were due entirely to natural causes was equaled only by the effort they made to minimize in the minds of the masses the credit due to American sources for the relief operations by which they were benefiting; and the methods they employed for the accomplishment of this served to indicate very clearly the position they were in and to reveal in a curious way the moral morass upon which the foundations of the soviet system are laid. I shall have more to say in this connection later on. Also I shall have more to say about the young generation of Russians and the kind of idea it is being taught to shoot.

My conclusions with regard to what Russia has to hope for from her future citizens were arrived at in Petrograd during weary hours spent in the splendid university that was founded by Peter the Great, and in prowling round Tsarskoe Selo, which, according to Bolshevik propaganda circulated in our midst, is supposed to have been dedicated to the Utopian upbringing of Utopian children, its name having been changed from Tsarskoe Selo, which means Czar's Village, to Dietskoi Selo, which means Children's Village. But one has to return from Petrograd to Moscow to get at the fountainhead of all learning.

The Education Department

The Bolsheviki chose to make Moscow their capital; thus, one supposes, because Moscow is the Holy City of Russia, upon which the minds of all Russians dwell with reverence. They may have had other reasons, but one of them was not that Moscow is a particularly suitable city for such a purpose. It is to be remembered that the necessities of a government in the way of housing facilities have increased considerably since Peter the Great founded Petrograd, and that since those days very little has been done in Moscow to add to its adequacy as a modern capital. The Kremlin is a noble pile, but its nobility is expressed chiefly in walls, churches, palaces, monuments and museums, and not in buildings capable of accommodating even reasonable governmental departments, to say nothing of the kind of governmental makeweights with which the Bolsheviki contrive to hold themselves down.

The departments of this, that and the other took over all the big hotels with which the city—dear to the hearts of tourists—was dignified in the old days, along with apartment houses, private residences here and there, and any kind of private property that was sufficiently luxurious to satisfy the tastes of the proletarian dictators. I understand they are now thinking of moving back to Petrograd, but that is another story.

When I asked for an interview with Mr. Lunakharsky I supposed, of course, that I should find him somewhere within the walls of the Kremlin, holding down the stateliest edifice in the whole stately place. Mr. Lunakharsky is the People's Commissar for Education, and to educate the people was one of the main purposes for which the Bolsheviki created themselves. If there was one thing I expected to find in Russia it was a kind of educational exaltation. I found it right enough, but it was a good deal like the exaltation to be observed in an experience meetin' of religious fanatics who get up in great agony and tell the world how rotten they are and how good they intend to be one of these days, now that God has begun to take a special and personal interest in them.

Mr. Lunakharsky very graciously consented to receive me and I, as graciously as I knew how, returned my compliments along with assurances of my distinguished consideration and my complete willingness to call on him at any hour that might suit his convenience.

The hours of the boss Bolsheviki are almost as different from other people's as their principles. They may have formed their habits during that period of their lives when their activities were largely clandestine and when they lived for the most part on hot coffee and the spice of intrigue; but be that as it may, there are a number of the more important among them now who make all their business appointments for hours between two and six in the morning, and who wake their departments up and put them to work along about the time when everybody else is thinking of turning in for the night.

Mr. Lunakharsky is evidently not among those quite so curiously habituated, since he made an appointment to meet me at his office at three o'clock in the afternoon. Upon inquiring I learned that his office was not in the easily accessible Kremlin, as I had imagined it would be, but in some kind of former school building so far out toward the outskirts of town that an early start was necessitated. However, I was promptly on time, and with my interpreter made my way up two flights of stairs and into a reception room where a young woman with bobbed hair and a heavily made-up countenance, sitting behind a desk, informed us that the commissar had not yet arrived and invited us to sit down and wait.

There were a number of other persons present, talking together more or less animatedly or merely waiting, and the surroundings generally were quite sufficiently interesting to hold my attention for a while. For one thing there was a portrait which afforded me a good deal of my favorite entertainment of wondering. I first wondered whose it was, and when I was told I wondered how it could possibly be true. It was a portrait of the President of the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, Mr. M. I. Kalinin, all dressed up in a white shirt with a collar band and a collar button, but no collar. And no coat, of course. It seemed to me about as foolish a bit of proletarian pose as I had seen. Mr. Kalinin is a peasant who was for years one of the chief agents in the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party for spreading Bolshevik propaganda among people of his own class, and as president he takes a greater interest in the activities of the Department for Propaganda than in anything else, spending a large part of his time on speech-making tours throughout the country. It is said they made him president because they wanted nobody for president who had sufficient force and ability to influence the political situation. I imagined the shirt-sleeved portrait was for propagandist purposes among the peasants, but I thought it might just be that even Russian peasants would prefer a president who had enough respect for the dignity of his job to wear a collar. As for students and better-class Russians passing through the antechamber of a Department of Education, what do you suppose they would think?

The Man Who Spoke English

At the end of about half an hour a man came in who looked important enough to be Mr. Lunakharsky, but he turned out to be somebody else. He drew a chair up alongside the girl with the bobbed hair and entered with her into what seemed to be a very intimate and amusing conversation. Nobody paid the slightest attention to us—to my interpreter and me, that is. Then pretty soon another man sidled in and sat down on a bench just inside the door and about six feet from where we were sitting at a table in the middle of the room. He was a forlorn creature, who looked as though he might have come in to ask for a job as window cleaner or something of that sort. And goodness knows the windows needed cleaning! Also the floors everywhere; and the stairways needed sweeping, to say nothing of scrubbing, and there was a stench in the building that needed to be let out.

This man interested me. He was cadaverously thin. He fastened a pair of big melancholy brown eyes upon me and stared in a way that was wholly inoffensive but somewhat embarrassing. It was as though he were looking at me without seeing me.

When I had waited more than an hour I began to get rather impatient and asked my interpreter to speak to the man who was talking with the girl behind the desk and ask if he knew anything about the habits of Mr. Lunakharsky and whether or not he might be expected to keep his engagement. I phrased my request in terms that were a bit sarcastic and instantly observed a wave of amusement pass across the face of the man by the door. Thought I to myself: "That man understands English!"

When the other man learned who I was he came over and introduced himself and wanted to know if he might not be of some service while we waited for the commissar. He, too, spoke English. I told him I was interested in making a direct inquiry with regard to the communist educational plans,

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

and that so far as I was concerned it was wholly immaterial from whom I received the desired information. Then I asked him what his position was in the Department of Education and he answered that he was the political adviser.

"That," said I, "is a curious title in such a connection. Just what does it mean?"

He was unable to tell me in so many words, but by degrees I gathered that his job was to outline the policy of political instruction in the schools and to keep it in line with the developments of the communist experiment. Such instruction would naturally have been altogether Red or of the extreme communist variety in the early days, but the gradual demonstration of the unworkable character of certain communistic theories would have necessitated a gradual modification of the processes employed to hold the popular mind. He was just another propagandist. Whatever else they may be, they are all that. He was a well-set-up and nice-mannered young man, who would have looked to be exactly in his element as a bond salesman in a broker's office.

My somewhat searching questions were not phrased with any idea of concealing the fact that I was not at all in sympathy with their views, and I had not asked many before I noticed that the man by the door had lost his far-away look and was paying the closest kind of attention to everything I said. It worried me just a little, because it really is dangerous in Russia to want to know certain things, and the old warning recurred to me: "You never can tell ——"

When I came to specific inquiries with regard to schools in operation, students enrolled, number and variety of subjects available, and all that sort of thing, I drew nothing but a series of blanks. There was a lot of talk about the splendid effort to educate the workers by setting up schools in all the centers of industrial employment and making it compulsory for every adult citizen to learn to read and write, but the established institutions of learning were naturally in a bad way on account of the economic situation! Yes, naturally!

I asked the gentleman what he thought of the American system of education.

"Well, of course," said he, "for the masses it is the best system that has ever been developed and we are using it as a model. But it has very great defects. These we shall correct. We shall improve upon it and extend it in such a way as to reach with compulsory education every individual in the state."

"In the meantime," I replied, "you are permitting a young generation to grow up in ignorance and you are discriminating in every way against the best class of youth you have to depend on—the sons and daughters of the not very numerous but very valuable bourgeoisie."

The Inspector of Schools

He laughed and said something about the necessary evils attending a revolution. The man by the door shifted his long, thin, crossed legs and coughed. After which we went into the financial requirements of such an educational plan as the communists had laid out—on paper—with the result that I exclaimed, "But it is impossible!"

"It is very ambitious," he conceded.

"Ambitious!" said I. "It is just so ambitious that my country, which is supposed to be so tremendously and iniquitously rich, would certainly go broke trying to put it into effect!"

He was loftily good-natured in his response to this, and just then a creature breezed in who will continue to abide in my memory as long as I live. He was eating something and the crumbs of whatever it was were hanging upon his wet and pendulous lower lip. His hair was bobbed at a length of about two inches above his shoulders and hung in straight lines down over his ears. He wore a stiff fez-shaped astrakhan cap—which he did not trouble to remove—and a peasant costume of belted blouse and trousers tucked into high boots that for greasiness and grime beat anything I had ever seen even in Russia. His face was dirty and his long-fingered hands were simply horrible. Like nearly everybody connected in any way with the Soviet Government, he carried a portfolio.

"O-ho!" said the political adviser. "Here is somebody you should meet! Mr. ——"

I have forgotten his name. As a matter of fact I don't think I caught it even for an instant; I was so fascinated. He slithered up close to me and offered me his hand. I took it. It was both clammy and crumby. He said something in Russian which my interpreter translated as a wish on his part to serve me in any way he could. I wanted to know what he had to do with the Department of Education and was told that he was inspector of schools. When he told us this he drew himself up proudly and wiped his lips with a swipe of his palm. He really was the most extraordinary human being I had ever encountered. I asked what his duties were, and after a somewhat lengthy powwow in Russian between him and my interpreter, with the political adviser breaking in here and there, I was told that his job was to travel round over the country locating districts in which schools should be established, reporting on the progress of those already established, and suspending the operations of any that happened not to be living up to established rules and regulations. I repeat the word "established" with definite intent.

On the way home in our A. R. A. automobile I was still gasping, so to speak, and said to my interpreter, "But is he himself an educated man?" The boy was almost weeping with chagrin and humiliation.

"Good Lord, no!" he exclaimed.

"But why ——"

"Oh, don't ask me. I don't know!"

It is such incidents as these that make it so utterly impossible for the foreign observer to understand the Russian situation or to contemplate with enthusiasm the splendid possibilities inherent in a proletarian dictatorship.

A Visit to the Kremlin

But I must not forget the man by the door, must I? Treading softly he followed us out across the high-domed hall and down the dirty stairways. Little shivers ran up through the roots of my hair, but I managed to maintain a calm and casual demeanor until we reached the lower floor and were just turning to go down the steps that led to the outer doors. Then he spoke.

"Please excuse me," he said, very gently and with a rather nice Russian accent.

I turned to him and answered "Yes?"

He was trembling. His thin hand gripped the banister and was very white at the knuckles. His thin lips twitched nervously and I saw at once that he was suffering. He ignored my Russian companion and addressed himself to me.

He repeated, "Please excuse me."

"Yes?"

"You are an American?"

"Yes."

"You belong to the American Relief?"

"No; I am only a visitor."

"You are not attached ——"

"Not officially."

"I could not help overhearing your conversation. You will please excuse me?"

"Yes?"

"I am a professor of physics in the University of —— We are doing nothing. The government *paiok*, the ration, you understand, is uncertain; and there is no longer the salary—even of two million rubles in a month—you understand? I have neither money nor food. Would it be possible perhaps for me to be employed by the American Relief? As an interpreter? I speak English, French and German. Or as an accountant? I know mathematics."

The A. R. A. was short of interpreters down in the Volga districts, where the big job was being put over, and I told him to go to such and such a person at headquarters and see what could be done. Just an ordinary high-class victim of the Bolsheviki, one among thousands, trying to accommodate himself to the system imposed upon him and finding the system itself giving way and swamping him in its wholesale debacle! And to think that I had been thinking of him all the time as possibly being something sinister in connection with the Chaika! It just goes to show that you never can tell who is hearing what you say in Russia.

And, oh, yes, I must remember to say that Mr. Lunakharsky never did turn up!

The following Sunday I went with a party to visit the Kremlin. It was quite a large party and included both Colonel Haskell, the director general of American Relief, and former Governor Goodrich, of Indiana, who was in Russia to inspect relief operations, with the idea in view of providing detailed data upon which to base further programs of relief. Colonel Haskell had been in Russia five months, with his headquarters in Moscow, but this was the first time he had ever been inside the walls of the Kremlin. In a way he was in Russia on a sight-seeing expedition, but the sights that had been occupying his attention are not featured in any of the guidebooks.

In the wicked old days of the autocratic oppression a large part of the Kremlin was wide open to the public, and visitors wishing to explore it could come and go without let or hindrance; but it is now the holy of holies of the Bolsheviki and cannot be entered without a permit. Nor is a permit easy to get either. It is necessary to exercise influence of some kind, after which it is necessary to accept the escort of a soviet official. Our soviet official was a glib sort of person who had acquired whatever he had to recommend him as an alien resident in the United States—whatever he had to recommend him as a guide, that is. He spoke East Side New Yorkese and was sufficiently proletarian in his make-up to satisfy Karl Marx himself—if that was what Karl Marx meant.

I was the only American member of the party who had ever been in the Kremlin before. In former days I had become fairly familiar with it and had entertained myself to a considerable extent with the fascinations of its colorful history; so I knew what the others did not know and that was that we were not being shown through. Our escort called it showing us through, but it amounted to nothing but a visit to the apartments of state and the ancient wing of the great palace in which the czars were crowned.

My chief interest was in the treasury, and I proceeded at once to embarrass our guide, first by asking if we might not see it and afterward by pursuing somewhat persistently a line of inquiry as to what had become of this, that and the other object of inestimable value. I remembered particularly the crown jewels and the coronation robes incrusted with precious stones. I remembered that among these stones were quantities of emeralds and rubies, some of which were larger and more perfect than any to be seen anywhere else on earth, while there was enough bead trimming made of diamonds and pearls to fill a bushel basket. Then there were the crowns and the bejeweled thrones of the czars and the grand princes all the way back to the twelfth century. There were horse trappings and weapons of all kinds, and all of them having great actual value without regard to their value as historic treasures. This was beyond computation.

Ancient Treasures

I wanted to see again the magnificent collection of old Russian silver and crystal and gold vessels; the fourteenth-century ivories; and especially the wonderful wardrobes of the empresses—of Catharine and Catharine the Great, of Anna Ivanovna and Elizabeth. I understand that some Americans have been permitted recently to have a look at these things and that their value as mere raw material, without consideration of their historic significance, is five hundred million dollars. They call this a rough estimate, and one is inclined to agree with them. The trouble with that sort of thing is that its value cannot be expressed in terms of a medium of exchange, though it might be accepted as security for a loan. One believes or at least hopes that it is indestructible, but where the Bolsheviki are concerned you never can tell, and unset jewels are both easily portable and easily salable.

When I asked if we might not visit the treasury our escort said it was closed for repairs. And that was that! When I asked what had become of all the treasures he exhibited a vast ignorance and accused me of knowing more about the Kremlin than he did. And that was that! I was inclined to believe that his ignorance was assumed, but I may have been wrong. His mental contacts had evidently been with interests not very closely related to those that influence me.

He took us in through the main vestibule of the Great Palace and up the magnificent granite stairway, than which there are few in the world more stately, and thence into the tremendous white-and-gold room of the Order of St. George. And I noticed that he was just as keen about the Order of St. George as any dyed-in-the-wool monarchist could possibly have been. That was national instinct expressing itself. The Order of St. George was the highest honor in the

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gift of the imperial government and was bestowed upon individuals and regiments for distinguished military service. On the marble pillars and panels of the room of St. George are inscribed in letters of gold the names of all regiments and all men who have received the decoration, together with the dates of the engagements in which they displayed unusual bravery. Our cicerone was very voluble about all this, as he was also about the exquisite quality of the gold brocade with which the chairs and benches round the walls were upholstered. He led us on through a series of splendid antechambers, I noticing meanwhile that the velvet-lined wall cabinets had all been emptied of their one-time contents. Their shelves were spotted with circles of dust and darker color to show where the treasures had stood.

"Where are all the vases and the *objets d'art?*" I asked.

"Oh, I dunno! Put away somewhere for safe-keeping, I suppose," he replied.

"But what better place could you have than this for safeguarding such things?" I exclaimed.

"I dunno!" said he.

We then came into the Throne Room. The last thrones that graced or ever will, one supposes, grace the dais at the end of the lordly hall were three rather tawdry chairs, gilded à la Tottenham Court Road and upholstered in rose-colored satin. They were made for the late Czar, the Czarina and the Imperial Mother. Very different from the throne of the first Romanoff, covered with plates of gold and studded with innumerable diamonds and pearls!

The Throne Room was being used by the Bolsheviki as an assembly hall. They had removed the uncomfortable chairs upon which the last of the Romanoffs sat, and had built in a platform backed by a curious kind of canopy. It looked a good deal like a very colorful tent of the Arab variety with the flaps thrown back, while down each side of it hung a broad banner of red velvet covered with gold lettering in English, setting forth the legend, "Workers of the World, Unite!"

The Woman Guide's Lecture

I was walking down the length of the room with Governor Goodrich when our guide pushed himself in between us and said, "Well, governor, I guess that's once you can read Russian, eh?" The governor smiled a wry kind of smile and answered, "I can read that, all right!"

Whereupon our little Bolshevik chuckled with great enjoyment and exclaimed, "Well, that's Russian!"

We knew what he meant. We knew that the Bolsheviki, in pursuing their great mission of making the world over on the present Russian model, were frankly directing their principal efforts against the English-speaking peoples. Or should one say, rather, that they had no wish to disguise the fact that they were working chiefly for the benefit of the United States and the British Empire? Considering the efforts they have made to enlighten us and the amount of money they have spent, together with the uncomfortable hole they are in, one would think that by this time they might be getting discouraged. But in that regard they are not. They know there are many citizens among us who have grasped the great principles and who are boring in on our institutions with admirable determination and continuity of purpose. "Workers of the World, Unite"—under the Red banner of unparalleled tyranny!

There was a company of young men, mostly Red soldiers in uniform, passing through the building, in charge of a woman of sorts, who acted as their guide and instructor. She was taking them from room to room and from one point of interest to another and halting them in a body every so often to introduce them to the thing they were looking at and to deliver to them what sounded considerably like a somewhat impassioned lecture. She was speaking Russian, of course, so I could catch only an occasional word, but I heard her say "boorjoojie" several times, and was consumed with curiosity with regard to the line of talk she was handing out. The boys, for the most part, were just ordinary good-looking lads, but it seemed to me they had a kind of hand-in-hand air about them, like babes in the wood. I knew they were learning something.

There was another Russian in our party who was not a Bolshevik; so I drew him aside and induced him to stand with me for a little while in the immediate vicinity of the group and interpret for me what the woman was saying. He could hardly keep his face straight. She was telling the boys that though all the splendor round about them was the blood and bones of the people translated into marble magnificence it no longer belonged to the tyrants and oppressors, the murdering capitalists and the bourgeois brigands who had produced it, but to them and to them only; that it was theirs to cherish as a forever eloquent monument to the martyrdom of the masses! Upon hearing this I could no longer keep my face straight either. But I didn't want to laugh; I wanted to weep. It was all so false and so downward leveling in its inevitable effect on the minds of the youths.

We went on then and joined the others and I found our guide just making a final gesture and saying that that was all—that there was nothing more to see.

"But," said I, "may we not go into some of the churches?"

Vanished Treasures

I wanted specially to see again and to have my American companions see the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the czars were crowned. This edifice, dating from the fifteenth century, has a wonderful history, and at the moment—when the Bolsheviki were just beginning frankly and openly to confiscate church treasure—it intrigued my interest because I remembered a particularly splendid *ikonostas*, or screen of icons, aglitter with precious stones, and some gold altar vessels of great weight and magnificence that were taken away from Moscow by Napoleon and recovered by the Cossacks, who replaced them in the cathedral and commemorated their exploit by hanging from the grand dome in votive offering a massive silver chandelier.

I asked if we might not see these things. But no! The Cathedral of the Assumption was not open.

Very well; then how about the church in which the czars and princes of the Rurik dynasty and the first of the Romanoffs were buried? In this church there are priceless medieval mural decorations and paintings, and rows upon rows of curiously plain but rich imperial sarcophagi containing the remains of nearly everybody who ever had anything to do with the making of the colorful history of Russia. Might we not go into that church? In particular I wanted to see again the sarcophagi of Ivan the Terrible and his sons. These men rest side by side in a dim little chapel behind the great *ikonostas*.

Well, yes, we might have a look at this church, but our guide assured us that it was not worth looking at. He failed curiously but absolutely to appreciate its historic interest. For myself I could not fail to realize that its present historic interest overshadows its past. I found it stripped of everything save the sarcophagi; I found it littered with refuse, hung with cobwebs, steeped in dust-laden gloom. On the sarcophagus of Ivan the Terrible, itself green and grimy from neglect, lay a dirty old rag and a cheap brass candlestick caked with verdigris and candle drippings. I laughed to myself and thought of the perhaps merely shriveled figure lying just beneath. I thought if that figure had not crumbled before it certainly now would begin to crumble.

On the way home from the church Governor Goodrich and I got into an argument. He is a patient and generous-minded man and believes in giving everybody a chance. Among other things he said, "Well, now you let these people alone. They are passing through a tremendous experience, and if they are not hampered and interfered with unfairly they are likely to do something for themselves."

My answer to that—I not being so patient and generous-minded—was, "It seems to me they already have!"

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan.

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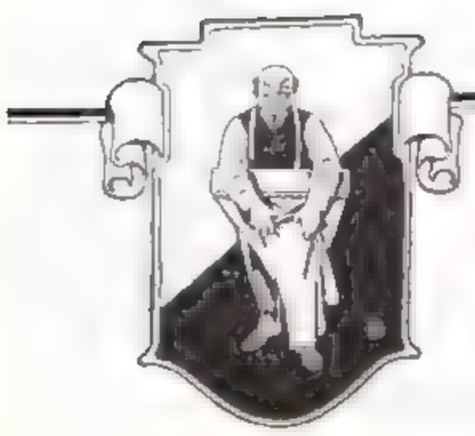

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THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

(Continued from Page 9

use of those customs which experience has proved the best machinery for the conducting of said business. By the time we have learned this much we are about eighteen years old, and beyond that we are supposed to stumble along and learn for ourselves. Well, I suppose that this theory is fair enough—we would be dumb-bells if we didn't learn. But that's just the point. We are dumb-bells. We accept the whole of life at the eighteen-to-thirty standard, and after thirty try to make these twelve years perennial, endeavoring to stretch them on and on, without change of face, figure, habit or interest, over the ensuing point between thirty and sixty. Of course we fail to do so, and as a rule live along deploring each inevitable change in ourselves as a sort of personal affront from high heaven, and acting generally as though it was a disgrace not to appear twenty at the age of forty.

It is always an apologetic laugh which accompanies the remark, "Well, Bill, I guess we are getting old, eh?" Why in the name of Ham should we apologize? And yet the man who says this does not mean old, either. Age, even in the mind of the most reluctant collector of birthdays, has a certain dignity. When the hair is actually white, or gone altogether, when the wrinkles have a touch of Rembrandt about them, age is recognized and accepted. When one says that to Bill one means not old, but middle-aged, and apparently most people feel that middle age has simply no standing in the community. It is a disgraceful condition, to be hidden as far as possible under the guise of youth.

The question before the house is, What to do about it? How shall we give middle age a place in the sun and rid it of its stigma? I have a little dope on the subject, and perhaps the best way to hand it out is to cite my own case.

The realization that I was getting on came to me the morning after a hard night. I believe that the discovery is often made at such a time, even when no actual accumulation of years is involved, but merely an alcoholic, lobster or old cheese complex. You will gather the idea. Well, at any rate, George—that's my husband—and I had been out late the previous evening, having gone over to our neighbors', the Goofnahs, and played pinochle until 11:30, after which we were foolish enough to stay on until nearly twelve, imbibing liberally of the Goofnahs' beastly home-made sarsaparilla punch with thin slices of deceased banana floating in it.

Minus Teeth, Plus Glasses

Consequently, next day I felt a wreck, and with the morning sun pouring in upon my dressing mirror I'll say I looked it too. My face had that horrible naked appearance which is intolerable to any modest woman—just plain face without a stitch of make-up on it! And my hair had that casual effect which comes of a restless night. The hair was what arrested me, although heaven knows I looked fit to be arrested on any count you want to name. What I mean to convey is that there was a fleck or two of gray in my hair. To be absolutely accurate, there was one miserable telltale little group of gray hairs right over my left eye. These caught my attention and held it. They do, don't they?

Well, that was only the beginning of a far from perfect day. By ten o'clock I had developed a raging toothache, and by twelve I was minus the first two teeth I had lost since the age of seven, at which age I had lost two by the far cheaper and less trying process of slamming a door. But this time my dentist had the teeth and ten of my dollars besides, which never seems fair somehow; and confound him, he was also full of advice.

"Do you know, I believe your eyes need attention," he said. "These headaches of which you speak are probably due to the fact that you need glasses."

Well, one ordinarily leaves a dentist's office in a bad enough frame of mind, but this particular leaving was the worst yet, for me. Still and all, there might be something in what he said. There was. I spent an hour and a quarter waiting in the office of a well-known oculist and fifteen minutes in a dark room with him and a nurse while he shot a pocket flashlight around, as he took, I think, a couple of banquet photos of me. Then he made me read the alphabet over and over, although I assured him that I already knew it by heart. He may have been a good oculist; I don't know, but I suppose he was. However, I'll bet anything he was once a good football captain, because all the while he was doing these perfectly foolish things to me he kept shouting out numbers.

"11—16—42 X—Y—Z 2," he would snap out, or remarks of a similar nature. "Diaphragm 2 1—8—4 P. D. Q."

Not being on the team, of course I didn't understand him, but apparently the nurse got all the signals, for she handed them to me on a prescription blank as I staggered from the office, informing me that it was for my reading glasses to be used for close work only. Well, it had been close work so far, all right!

"Oh, why did I ever allow myself to come to such a pass?" I wailed, as I flitted from oculist to optician. "Dumb-bell that I am, not to have kept myself in perfect physical condition!"

The optician was strangely impersonal in selecting my frame, as he suspiciously called it.

"What will you have?" said he. "Gold or bone?"

"Bone," said I, "to match my head!"

Dressing-Room Reflections

But the worst was yet to come. Once outside and on my more or less homeward way I turned instinctively to look at myself in the mirror which formed the background of a shop window. This was a mistake. It always is, even when you are looking your best and your nerves are in a condition to stand the severest shock. There is a certain something about such a mirror which will, under the best of circumstances, disorganize one's belief in one's personal charm, yet strong and few are those mortals who can resist looking into them no matter how often they have been disappointed. Pretending a vast interest in corsets, cameras or curios as the case may be, we surreptitiously straighten our tie or lip rouge before these mirrors, trembling with the sudden disillusionment incidental to discovering how we really look. We are pained, alarmed and half incredulous. Really, if one believed one looked the way a shop-window mirror says one does, the percentage of suicides among window shoppers would be enormous.

You will admit that the day on which all these symptoms of incipient decay were thrust upon me was a poor day in which to have taken such a risk as looking at myself in such a glass of fashion. The result of so doing was what might have been expected. With a muttered shriek I fled to my home and, locking myself in the dressing room, sat down before my personal mirror to consider the awful truth in private.

Now I am not going to admit that I am really getting old, but neither am I claiming to be any flapper. There is no use in trying, because the pridefulness of being in the Who's Who books is offset, as every professional woman knows, by the dates they tag on after your name, and the *b.* 1888 is there for all to see who have a magnifying glass.

Yet when I looked into the mirror at the end of this day of awakening it was not so much the face which I actually saw reflected in the glass which disturbed me, as it was what I saw immediately behind that face. What if I had lost some sleep, two teeth, and had nothing but a pair of reading glasses to show for it? What if I had a gray hair or two? So did our new automobile robe that was only two months old! I wasn't middle-aged, no sir! With the right make-up and the correct light I might still pass for twenty—well, twenty-five anyway, or certainly not more than twenty-eight or thirty. Nobody had as yet started telling me how young I looked, which in itself was evidence enough of youth. I was young yet—sure I was. But was I?

Suddenly in that mirror I could see a vision of women trying to stay young, and deceiving nobody by their pretensions; of women with heavy legs and girlish skirts, with dyed hair over faces artificially lifted; of women with painted faces on which they were vainly striving to hide the wrinkles under a treacherous dressing of powder. It was a hideous thought. But however little they fooled the public, these women were

Check either of two things and your body is weakened

Why some men are old at 35

Run down, nervous, irritable—he knows he is falling behind.

Yet he gets enough sleep—he exercises regularly—picks his food carefully. What is wrong?

One of two vital processes is failing to function. His body is either half-starved or clogged up!

The two most important needs in the world

Two things are vital to health: *building up the living cells* which form our bodies, and *removing regularly the poisonous waste matter* that accumulates.

Check either of these processes even temporarily, and life itself is threatened. Nourishment and elimination—these are the two most important duties in the world.

Yet thousands neglect them—often unconsciously. Premature age, intestinal disorders, skin disturbances, and all the ills we attribute to "run down condition" are the result.

A simple food which helps the body perform these vital functions

Now science tells us that in the cells of a tiny living plant—fresh yeast—are hidden the mysterious elements we need.

Today Fleischmann's Yeast is being prescribed by physicians and hospitals everywhere. It is helping hundreds of thousands of men and women attain a health and vigor which they had thought impossible. It supplies the very factors for which thousands of systems are starving—factors which also gently but surely cleanse the system of poisonous waste.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*, not a medicine. It does not act overnight. Nature does not work that way. But two or three cakes a day, eaten regularly over a period of time, will achieve positively incredible results.

Gradually the whole system regains "tone" and vitality. Regular daily elimination is assured. New energy offers you a startling proof that health and vigor are *natural*, not exceptional.

Go to your grocer today. Get two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast, and keep it in a cool, dry place. Start at once to know what real health means. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 618, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Eat it plain—or spread it on crackers—or mix it with water or milk

An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 618, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name

Street

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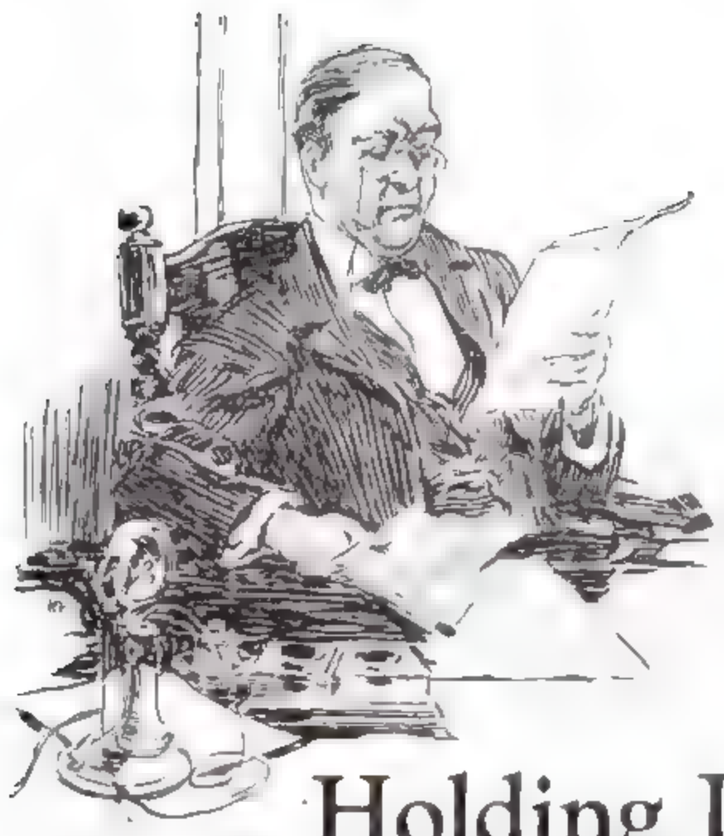


Holding Down Truck Operating Costs

Where true truck economy has been finally determined, there are found the big buyers of Sewell Cushion Truck Wheels. Single industrial units have invested as much as $40,000, $50,000, $60,000 in Sewell economy for their fleets of motor trucks.

For the final verdict is that ultimate truck economy is dependent upon the degree of resiliency which protects truck and tires and load from road jars.

Sewell Cushion Truck Wheels—*with their rubber flange construction* literally doubling the resiliency of their rubber cushion—alone make possible the full requirement in resiliency, with *no* upkeep expense throughout their long life.

Such economy is important—as important for the owner of a single truck as for the big-fleet owner.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company is ready, with the evidence of fourteen years of successful demonstration, and the experience of users of 80,000 of its wheels.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

This is the 14th Year of Sewell Wheels

Sewell Cushion Wheels

***The* Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.**

undoubtedly fooling themselves. Was I? They were not getting old any sooner than they had to. But why didn't they recognize the psychological moment when it arrived? That was what ate me. How could one tell just exactly when the moment had come to lay off the pretense which only exaggerates decay, and slip into the beauty and dignity of middle age? Was there any such thing as real charm for a frankly middle-aged person of either sex? Was I, too, fooling myself, or was I catching myself in time, before I made a fool of myself in the eyes of my friends?

It was one of those sharp moments in life when one faces a fundamental truth. I hoped I had caught myself up short on the brink of a big mistake—an error no less grave for being so common. I would not, could not, become one of those pitiful creatures who hang on to a mockery of the beauty they once possessed, instead of intelligently developing the beauty which was now rightfully theirs. Middle age was not yet upon me, but it was just ahead of me. What should I do? How should I prepare to meet it? The day had been as full of warnings as a rheumatic knee before a rainstorm. How should I prepare to make a, as you might call it, personal success of middle age?

I am talking about personal success in the personal sense, understand me, not in the business sense at all. Business success and middle age are almost synonymous and need no discussion here. And I, for one, mean to try to develop a personal success characteristic of the next period of my existence. Something new and fitting in dress, mode of life, and all the other elements which go toward making personal charm at any age. I don't intend to slump into dowdiness and call it dignity, for I believe that there must be a happy medium between dowdiness and painted-Jezebelness and I mean to educate myself to the finding of it. And by a happy medium I don't mean too medium to be happy, either.

To Dye or Not to Dye?

I shall not ignore the dye bottle. However, instead of completely falling for it I will compromise on a touch of mascara as needed, and pray to the eternal intelligence which rules mankind that I may realize the moment when it will be more charming to omit said mascara and allow the gray to show.

I know that there must be a compromise between the half-portion skirt of the flapper and the pseudo flapper, and the shuffling draperies of age. And in order to be thoroughly successful and attractive it must be a something which doesn't look like a compromise, either. It must have a character all its own, this type of clothing; some fashion which will peculiarly suit and enhance the maturing self which I see lurking in the depths of my mirror. Make no mistake, I am as aware as any woman that fashion changes, but good taste is eternal. It is the taste of change which I am seeking. Again I repeat, heaven grant me sufficient sensitiveness to hear the hour when it strikes, and so to mold myself gradually and gracefully with the scarcely perceptible shift of time.

When you are a kid you are a sort of island completely surrounded by teachers, who tell you what to think, what to learn, how to act. But always remember that from the age of graduation to the beginning of middle life everybody is obliged to be their own tutor. It's a bothersome job, and of course we all learn a good deal unconsciously in what the self-made autobiographists are so fond of calling the school of life. It seems at first glance that this subconscious absorption ought to be enough educational equipment for the facing of middle life. People rather take it for granted that they will just naturally wrap themselves around enough knowledge to carry them over to old age. Maybe so. But I have believed ever since the day of discovering the fact that I was not a perennial débutante that there are certain definite things which it behooves the child of thirty to learn with a view to using said education through the middle period, just as we used reading, writing and 'rithmetic in securing and holding our first job out of high school. And foremost in importance is an understanding of the value of health.

Hold on, don't leave! I am not going to pull any physical-culture lecture. I am merely about to point out a few simple fundamental truths which will flatter and corroborate your own good judgment. By the time a person has reached the early thirties they should have learned what they can eat in order to get the highest degree of efficiency out of themselves. For although it's not new it's just as true as it ever was that self-efficiency in its fullest sense is the only true happiness. After thirty there is no use kidding oneself about one's diet. The old tummy will not stand for being made into a gastronomic junk shop the way it used to in the days when a supper consisting of Welsh rarebit, popcorn and sarsaparilla made a perfect preamble to a sound night's sleep. You have got to make your diet reasonable if you want to avoid—well, the old-fashioned type of middle age which I am trying to get abolished, of which habitual indigestion, with its reflex action on family, friends and one's game of golf, was one of the leading characteristics.

You should by this time—meaning such time as your small inner voice which will not be denied says "Get ready!"—you should by this time know what your personal habits ought to be in order to give you the best results in living. Nobody, not even your friend the doctor, can tell you how much you ought to smoke, sleep, exercise, and so on, one half so accurately as you can tell yourself, if you are willing to tell the truth and listen to yourself. As for me, I am certainly going to start right in and take perfect care of my health as part of my education for middle age, in the sudden illumination of the fact that no robust person is ever old. I'm going to start at once—well, as soon as that gorgeous fruit cake Cousin Mary sent over is all gone, anyway!

Good Resolutions

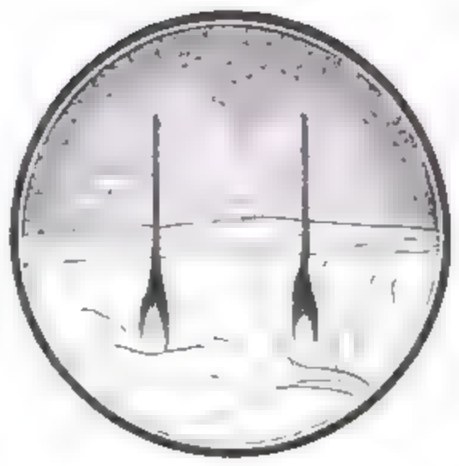
Next on my dope sheet, as we students in the school for learning how to be grown-up say, is how to tell the culls from the sound fruits of pleasure. In our so-called society more people than ever show on the official casualty lists not only waste their time but actually torture themselves under the head of pleasure. In other words, thousands of them annually die of boredom at receptions, card parties and lesser social pitfalls, night after night, and then wonder why they are not refreshed by the synthetic entertainment which they have been enduring. As people grow older they simply cannot afford to indulge in forms of entertainment which do not entertain them. There is no social obligation on earth strong enough to justify the sacrifice involved in going over to those terrible Whoosis' to play euchre for no better reason than because George, dear, if we stay home they will think it funny, and we really ought to go.

I am now setting out to learn what really does amuse and entertain me, and to develop sufficient strength of mind to resist all else, so that for the next twenty years I will never accept an invitation unless I really wish to, and will be able to leave all parties at once where I am not having a good time. I have more than a suspicion that the net result will be many a restful evening at home, which method of spending an evening I insist upon considering indicative of intelligence rather than of approaching senility. And I further predict a genuine refreshment as the result of such amusements as I feel capable of giving or accepting with a whole heart. As for the obligatory stuff, nix! From now on, it's out!

By the time you are in your early thirties you will in all probability be sure of what your job in this world is, and be working hard at it. Previous to this time the average person is so preoccupied in finding a permanent job that the best way of doing the job itself is often a consideration still in futurity or entirely overlooked.

Again I can only generalize from my own experience, which was that simultaneously with my discovery of the uses and abuses of mascara and other feminine artifices I realized that while I had settled to the profession of writing, leaving all the other arts to their fate in the same spirit, perhaps, in which Mr. Gilbert's—or was it Mr. Sullivan's?—hero "in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations remains an Englishman"—well, anyway, having discovered that writing was my meat, I got a painfully clear glimmer of the fact that my best writing years would normally lie through middle life, and that tempus was fugiting like a regular son-of-a-gun and that it was up to me to be prepared to make the utmost of the ripe period.

(Continued on Page 117)



Bubbles must support the hairs

That's the main purpose of lather. The stronger the bubbles the better the shave. They hold the hairs erect while the razor cuts them.

That's why ordinary soap does not serve for shaving. Or soap that dries on the face. Or soap with fragile bubbles. Too many hairs lie down and the razor skips them.

Ten shaves **FREE** *see coupon*

Did You Know This?

That fragile bubbles spoil a shaving cream?

HERE is the greatest mistake that chemists made in old-time shaving creams. They supposed that lather merely softened the beard. So they made no effort to have the lather substantial. But we found this: There are many ways to soften beards without the use of lather. But shaving is difficult. Too many hairs are missed. One must shave the same surface again and again.

We searched for the reason and found it. Bubbles are needed to hold the hairs erect. So they must be small, abundant, durable and tough.

That's the greatest advantage in Palmolive Shaving Cream. It forms rubber-like bubbles, small and substantial. It surrounds the hairs and holds them up.

129 formulas failed

We are soap experts. Behind us lie 60 years of soap-making experience. The leading toilet soap of the world is one of our creations.

But we made and discarded 129 formulas before we met your wishes and our ideals in a shaving cream.

You wanted abundant lather. We have made a soap which multiplies itself 250 times in lather.

You wanted quick action. We have made a soap which softens the beard in one minute. And without hot towels, without finger rubbing.

You wanted durable lather. Ours maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

You wanted fine after-effects. We get them as we get them in our facial soap—by a palm and olive oil blend.

But the hardest problem of all was one you never thought of—to create tough bubbles which support the hair.

Test our perfections

We are good business men. We know we can't fool you. We must offer you conspicuous advantages, else you will not change.

But we have those supremacies—five of them. And we offer you ten free shaves to prove them. They are winning men by millions. They are bringing us thousands of enthusiastic letters.

When we have worked so hard to please you, won't you learn what we have done?

Where else it excels

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus the lather is abundant. A tiny bit—just one half gram—suffices for a shave.

It acts quickly—within one minute the hair absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a tough beard waxlike.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. Thus it does not need replacing.

It is soothing. The palm and olive oil blend makes the soap a lotion. The skin is left soft and tender. Irritation is prevented.

Try it FREE

Just Mail the Coupon

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

10 Shaves *free*

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-370
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The Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag

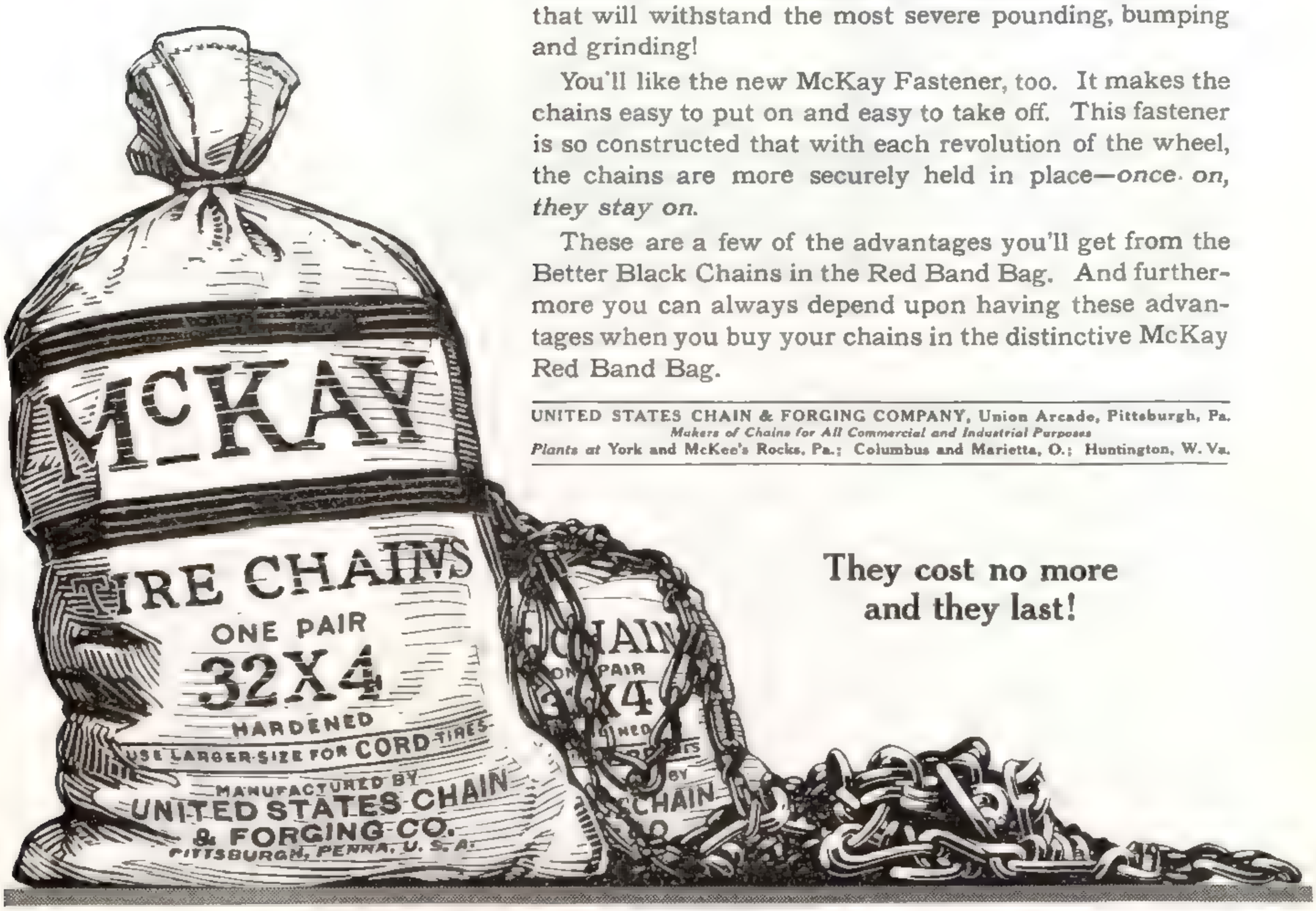
McKay Tire Chains! You'll like them. They last. You'll like them *because* they last! And you'll quickly sense their longer life.

The secret of this greater McKay durability lies in a new and improved process of hardening—a special process which gives both hardness and toughness in proportions that will withstand the most severe pounding, bumping and grinding!

You'll like the new McKay Fastener, too. It makes the chains easy to put on and easy to take off. This fastener is so constructed that with each revolution of the wheel, the chains are more securely held in place—*once on, they stay on.*

These are a few of the advantages you'll get from the Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag. And furthermore you can always depend upon having these advantages when you buy your chains in the distinctive McKay Red Band Bag.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY, Union Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of Chains for All Commercial and Industrial Purposes
Plants at York and McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Columbus and Marietta, O.; Huntington, W. Va.



They cost no more and they last!

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

(Continued from Page 114)

The result is that I am looking about me with a view to reorganizing my business life on such a basis as will give me the uttermost opportunity for concentration and accomplishment during the next twenty years. It will mean a different type of office, a better technical system for filing records, duplicating, correspondence, and so on; in short, the acquirement of a highly efficient kit of tools. Last but very far from least, it must mean a more careful and intelligent handling of finances. In this latter connection the selfishness necessary to self-preservation will have to be not only considered but actually taken into partnership. To get the best results through the prime of life—you see I am already calling it the prime—bad sign, that!—well, anyway, for the conducting of one's business to the greatest advantage during what should normally be its most fruitful period, the sense of security induced by a steadily growing crop of safe investments will, it seems to me, be of vital importance.

Youth is the period of spending because tomorrow seems so far away. But when one comes to the outer edge of youth on the side approaching middle age, then is the time to start the nest egg, if one has not done so before, in order that one may, first of all, have the elasticity of financial freedom to do the work ahead without being too greatly worried by poverty. Furthermore, many an investment opportunity comes to a man or woman when they are at the dawning of their full power and strength, which must be regretfully let slip because of the lack of a little capital. That's old stuff, too, perhaps. But I just found it out and pass it along for luck. A little money ahead is much more important at thirty-five than at twenty-five. I have no particular sympathy for the untrained youth who wails because he has not the wherewithal to buy his way into some business or other. I have less sympathy for the man or woman of thirty or over who has not, with any decent opportunity, put away the few dollars which will help give them full swing for the highest accomplishment of which their maturity is capable.

Saving to Spend

Personally it is a line I am going to pull immediately. I'm going to get nasty and stingy about subscriptions to The New Home for Lost Dogs, unsalted butter for the dinner company, lending old Cousin Hank those perennial ten spots, and from now on try to cultivate a reputation as a tightwad. I have a hunch that if I do, in ten years, or maybe fifteen, I will, if my strength holds out, be in a position to give in terms which will mean something real to the community, and to do it without imperiling either the future of my family or myself. In other words, I believe that the best investment which the worker around thirty can make and the best charity to which he can give, is himself, his own tools and his own general equipment.

I plan learning to interpret my perfectly normal pleasure in spending, into terms of bonds rather than bonbons, of securities rather than jazz, of the deed to a small homestead rather than expensive, showy rentals; of efficient assistants for my work rather than in social entertaining. And believe me, this strip of self-education which I am tearing off is not without effort, because I will admit perfectly freely that a big time with many saxophones in it is to me what strong drink is to some men. Yes, sir, it knocks us cuckoo, but we come right back for more!

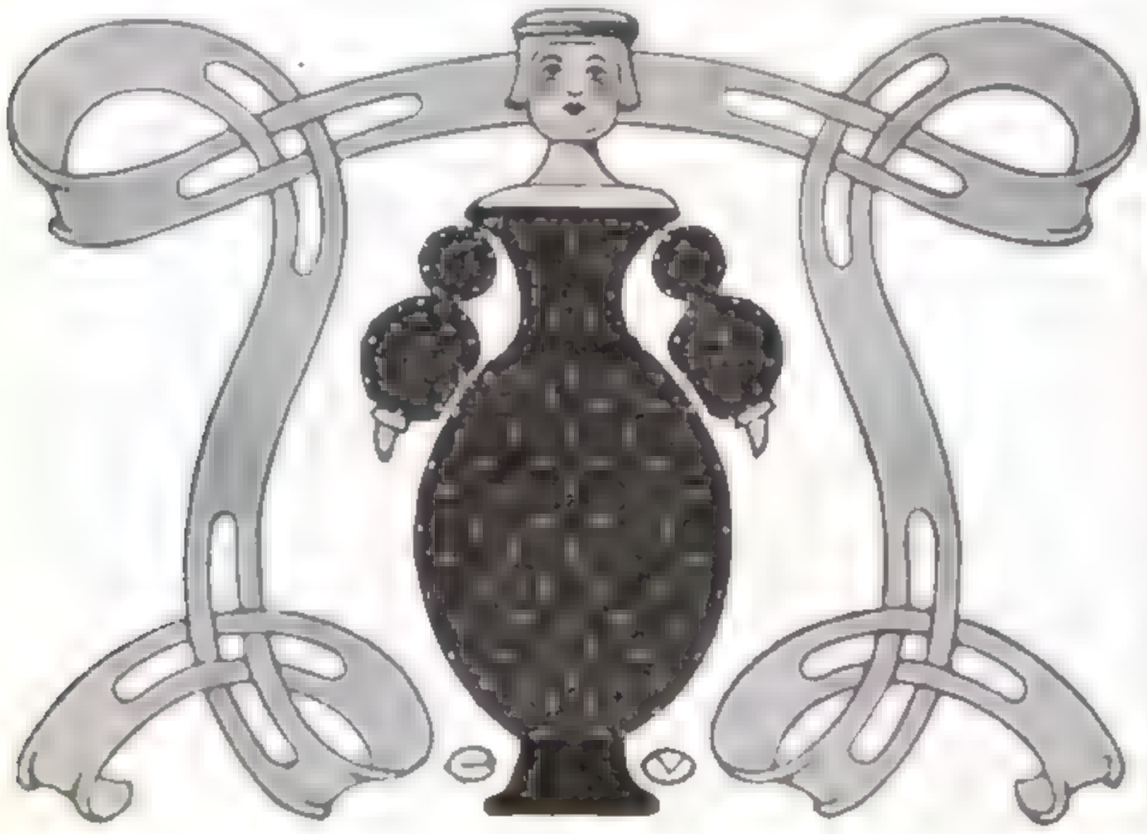
But I will learn my lesson or bust. And bust in the sense of broke will probably be right if I don't learn it. What is more, I strongly suspect that this dope goes for you, too, old thing—I mean, dear reader—unless you take a dose of the same. For it is my impression that what I have said about the writing business is probably equally true of the shoe, baking, wholesale-real-estate or small one-man railroad business, by no means overlooking clerical positions or any other steady job you want to name.

Religion in Middle Age

Now we come to the part of this oration which is pretty generally called my third and last by all public speakers unless, of course, they get stopped before they get that far. And in this case my thirdly is of a nature which I would hesitate to print were it not for the fact that I suspect other readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST besides myself are willing to admit the existence of religion and its legitimate place in the business world of today. I am going to be brutal on the subject, so get ready and skip if you want to. But I could not possibly conclude my conclusions about preparing for the real vital period of life without mention of religion.

To me it is obvious that a religion of some sort, clearly felt and understood, but by no means necessarily clearly defined or elucidated into words, is the primary essential in one's preparation for middle life. Youth has as a rule only an emotional conception of religion, or the patter of a religious code. Old age must frequently resort to a sentimentalization of religion for comfort, and as a substitution for the commoner emotions of life which have passed. But middle age is the age of intelligent religion actively applied to everyday life, or should be, and no one ever yet failed by mixing it into his work.

Understand me, I do not mean to advocate the dogma of any particular church, although I have every sympathy with and respect for any denomination which takes itself sincerely. I simply mean that by the time maturity looms ahead any real person should have unashamedly acknowledged the existence of a great single intelligence which governs the best impulses and the constructive actions of us all, and should have found a way of allowing this intelligence to flow through him in such a fashion that his whole life is clarified and benefited by it. No truly great enterprise is ever lastingly successful without a foundation of religion in its broadest sense. And the knack of falling back on its unfailing help is the most vital lesson the scholar of achievement must learn. The trickery of unscrupulousness may bring success, as well; but it is not a success which lasts, and it is far more bother to learn, than is finding the doorway to your own soul.



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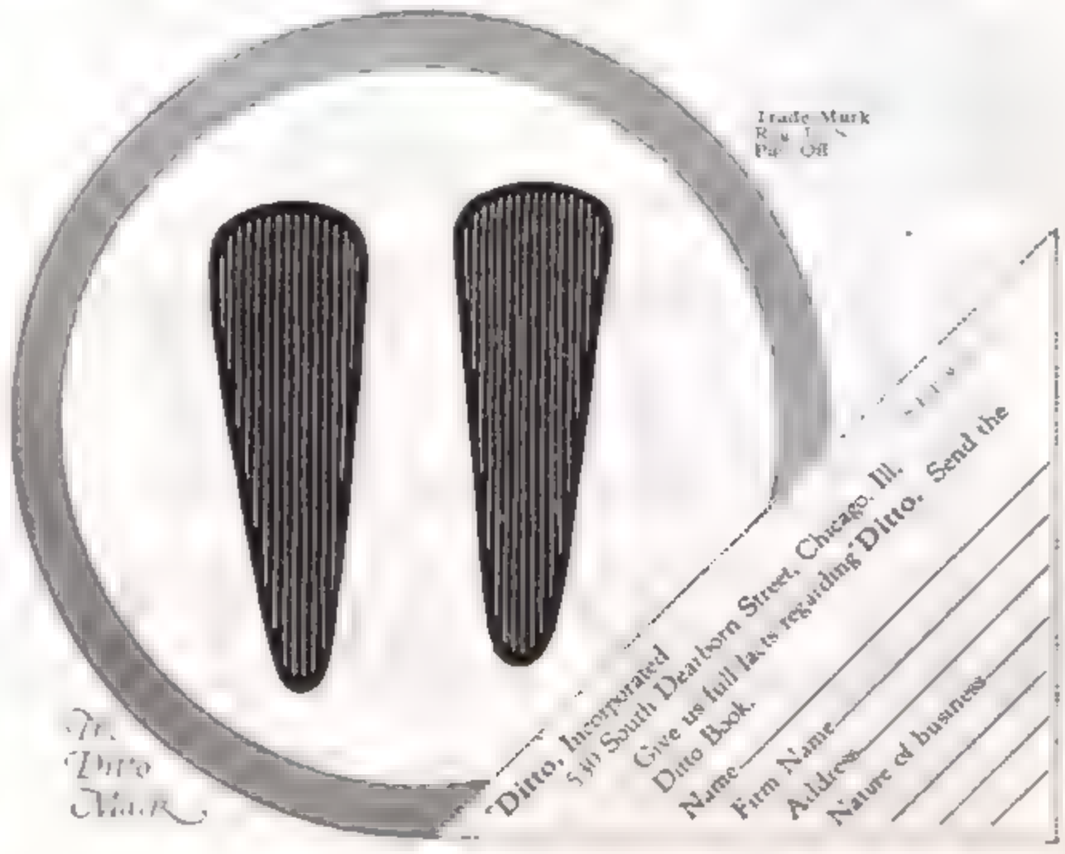

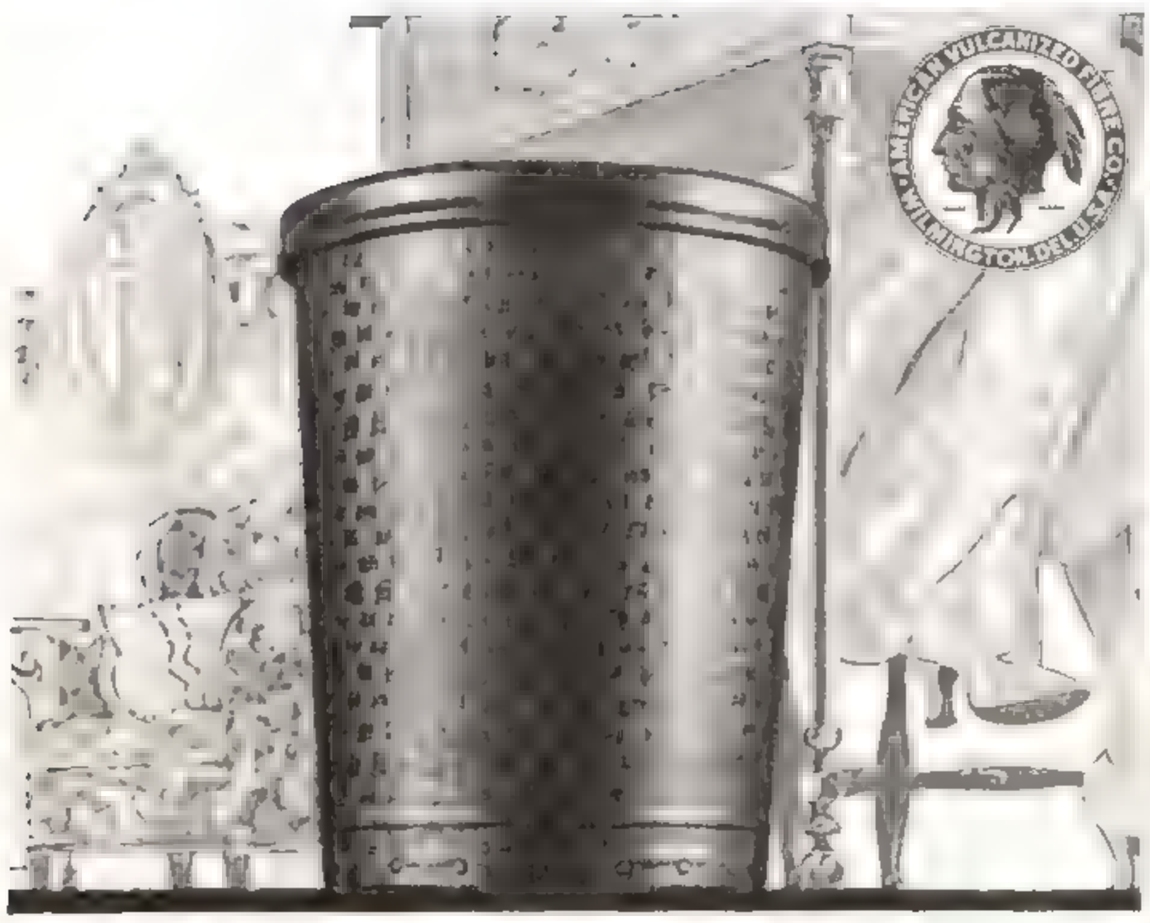

A Vul-Cot in Each Room

Will Stop the Eternal "picking things up"

For the Bedroom

For the Kitchen

For the Bathroom

Steps, steps, steps — picking up and collecting trash carelessly dropped on floors or left on tables and chairs — what is there more trying and tiring?

For years, the Vul-Cot Basket has kept business offices free from trash. And now that an entirely new line of Vul-Cot Home Receptacles has been added, the Vul-Cot is doing the same in the home.

These new Vul-Cot Receptacles have been made appropriately beautiful for the home by stamping a very attractive basket-weave right into the fibre, in colors which will harmonize with any of your furniture — a deep brown and rich green for general use in living room, library and bedroom, and light shades appropriate with the white enamel of kitchen, bathroom and perhaps some bedrooms. The new sizes are also the most convenient: a smaller basket for the living rooms, a larger one for the kitchen, and a roomy clothes hamper.

Attached to every Vul-Cot is an absolute guarantee to replace any basket that fails in normal service within five years. Made of tough vulcanized fibre, they withstand the roughest possible usage; they can't dent or rust like a metal basket, they can't break like a wicker basket; they can't chip or crack like an enameled basket; nor can bits of paper and other trash sift through their solid sides and bottoms.

Your favorite department store, stationery store or house-furnishings store should now have Vul-Cots in stock. If for some reason you can't get Vul-Cots in your neighborhood, write us at once, giving us the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

An interesting color-booklet illustrates all of the Vul-Cots; gives sizes and many suggestions of their helpfulness to you. We'll be glad to mail you a free copy. Just ask for it on a postal.

AMERICAN VULCANIZED FIBRE CO.
Wilmington Delaware

VUL-COT RECEPTACLES

Guaranteed for 5 Years

THE WHISPERING GALLERY

(Continued from Page 11)

He turned to a second man. "Flaherty! Take my car. Bring me Oliver Armiston, here—with no lost motion." He turned on the petrified Telfen, the dumbstruck Stetson, stared them out of countenance, through an awful moment.

"Huh! So she gave you your youth again?" The deputy's snarl was tigerish. "Well, I don't doubt it! My flatties have been watching every ferry and railroad train for her for a week—and she walks in here and walks out again with your Dolgoda. Hi, there! You terriers!"—this latter to his men. "Lights! Get to work! Look sharp! Sophie Lang! Look for finger prints. Dollars to doughnuts you don't find them. She wore gloves and used a handkerchief, didn't she, eh? Certainly!" His words spat like pistol shots.

Lights sprang on. Passers-by in the night wondered at the brilliance of the great windows. Parr's men swarmed over the place.

"Anything else gone?" he blared. The old lapidary, who had crumpled, and the shocked Stetson, shook their heads in ineffectual negation.

"Well, look! Look again! Make sure while I am here."

The reckoning began all over again. Knobs were turned to cryptic numerals, ponderous gates creaked on elephantine hinges; steel boxes were stacked in rows on the long table of the prison pen. The time locks had not been set when the chauffeur returned, so the entire task was comparatively simple. The treasure was entire—except for those pearls. The great diamond lay open in its case. Parr studied it, blinking.

"What's it worth?" he demanded.

"It was sold once," responded the alert Stetson, "for a hundred thousand—by mistake."

"Mistake? A hundred thousand isn't much of a mistake, is it?"

"You don't understand—it belongs to the house—a lucky piece," explained Stetson, while Ludwig Telfen looked on with palsied face. "Mr. Telfen's son sold it, not knowing. But fortunately we were able to get it back. Mr. Telfen is—er—superstitious—about it."

"Is it real?" asked Parr unpoetically.

"Real! Good God!" moaned Telfen.

"Did she see it?"

"Yes."

"Did she touch it—have it in her hands?" demanded the dazzled Parr, twitching his fingers.

"Yes."

"Then it isn't real now. It's paste! Telfen, never pray to that thing again. It's bogus—if she touched it!"

The old man groaned, and stared nearsightedly at his precious gem, the majestic prism that he gloated over on a midnight.

"Tell me, Stetson," he wailed. "My eyes are dimmed."

Stetson caressed the stone, lapidary-fashion, with his fingers.

"It's quite all right, sir," he said soothingly. "A figure of speech, I judge. It is only the pearls that are gone." To Parr he said, aside: "I am afraid you have destroyed a very beautiful ideal for him. Master of his craft as he is, he will never believe in that stone again." In a hard voice he went on: "If that woman is so notorious a thief, commissioner, why weren't we protected against her—we particularly?"

Parr chewed this over without rancor.

"Nothing will protect you from a direct hit," he said. "Sophie is like lightning. I can't even protect myself against her," he added half humorously. "I've had one of my own men planted as her chauffeur for a month. She was posing as the insurance widow—Mrs. Amos P. Huntington. You've read about her, haven't you? Well, that's Sophie. Last week all was set, and I sprung the trap. My men locked her in her car at Forty-second Street. One of my finest on the box, mind you. Drove her down to Central Office to me. When we opened up the box, out stepped her French maid. No Sophie. There you are! You got off lucky!"

Oliver Armiston came at ten. His entry into Ludwig Telfen's treasure vault at this hour of night thrilled that extinct author of tall tales of crime. This once-famous writer of thrillers who perforce retired on his laurels when thieves and murderers began to dramatize his output, had been enlisted by Deputy Parr as an unofficial aide. His hectic imagination in several insoluble cases had met with startling success. Indeed, it had been Oliver, when Parr's police methods failed, who had flushed the redoubtable Sophie in the insurance-widow case; except for the bungling of Parr's men the Dresden shepherdess would now be behind bars.

"Ah! The legendary Sophie!" exclaimed Oliver with a long look at the snapshot Parr had thrust into his hands. He still held the picture as he regarded in rapture this vaunted vaulted treasure house—the uncrackable crib of myth and fact. "Why didn't she pick on something simple—like the Subtreasury or the Bank of England?"

"This was simple enough for Sophie," said Parr.

"But why pearls?"

"Oh, it was anything she could snitch," said Parr. "Besides, I suppose she wanted to look the place over. Telfen showed her his prize stock. So she can be more discriminating when she comes again."

"I'd like to take a turn around the place," remarked Oliver when he had the full story; and he began to prowl in this unbelievable Golconda.

Ten minutes later he paused abruptly, startled, in the filigree cage on the mezzanine. He examined the arched ceiling, ran imaginary lines across the clerestory. Parr and Stetson below were in close converse at the rosewood table.

Oliver, in a low voice, broke in suddenly: "Just repeat that last sentence again, will you, Parr? Don't raise your voice."

"Stetson was just remarking," said Parr in a muffled tone, "that I jest. I told him he would, too, if Sophie had made a monkey of him for the last ten years. She isn't real! I even doubt that picture."

Oliver quickly rejoined them.

"What have you got here—a trick echo? I never heard anything like it." He was at once puzzled and entranced by his discovery.

"It is one of the props of the place," explained Parr. "Every word spoken at this table is taken down verbatim up there. The stenographer is completely hidden. It has been one of the old man's whims. It may come in handy this time."

He laid the typewritten record before Oliver. It was the verbatim record of how the accomplished Sophie had lured the old man back to his youth, and made him forget the Dolgoda and its playfellows with which she was getting acquainted under her furs.

Oliver sat down to read. Almost before he had turned the first page he had caught the flavor of it. His eyes sparkled. Sophie breathed through every word. He visualized the scene at the table; he could hear the cadences of her voice, the half-broken sentences which supplied volumes to the duped Telfen.

"This money that she displayed, Parr?" said Oliver, finally looking up. "You said Sophie was up against it?"

"Queer. Counterfeit," sniffed Parr. "Some of Jorgensen's old plates. Jorgensen told me she took them away from him."

"Bosh!" broke in Armiston. "They wouldn't fool Telfen."

"She fooled the banks with them once. I tell you she is up against it. She had to jump and run last week."

The legendary Sophie, as Oliver loved to call her—for until her last incarnation as the insurance widow the police had never actually caught sight of her—had been, indeed, for once in her adventurous career, hard put to it. Posing as Mrs. Amos P. Huntington, with a perfect story of a husband blown up while compounding rubber, she was in the act of collecting a quarter million of insurance when an anonymous letter dropped on Parr's desk revealing her as the notorious Sophie Lang. It was Oliver's fine tampering with Sophie's logic which had caused her to flee precipitately with no more than the clothes on her back, leaving a confederate dead of white arsenic in her wake. That was a week gone by.

Every train, every ferry was under close scrutiny; every automobile that passed out by the surprisingly few gates of the city was watched. Parr felt it to be merely a matter of days when the infamous woman would be in his clutches. It was at this nadir of her fortunes that the versatile Sophie paid her call on Ludwig Telfen, of

(Continued on Page 121)

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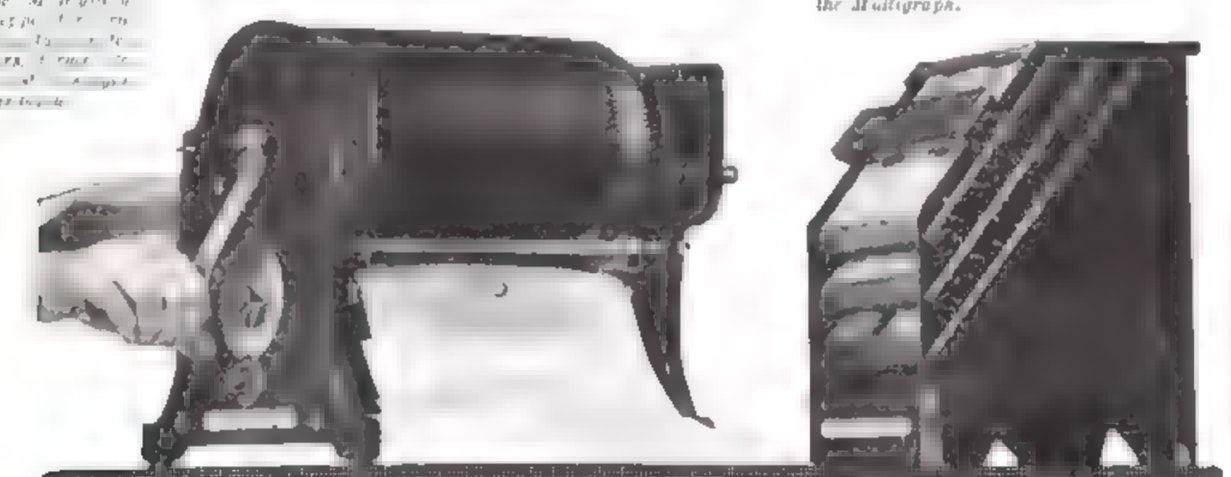

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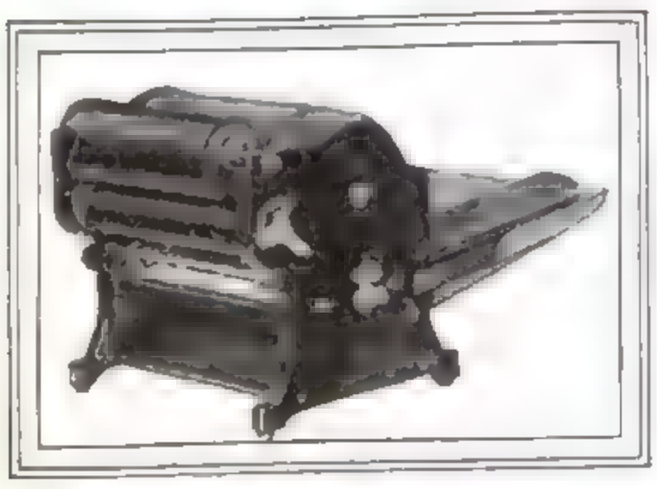

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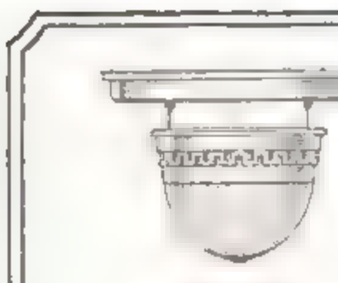

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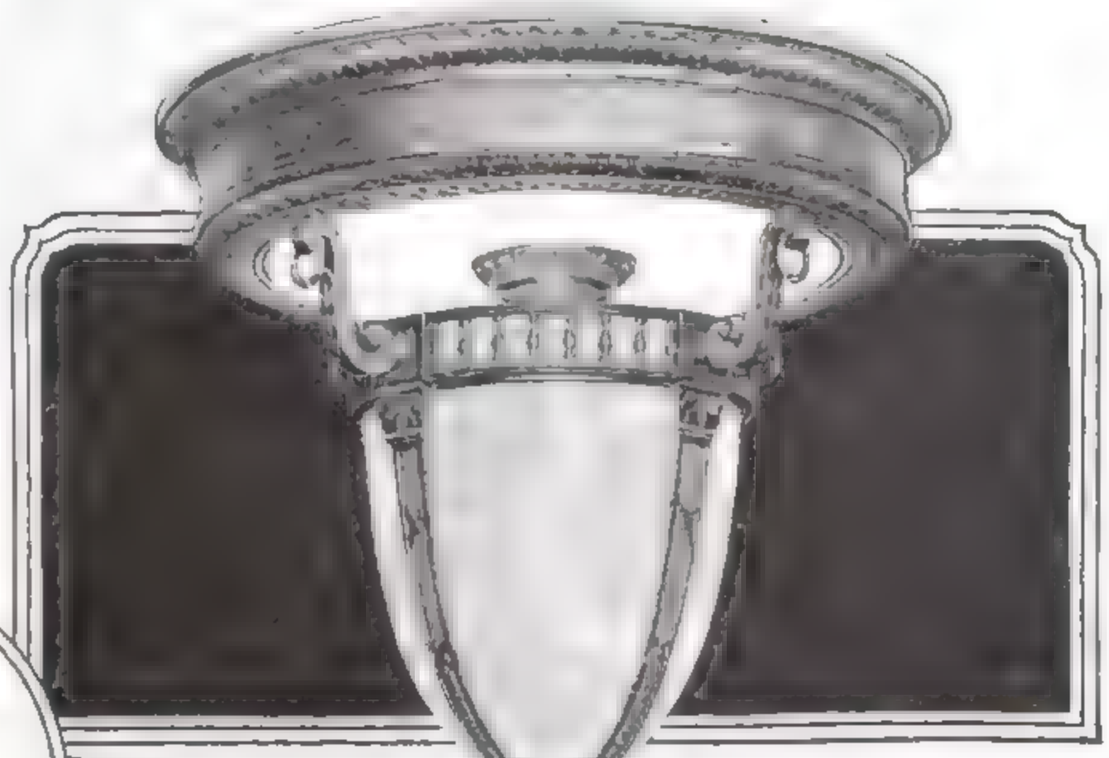

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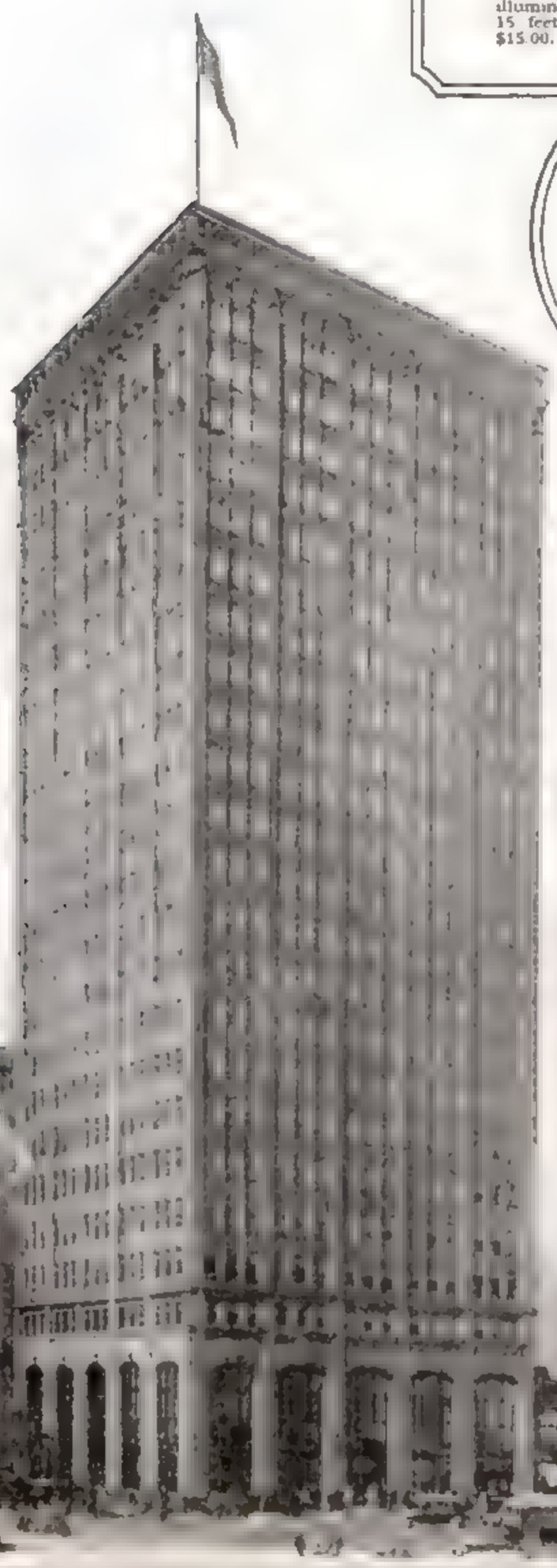

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(Continued from Page 118)

all persons in the world, and exercised her long fingers.

"I'll have her in a week," said Parr confidently. "One must live."

"She's got the pearls," interposed Oliver.

Parr shook his head, grunting. There are precious few places where one could turn a pearl from that string into cash; and at each of them one of Parr's men stood waiting and watching. She had her counterfeit notes—useless at the banks now, clever as they were; and their denominations were too large for any mere tradesman to look at without fainting. No; the legendary Sophie had run into a cul-de-sac. Oliver resumed his reading of the record, fingering his single gray lock meditatively.

III

STUMPY CONROY, the beggar, opened his office at ten sharp, bankers' hours, as usual. It was a cement square in the sidewalk in Twenty-third Street opposite the side door of the Van Ruyden Trust Company. He displayed his empty trousers leg, his crutch, and his hat baited with a few coins; also, modestly in the background, his excuse for operating a beggar's ticket—chewing gum, shoe strings, pencils, safety pins, and such small fry as are supplied by the Bowery outfitters. Stumpy had been warming this same stone, holding up this same building, for twenty years, rain or shine, fair or foul weather. Business had been better in the days gone by, when the street was the élite shopping district. Then when he assumed his professional dying-calf look, extending his appealing hand, such of the women shoppers as resisted him carried about an accusing conscience for the rest of the day. Now dry goods and notions had departed, and the wholesale glass and china trade had come in; and just around the corner were the garment trades. Home is where the heart is, and Stumpy loved his corner, would fight for it, if needs must, with a vicious violence that few cared to face.

The morning was uneventful. When the big clock overlooking the square announced noon with a great deal of unnecessary detail, the garment workers burst from the buildings like pent-up floods suddenly released. For the most part they were little men with orthodox beards and they talked a great deal with their hands. For the most part, too, they carried two-pound paper sacks, out of which they took, as they talked, onions, unleavened bread, cheese, chocolate and other dainties. Consuming these, they frugally folded their little paper bags and replaced them; and, arm in arm like blood brothers, they would do a certain amount of walking with much the same earnestness as a first-class passenger aboard ship after meals. Others gathered in groups and excitedly discussed trivial trade and barter, hanging spellbound on a word, until Haggerty the cop scattered them like chickens; the city ordinance said they must move and keep in motion, even while carousing over their noonday meal.

Haggerty the cop, passing Stumpy the beggar—whom he pinched now and then just to keep his hand in—whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "There's the Big Fellah!" and moved on, in all innocence. Stumpy rolled his pathetic eyes about and finally located the Big Fellow—no less a person than the famous Deputy Parr himself—in a coupé just turning the corner. There was nothing particularly indicated about the vehicle, but Stumpy's sharp eyes made him out. Stumpy knew all the celebrities. Also he could spot a plain-clothes man on sight.

"There's a bull now!" said Stumpy. The object of this exclamation was a shabbily dressed man gnawing at a piece of cheese, which he frugally held over an open paper sack as he walked. "And there's another!" The second, whose disguise the astute Stumpy pierced without mental effort, affected the airs of wholesale glassware instead of the garment trades. "And there's another!" Stumpy whistled to himself. "Laws! The woods are full of guns! And the Big Fellah, too, ready to pass the office in person! Who says nothing happens on my beat?"

The beggar fixed his gaze with utmost eagerness on the portals of the bank opposite, momentarily expecting it to blow up.

A soldier with an empty sleeve, and one side of his face held together by neglected plaster, paused in front of Stumpy, and remarked in a very cracked voice to no one in particular: "Dog-bite-'em! Look at the nosebags! Count 'em and weep!"

Stumpy raised his sad eyes.

"Hello, buddy. Where'd you leave the good old soup bone, eh?"

The walking hospital-case, before replying, took another look at the assembled garment workers; then without a by-your-leave or wiping his feet on the door mat, he sat down in Stumpy's front office, arranging his empty sleeve to best effect, and stowing his kit bag—packed for a long hike—on one side. With one-armed dexterity he opened a two-pound paper sack of his own, and took therefrom a sandwich, which he balanced on one knee, while he dipped a second time for another, which he proffered to the beggar.

"Well, I'll say that's hospitality—to come visiting and fetch your own grub," commented Stumpy as he bit into the morsel. He eyed the soldier as he chewed. "Where's the other half of your face, buddy?"

"They're making it over—at the 'orspital; they's going to send it to me when it's done." The soldier's eyes sought the side door opposite.

He folded his paper bag about the remaining contents with the utmost care, and began to eat with some difficulty, on account of the plaster. His gaze never left the door opposite.

"All set," he remarked presently in a low tone.

"The Big Fellah must be contracting the job himself. I spotted him just now, rolling round the corner," responded the beggar. "The woods are full of dicks. Look at 'em, falling over each other." There was a sudden tensity in his voice as he whispered without seeming to move his lips, "Here comes your skirt now!"

Anyone watching the precious pair munching their bread in the noonday sun on the cold flags could have detected nothing out of the ordinary in their demeanor at this moment. But as the skirt Stumpy referred to emerged from the side door of the bank the pale gaze of the beggar and the one unobscured hazel eye of the soldier shifted in unison.

She was a shabby-looking young woman, carrying a paper bag under her arm. Hundreds, thousands in the street at this hour had paper bags. But while they ate from their bags this woman held hers firmly beneath her left elbow. Crossing the street she walked rapidly towards the Fifth Avenue corner. In another fifty feet she must pass Stumpy and the one-armed doughboy.

This was Ludwig Telfen's dingy envoy to the bank for his pay roll each week. Parr and Armiston, from the depths of their coupé—which happened to repass at this moment—watched the shabby girl through a porthole. The shabby garment worker, nibbling cheese, turned and approached the young woman abstractedly. The wholesale-glass functionary suddenly appeared from nowhere. Several other dicks converged towards the storm center. The girl herself was utterly ignorant of being the vortex of attraction. Stumpy and his guest continued to munch their bread with no display of interest, though the soldier shifted his kit bag slightly and drew his legs up under him.

As the hurrying little drab woman came abreast, two young men—evidently moving-van helpers, to judge from their linen blouses—suddenly sprang at each other's throats with hoarse oaths. They tackled low, with the ferocity of terriers; and before the one-legged beggar and the one-armed soldier could get out of their snarling path they had catapulted themselves blindly against the girl, upsetting her among Stumpy's stock in trade. As she fell sprawling over the two men her precious paper bag went flying, and grasping futilely to save it she emitted piercing screams.

It was the soldier who sprang to the rescue. With vicious dexterity he planted one foot—shod with the army last—in the face of the farther contestant; at almost the same instant his heavy kit bag described a half circle and took the fight out of the other one. With a quick movement he seized the screaming girl and lifted her to her feet; and before Haggerty the cop could get to the spot the doughboy was tucking a restored paper bag under the arm of the sobbing girl, and brushing her off and reassuring her. Haggerty fell heir to the rowdies. The little messenger hurried on. The soldier sat down and resumed his meal.

"That's the way we have in the Army," he remarked dryly to Stumpy.

The dicks in the audience had held off, waiting a signal from Parr. Now they took

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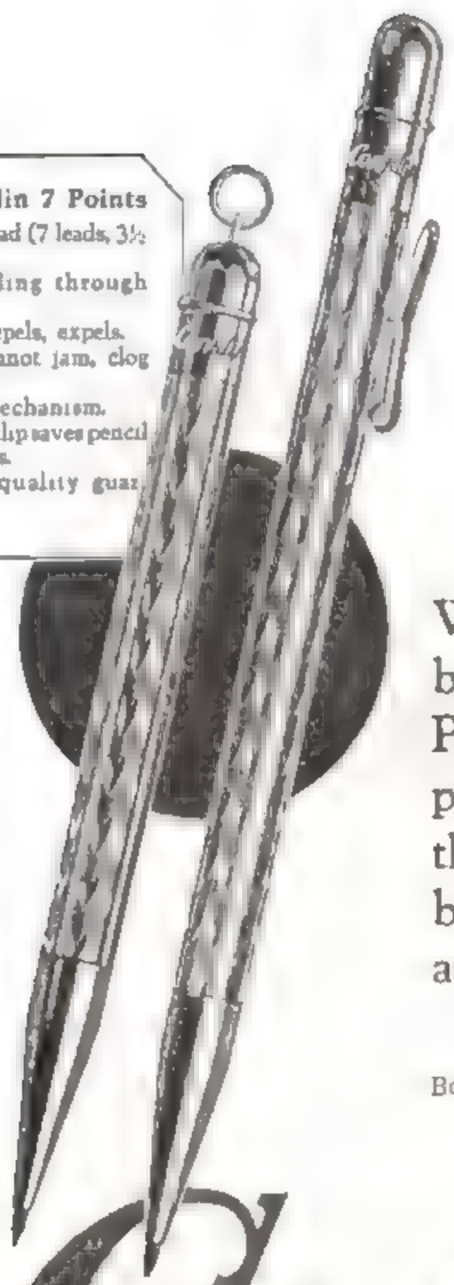
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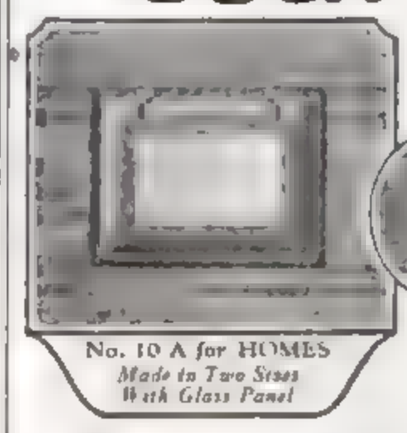

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up the trail again. Parr and Armiston got down and walked.

"I thought for a second they were going to pull it right here," said Parr. "That would have been a bit raw, even for Sophie. I look for the stick-up when she turns into Thirty-second Street off Lexington." He paused in front of the soldier. "You're a good boy yet—even with only one wing," remarked Parr, pleased.

"It's a way we have in the Army," repeated the soldier in a husky voice. He grinned his thanks for the compliment out of one side of his face.

"He's a good scout," offered Stumpy.

For a long moment the soldier eyed the retreating back of Parr.

"Sure," he rasped. And dusting off his lap he got to his feet, shouldered his kit bag, stuffed his paper sack into a pocket. "Well, I'll be hiking—got a long way to go. S'long!"

He crossed the avenue and took a station in front of the park, watching the automobiles go by. Many an invitation was extended to him, for the sight of a wounded soldier still warms the heart of the average driver; but he shook his head, thanking them cheerily. Finally he saw what he sought, a car with a Massachusetts number; he boldly stepped out through the tide and halted it

"How far you going?" asked the obliging driver when the soldier was seated.

"As far as you are."

"I'm for Boston."

"So'm I," agreed the soldier.

"Where you from? We don't see many wounded men on the streets now."

"Fox Hills," said the soldier lugubriously. "Got sick of the grub. Went over the fence last night. They still got half of my face."

They rolled on up the avenue. At One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, as they were about to cross the bridge, a traffic policeman halted them, and compared the number of the driver's registry with the engine number, explaining they were checking up. It was one of Parr's men. For a week not a car had left the city without being stopped and inspected at one point or another.

At White Plains the carefree walking-case changed his mind about the riding qualities of the car he had picked out for his trip north. He said he would drift over to the Post Road after chow; they all stopped for him—he should worry. The obliging driver pressed a five-dollar bill on him for luck.

Ludwig Telfen's dingy little shopgirl, who carried his pay roll in a paper bag, trying to suppress her tears—for she had had an awful shock—if it hadn't been for that soldier!—cut across the park by the fountain, and went up Madison to Thirty-second Street, where she turned east. Her bodyguard sensibly drew their net tighter as they approached the Lexington Avenue block, which seemed to offer possibilities for marauders. Parr and Armiston hurried forward to be in sight. Oliver particularly wanted to see a stick-up—he had read so much about them. It was he who had found the line in the transcription from the whispering gallery in which the gullible old lapidary had confided to the hard-pressed Sophie that he had a dingy girl go to the bank for him and bring back his pay roll in a paper sack. If Sophie were as hard pressed as Parr thought, she would not overlook this opportunity.

Unconscious that she was surrounded by a dozen detectives waiting for the attack to be made on her, the girl pressed on, clutching her bag. Nothing happened. Parr saw her reach and enter the door of Ludwig Telfen's workshop, with something like disgust.

"She must have spotted my flatties," he muttered. "Well, Sophie," he apostrophized that beautiful creature, "you're a wonder! But if you get out of town with those pearls I'll wear a straw hat next Christmas. It can't be done, Oliver. I've got a system ——" And he was explaining his marvelous system of shutting up Manhattan Island when, as they passed the entrance to Telfen's workshop, they were galvanized by a blood-curdling scream.

They dashed in. They found the girl and the office force staring in terror at an open paper bag. Parr peeped in. It contained two ham sandwiches.

"The pay roll! Gone! They took it! It's gone! It's gone!" the girl kept repeating with hysterical insistence.

"Damn the pay roll! It isn't gone. Shut up! Somebody throttle that woman!" groaned Parr. He snatched up the telephone and got the bank. "What did you put in that bag?" he demanded.

"What you told me to—a wad of newspapers," replied the cashier.

"Ham sandwiches!" muttered Parr, pushing the telephone away from him and staring at the open paper sack.

"The soldier! It was the soldier!" wailed the distraught girl behind him, still unconscious that she had been handed a dummy pay roll instead of the real one, at Parr's orders. "Oh, I know it was that soldier! He was eating out of a bag! I saw him!"

"The soldier!" muttered Parr hoarsely.

Workmen about the Kensico Reservoir reported finding that afternoon a discarded uniform marked "D. C."—Deserters' Clothes—and an awful roll of bandages and plaster. It was thought some desperate character had passed that way.

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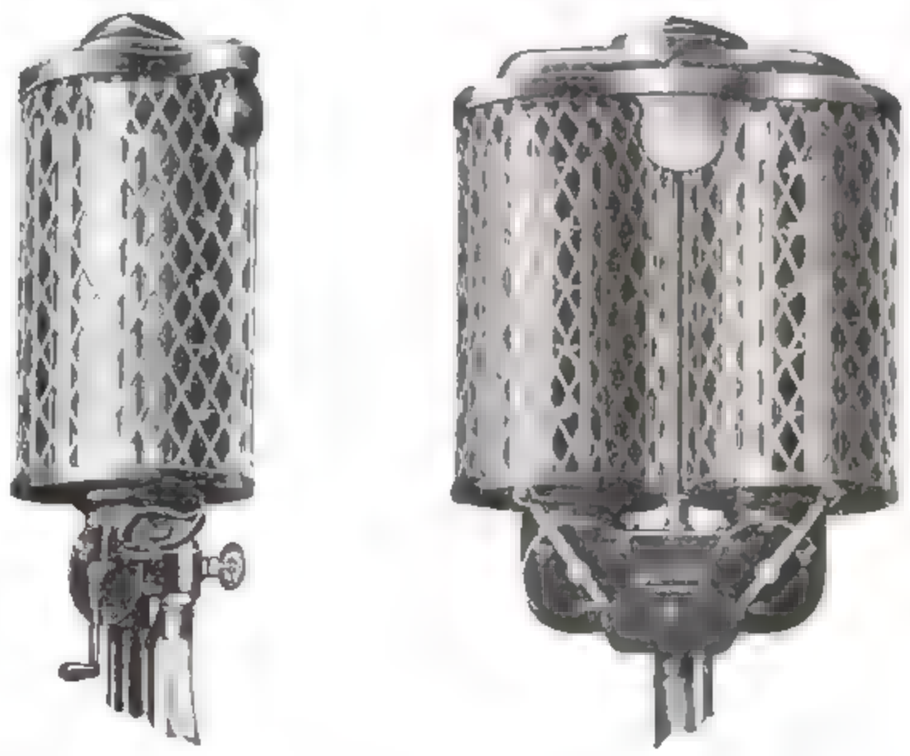

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JOHN JORDAN'S FAN

(Continued from Page 17)

Hamlet's part cut to ten lines, and felt no sense of omission. And indeed by the time he reached Masonic Hall with Margie warm and responsive at his side—a familiar walk this, to a dance at Masonic Hall with Margie in a party dress, eager and prettily possessive, tucked under his arm—Eugénie Bannister, unsung in the saga of his voyage, was already beginning to slip from him, as a poem, heard but once and unwritten and unrehearsed, will drift from memory.

In the dressing room amid a hilarity of welcome from old schoolmates and old neighbors who were his cronies of countless swims, ball games, picnics and parties, he wondered miserably if Margie could be right about the fan. For he thought he could see what her opinion was, beneath her anxiety not to hurt his feelings; and he admitted that he could not imagine any fellow there giving a fan like that to any of the girls chattering on the other side of the thin partition wall.

Upstairs in the ballroom as the hours wore on he was left in no possible doubt of the force of Margie's opinion of the fan, so different from every other fan in the room. He noted that all the rest were massive ponderous matches for the ballooning sleeves and the great flounced skirts of silk and lace; the most daring one was of black silk scrawled with scarlet poppies and worn against a pale blue dress. He did not see Margie display her gift to anyone.

In his presence she showed it only once, and then with ill-disguised reluctance, on request from the owner of the black, who looked at it quizzically and said, "It's awfully novel, isn't it? And quite Parisian! I didn't know they were carrying little ones again over there."

"I don't know that they are," replied Margie, uncomfortable and honest. "This is something rather special. Not—not exactly new. Something—something rare."

"Oh, I see! That's awfully nice!" replied the owner of the black brightly as she moved away.

Margie, rather red, turned to John. "Isn't she stupid? She can't appreciate it!"

But he knew that her blush was not for the stupidity of the owner of the black fan. For the first time a cynical wonder crept into his heart. Was it because she was embarrassed by the picture; or because it wasn't in style; or because, since it was of paper, she underestimated its cost? If he were able to assure her that every girl in Paris—every respectable girl—was carrying a fan like that, or if he should tell her that he had paid sixty dollars for it, how would she act? A short time before almost ready to accept her judgment on his choice, he was now filling with a warm resentment. But so far it was only the part of him that liked to see fair play coming forward to champion a loser that was not getting a square deal.

It remained for a later moment of incredible, unconsidered action to reveal his true allegiance.

There was a space in the second half when for quite six dances Margie was engaged with other partners. One of these dances he had not filled out on his own card, nor was he smoking; he was sitting alone on a high, broad window sill at one end of the hall, swinging his feet, resting his elbow against one of several sofa pillows placed there to relieve its barrenness. As the dance ended the couples sought the chairs along the wall and the great silken fans were lifted from the silken laps and politely wielded by strong arms in broadcloth sleeves. Diagonally opposite with her face turned away from him and toward her partner sat Margie—fanless. And as he looked his elbow slipped from the center of the pillow to its thinner edge and felt an unyielding, irregular hump beneath it. His hand reached under and found the fan hidden there.

With lips pressed close and anger in his eyes he transferred it to his pocket. And there his fingers clutched it, fondled it, stroked it, as if they would never let it go again.

When he hurriedly said good night to her two hours later under a point of dim blue gas light in the Wallace hall the fan had not been mentioned between them. A dozen times on the way home had his fingers gripped it in his pocket, but they did not lift it out and hand it over to her while he spoke the light words he had rehearsed: "Here's your fan, careless girl. You forgot it and I picked it up. You certainly need me to look after you." Instead, he closed the door behind him on an inconclusive, stilted farewell that he found infinitely painful because it seemed to threaten those dreams and plans that had been a very part of him for so long.

Five blocks away as he neared his own home his troubled steps halted abruptly. He had been mad, insane. He had given Margie a gift and then stolen it from her because he was offended when she didn't like it. He had stolen, and from Margie, his Margie. Was that the kind of man a month in Paris had made of him? The thing burned his pocket, his fingers drew back from it as if scorched by touching there an object he had stolen from the girl he loved; for that was what it was, wasn't it? No matter what else it might be, it was that. He could not keep the thing another moment; he could not sleep the rest of the night with it in his possession. No matter what lay behind this queer new difference between them that seemed so trivial and yet so obscurely important too, he could think that over later; he could try to understand that at leisure; but he must return the fan to her instantly, and she must never know what he had done.

He could ring the bell and make his planned speech to her and add that he had forgotten it when he left a few moments ago, and was taking too early a train in the morning to stop with it then. But—and this surprised him—he found he did not want to see her again just yet; not with this confusion upon him, this inexplicable theft not yet cold, as it were. His sole urgency was to return the fan, to get rid of it.

Then he remembered that the Wallace front door was practically never locked, even at night; Holliston was like that, and particularly Maple Avenue and James Wallace. He could simply push open the door stealthily and leave the fan on the hatrack shelf. Margie would find it in the morning and think he had left it there when they returned from the dance. She would infer that his silence was due to injured feelings. It made little difference what she thought, he told himself a little roughly, so long as she had the fan back, so long as he was rid of a stolen article.

He retraced his steps. On opening the door he saw the dim point of gas light still burning, heard a little gasping sob, and Margie was clinging to him and crying.

"You did come back! You did come back!" she whispered. "I waited. I didn't think you could really go back to the city and leave me like that."

His arms closed around her.

"I know you thought I didn't like the fan," she struggled on. "And I couldn't say anything at the end, because I lost it and I didn't want you to know. I hunted, and I told the caretaker, and I'm going back again in the morning and if it hasn't been turned in—I'm afraid it's been stolen—I'm going to offer a reward and ——"

"Never mind about the fan. It's all right. It doesn't matter if it's lost," he heard himself whisper back.

And though when he finally left he was engaged to her, and though he married her and lived with her faithfully and on the whole contentedly till she died twenty years later, that was the last mention between them of the fan Eugénie Bannister had helped him choose in Paris, that fan of which she had said, "It will be a message to your sweetheart that will nevaire lose its beauty, its smiling tender beauty. It is the eternal lo-ove letter that you, my Djohnn, are not poet enough to write. But you will see; she will onderstand!"

III

IN THE middle teens of the new century first his father, then his mother died, the old home was dismantled and sold, and there was shipped to his house on South Nineteenth Street an ancient locked writing case, once his grandfather's, in which he had kept his boyhood treasure. It had gathered dust and cobweb in the Holliston garret ever since it had been moved from the shelf of his bedroom closet after his marriage. On its arrival it lay boxed in his study for weeks till Margie, grown stout and very nearly handsome, made her twentieth expostulation with just the shade

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less of good nature and just the shade more of emphasis that he had learned to acknowledge.

"If you expect to burn up all the stuff in it and not want it any more for yourself, as you say you do," she told him severely, "and if it's possible to put it in good condition you know I want to have it done over for Gretta for Christmas. And here it's November now." Margie had learned to value antiques.

He opened it that night after guests had left and Margie was in bed. On top lay the fan. He had not seen it since the night he became engaged. He spread it open with fingers that suddenly trembled. Paris in May, with Eugénie Bannister!

For a half dozen years now he had not consciously recalled Madame Bannister and Paris in May. Less and less frequently after that June night in Holliston had a red rose in the twilight, an early star glowing in the pale evening sky, the strong sweet smell of the spring earth after rain, a bar of lilting melody from bird or instrument, a painted tree breathing the warm sunshine flung from a canvas square—less and less often had these reached through the so irreproachable overcoats of the absorbed young lawyer and well-cared-for young husband and obedient father, to the heart of Djohnn Djorrdann.

Finally he laid aside the fan to examine the rest of the treasure. He found it a potpourri of bizarre, boyish souvenirs that he could no longer associate with their events. These he discarded with the smiling and only faintly wistful dispatch of successful and healthy maturity. That accomplished, he picked up the fan again, this time not opening it but holding it tight shut in his palm as if he would never let it go. Paris in May, with Eugénie Bannister! Where should he keep it?

And only as he asked himself this question did his other final and painful association with it flood his memory. Good Lord, he had bought it for Margie! And given it to her. And all the rest.

The next morning he slipped it into his pocket, wrapped in the only piece of paper he seemed able to find unassisted, a mauled inadequate scrap of tissue that Margie had used to protect some white neckties he never wore. Arrived at the cluster of communicating rooms loosely called the office, he gave his usual oblivious nod of greeting to his secretary in the outer chamber and proceeded to his inner room, the largest and lightest of the suite occupied by the firm that had developed from Meisson & Whitby, and of which he was now the senior member.

Seated at his desk for action he gave his usual vigorous ring, and the slender woman whom he had just passed entered with his mail. When he had employed Kate Vance a few months before, he had noted with satisfaction that she was personable, quiet, alert and self-effacing; and already she was established in his routine as the ideal secretary, a sort of submerged *alter ego* quite as dependable as himself and of whose appearance and movements he was quite as unself-conscious. Had he really looked at her this morning he might have seen a slight sand-colored woman whose poised maturity protected a shy and unspent and imperishable youth; a woman becomingly dressed in brown, with a delicately modeled face extraordinarily sensitive and aware, and with bright dark eyes that rested on him with friendliness as he sat there frowning heavily at his blotter and drumming his fingers on his desk's edge.

"Can you find me a nice clean piece of tissue paper?" he demanded.

He waited restlessly while she brought him a piece of blue tissue paper, and as soon as he was alone he wrapped the fan with fingers that doggedly checked their impulse to open and spread it once more before they laid it away in that drawer in the safe marked Personal. Only after that was done he turned to his mail.

The weather that week they called Indian summer; the days were mellow and still and golden, and there was a round moon in the night sky. Margie complained that she did not know what had gotten into him and suggested that he consult the doctor, for she understood that irritability and absent-mindedness came from overwork or indigestion or something. But he got over it without medical aid. Fortunately the now famous damage suit of Eastern Steel versus Eastern Tube Wire came to trial shortly after, and he defended the latter exhaustively and minutely before a bored judge and jury for a succession of days whose climax was the victory he had scarcely dared hope for—namely, a defeat with a flaw that gave opening for appeal.

The next fall Margie died suddenly—needlessly, it seemed—without warning. He grieved sincerely and missed her sorely and adjusted himself with difficulty to a new régime ushered in by Gretta's more modern ways. Then Gretta married young Corlies and there was a new series of adjustments to make. Finally, when John Jordan Corlies moved in, requiring an additional suite of rooms for self and nurse, he turned over the entire Nineteenth Street house to the younger generations and transferred himself and Bobbie Burns to the club.

It was shortly after this that his portrait was painted, and by the time it was hanging in the Academy he was well started on the inevitable path; the path which had Margie lived he would have waited a decade or more to enter. He was beginning to eat lightly at noon and heavily at night—or the reverse; it matters little which—to take his grapefruit after his cereal instead of before, and to insist on bread two days old; to disregard the cigar ashes that dropped to his expanding vest; to order his new suit exactly like his old one; to open one window at night instead of two, and to hunt for a draft whenever he smelled fresh air in his office.

And yet, after he moved to the club, where his coming and going were of concern only to himself and where his hours of solitude were plentiful in spite of his increased absorption in his work and his readiness to enter a game of sniff or billiards in the evening, more and more often there slipped into his reverie a vision, a fragrance, a melody of Paris in May, under the tutelage of Madame Bannister. And more and more often there reached his heart through his still so irreproachable overcoat the whiff of arbutus on a street corner in the sunshine, and the young green of the trees budding in the square, and in the autumn their russet glory of transfiguration. They would enter it abruptly, without invitation, while his mind was framing whereases to smite the enemy; and at such times he almost but never quite heard a fugitive reproachful voice, a mere lilting echo of a voice, "Oh, time flies and you are missing me! Are you so blind? Are you so deaf?" Then it would be gone; he had never really heard it; and the devastating whereases would proceed.

It was nearly six o'clock on one of these October afternoons when Gretta called for him at the office to take him home to dinner with her.

She found him still absorbed at his desk, and he pledged her to a quarter hour of silent waiting while he finished the reading of an intricate report on United States versus Wheat Products. The moments passed, with only the muffled sound of typewriter keys still clicking in the outer office and the infrequent turning of the typed sheets in her father's hand. Gretta began an idle examination of the titles of the ponderous volumes on the shelves lining the wall; but they were an old and dull story to her, and she moved on to the safe, whose open door invited inspection. Like a pleased exploring child she seated herself on the floor before this new toy.

As her father finished the last page of the report and flipped the turned sheets back into place he heard an exclamation and swung in his chair. Gretta, a thoroughgoing girl, had come upon the fan. It was spread in her hands and its tissue wrapper lay on the floor.

"What on earth, dad!" she had cried pleasantly, heartily, yet with the faintest seasoning of amusement and disapproval.

Without warning his entire body flamed with the instinct of protection before a threatened danger. Nor was it self-protection, except indirectly so.

"That belonged to your mother!" he said with a snap that resembled a warning growl. "Wrap it up and put it back where you found it."

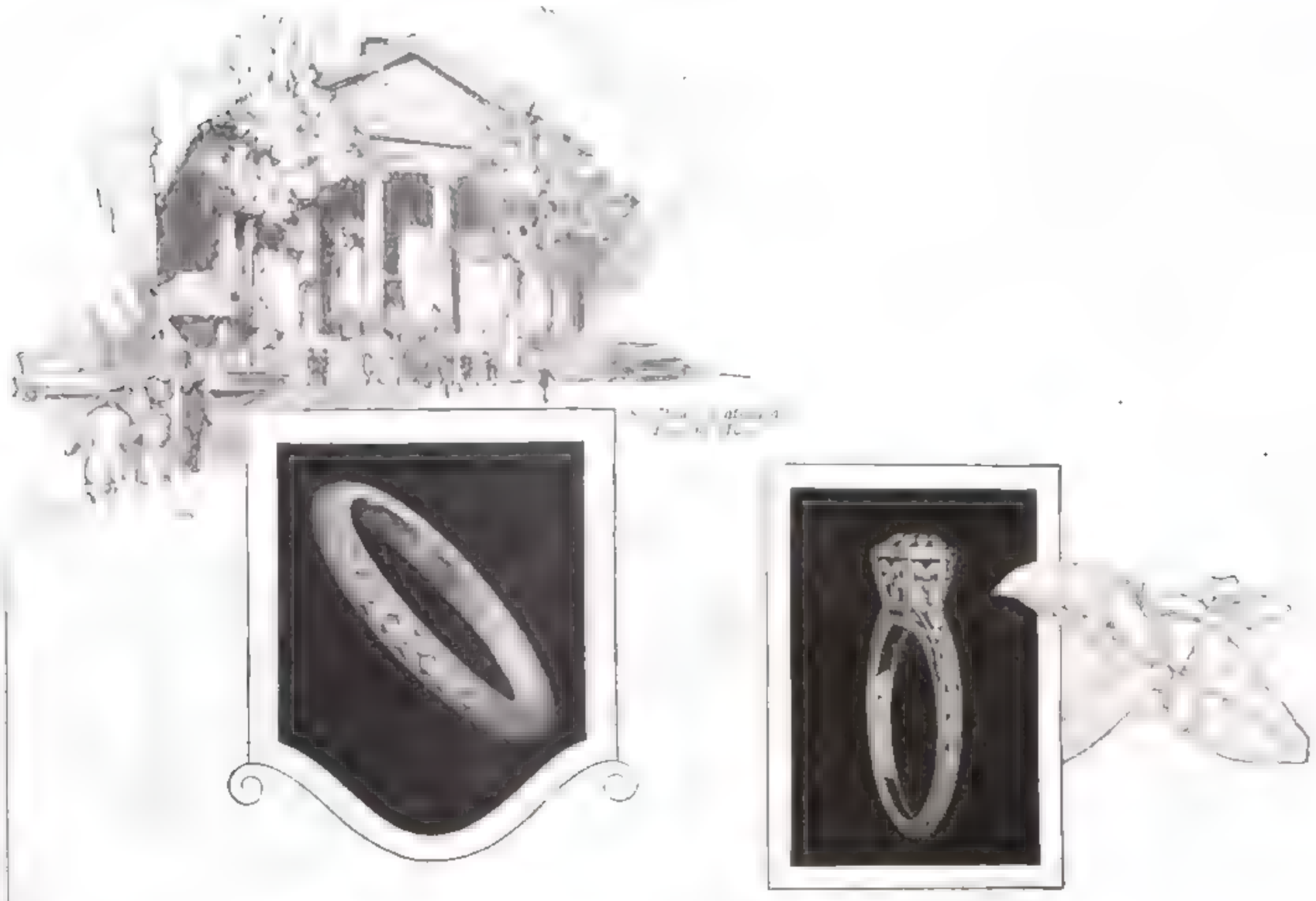
His long legal experience had stood him in good stead; a lie within the law came from him spontaneously and righteously.

"But ——" began Gretta, bewildered.

"Do as I say!"

"But you're crazy, dad," she insisted reasonably. "Why didn't mother ever show it to me, I wonder! And of all funny places to keep it! Can't I have it? She'd want me to have it, it's such a perfectly quaint duck—and valuable, too, isn't it? Besides—eventually, so why not now?"

(Continued on Page 129)



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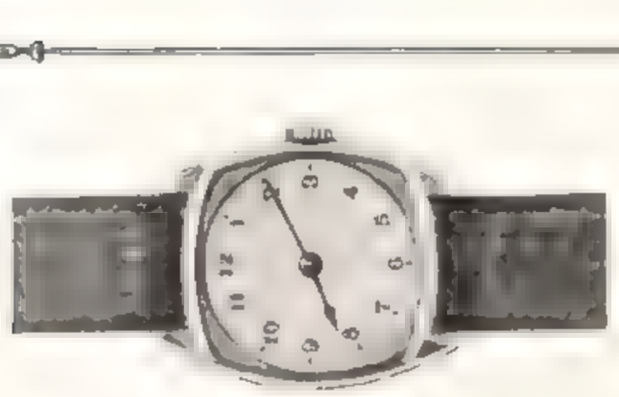

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A watch is not only a necessity for the student—it can be made a source of pride and pleasure as well. Therefore let it be a good timekeeper to inspire respect—in a handsome Wadsworth Case to create admiration and pride of ownership.

Such a watch need not be a gift of extravagance. At prices surprisingly moderate, you will find at your jeweler's a variety of dependable movements beautifully dressed in Wadsworth Cases. Among the Wadsworth creations there are handsome pocket models for the boy, dainty wristlets for the girl, and smart looking strap models for both.

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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO.
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Case makers for the leading watch movements

(Continued from Page 126)

"You put it back," he repeated.

His tone was less firm; its doggedness betrayed, to himself at least, a fear of defeat. But his obvious wretchedness triumphed with her where his bullying had failed.

"All right, angel," she said soothingly with a sigh. "I suppose I was a beast. After all, it isn't any business of mine, is it? I mean your sentimental secrets with mother, and your keepsakes. I have some of my own I wouldn't want the baby to cut his teeth on—while I'm alive to know it anyway." And she wrapped the fan in its blue tissue paper and laid it back where she had found it. "Though I do repeat it's a crazy place to keep it," she added

Arrived in the street he halted abruptly. "You go on, I'll catch up," he said. "Something I have to give Miss Vance before she leaves. Only take a minute."

Kate Vance had been his indispensable secretary now for eight years, and he had raised her salary every year till she was better paid today than any other woman in a similar position in the city. Yet he could still pass her on the street with only belated recognition. She as nearly as possible represented a disembodied abstraction of certain attributes of himself: she was his memory and his sense of order, and his tactful protection from annoyance. Moreover she was the firm's nervous system that perfectly articulated the diverse minutiæ of office routine from rent to postage stamps. Nor did he know that women like Kate Vance do not thus serve for money, though they themselves are often least aware what coin it is that makes them feel so richly paid for giving.

He returned to his inner room, opened the safe, took out the fan, emerged to the outer office and, without glancing at her, laid the parcel on her desk as he hurried past it to the door that led to the corridor. With his hand on the knob he halted and spoke without turning.

"That's something you can give away to some young person for Christmas," he told her gruffly. "Never mind about telling me what you've done with it. The incident's closed." On these words he shut the door behind him.

Before leaving Gretta's that night he gave her a present of a blank check for a new fur coat. When in return she kissed him tenderly and as she thought understandingly he squirmed. But he did not repent, then or thereafter. Refusing to inquire into his reasons, he knew that he could not have acted otherwise, that it was equally impossible for him to bring himself to destroy the fan with his own hands and to contemplate Gretta carelessly waving it in hers after his death.

For a few days he was disturbed, restless, moody. Then he was reabsorbed in the fascinating maze of United States versus Wheat Products.

IV

AT SIX o'clock on an evening in the following January—this January just past—John Jordan was still at work, and through the door came the muffled click of typewriter keys. He and Kate Vance were as usual the only ones left in the office at this hour.

Then the clicking stopped and a moment later his door opened. He looked up in time to see Miss Vance, in hat and coat, reach his table and lay on it, in the bright center of the small circle of light shed by his desk lamp the only light burning in the room—a familiar slender shape wrapped in blue tissue paper.

Again at the sight of it his whole body flamed and tautened.

"What's that?" he demanded, staring at it

"It's the fan you gave me to give away to some young person for Christmas," she answered in her voice of quiet harmony, for which he had always been unconsciously grateful.

"Well, why didn't you?" He was still frowning down at it and his tone was bullying.

There was a faint pause before she answered.

"I intended to. I had a young girl—a cousin selected for it. But when the time came I couldn't."

"Why not?"

There was another faint pause before Kate Vance said:

"She's a very nice girl, but after all she wasn't—suitable."

With a start he shifted in his chair and turned to look at her as she stood with her eyes lowered to the fan. And after eight years he really saw her. He saw her small face lit with spirit as a lantern is lit by a candle from within. He saw framing it her hair, the color of pulled molasses taffy, rough and unruly without being curly, and engagingly spread under a turban edged with beaver fur. He saw her fine lips quiver once and grow still, while he stared at her as if at revelation. The disturbance within him was not settling, but its character was changing rapidly and, as yet, obscurely.

"That's a queer way to put it," he muttered.

Then he mercifully withdrew his gaze, and greatly to his own surprise he pushed the parcel toward her with the blunt command to open it.

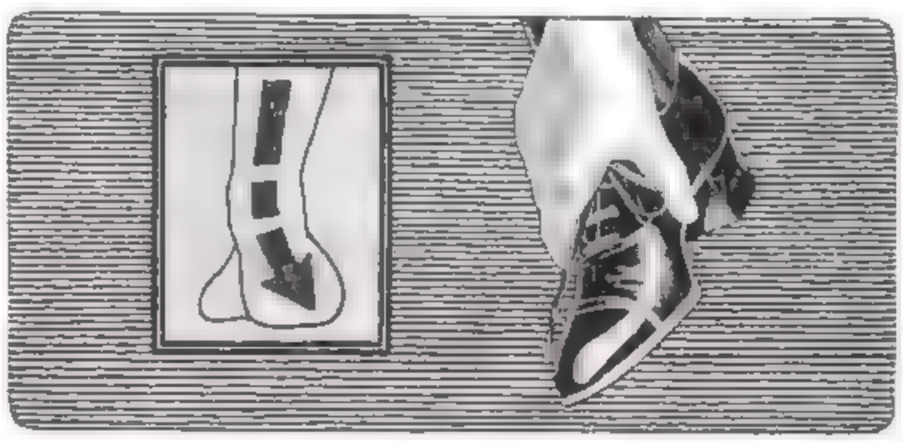
She did so, with fingers that trembled, and the fan lay between them—young love and springtime eternal, little birds on the bough, absurd lambkin with wondering eyes, shameless cherubs, deathless garlands of roses

It lay there in the small circle of light—vivid, potent, alive. It seemed the only reality in the room, while themselves staring at it spellbound from the shadow were but the dun fantasy of a middle age that could never come to pass.

"Why didn't you keep it?" he demanded harshly at last. "I told you the incident was closed."

"I know you did," she answered dreamily. "And I wanted to keep it very much. It's so—so unutterably tender and gay, isn't it?"

"Then why didn't you?"



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"But you see, you gave it to me to give away to somebody young," she explained. "And—oh, it does belong to youth, doesn't it? So how could I keep it? For I'm not—I'm not suitable either!" She said this with a wistful little lilt as lovely as a blossom and as intricately grown; it had its roots in courage and in the charity of laughter and of tears. "Then, too——" She halted.

"Then, too, what?"

He was not polite; he was still bullying her; for the disturbance within him was increasing. And it was beginning to take on astounding and recognizable shape.

"I could see that it meant a great deal to you," she told him gently. "It seemed to me you gave it away on an impulse that you might regret. I thought you might want it back. . . . I think you do want it back."

He did want it back. He could scarcely refrain from reaching out and grasping it and never letting it go again. Or was it the fan?

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "Sit down."

She sat down on the straight chair at the end of his desk, where she sat every day to take dictation, and waited while he fumbled with the typed sheets he had been reading when she entered. When he finally spoke he was busy arranging his pages, his eyes intent on their numerals.

"Will you dine with me to-night?" he inquired abruptly.

There was a moment's silence before she consulted him with a soft gasp of surprise.

"Oh, I don't see—I don't quite see how I can do that, do you?"

He looked up and for the first time since she came into the room their eyes met. It was a startled meeting, helplessly prolonged, followed by a shaken withdrawal.

After another moment he spoke uncertainly, humbly, while he again sorted the pages before him. "I just wanted to tell you about that fan. But I suppose—after all, there's no reason why I shouldn't tell you here—now."

She did not stir. And he did not look at her during the next ten minutes. It was a halting narration, and neither frank nor accurate, made unexpectedly difficult by his loyalty to Margie and to Margie's daughter, and by his honest confusion over the reasons for his own irregular conduct wherever the fan was concerned. Then, too, he had grown overpoweringly conscious of that slight listening figure, so strangely and doubly familiar from the blind intimacy of their long association and from the new intimacy that with each moment, with each revealing phrase given voice at last, seemed more and more a recognition and a rediscovery.

"So—so you see how it is," he concluded lamely. Then he summoned an awkward jauntiness to meet the occasion; it would not do to hurry matters. "Seems an idiotic business all around, doesn't it?" he went on. "Didn't think I was such a romantic young fool, did you? Old fool too. Here I'm fifty-two, and kept it up. Not that fifty-two's old. Sounds young enough when you say it. But I'm old—or I have been more or less all my life. Don't suppose it's necessary. I suppose—I suppose one can get over it, eh?"

When Kate Vance still said nothing he turned to her sharply. But he could see only her downcast lids and tremulous lips. She was not meeting jauntiness with jauntiness, and his own fled.

"You'll keep the fan now, won't you?" he asked her gruffly. "Needn't commit you to anything, you know."

Still she did not stir, but sat there motionless with bent head.

He rose and stood beside her, laid his hand on her shoulder. And at the touch he knew that, willy nilly, matters were hurrying him.

"You—you will keep it, won't you?" he begged. "I want you to. I think—it was for you I bought it."

She nodded blindly.

"Stand up," he whispered.

She rose.

"Look at me."

Slowly she obeyed.

His arms closed around her with determination. She gasped, quivered, and was still.

"There's no time to waste—I'm fifty-two," he then stated defensively. "And there's no need for circumlocution. You've known me for the last eight years. And I've known you since I was twenty-five."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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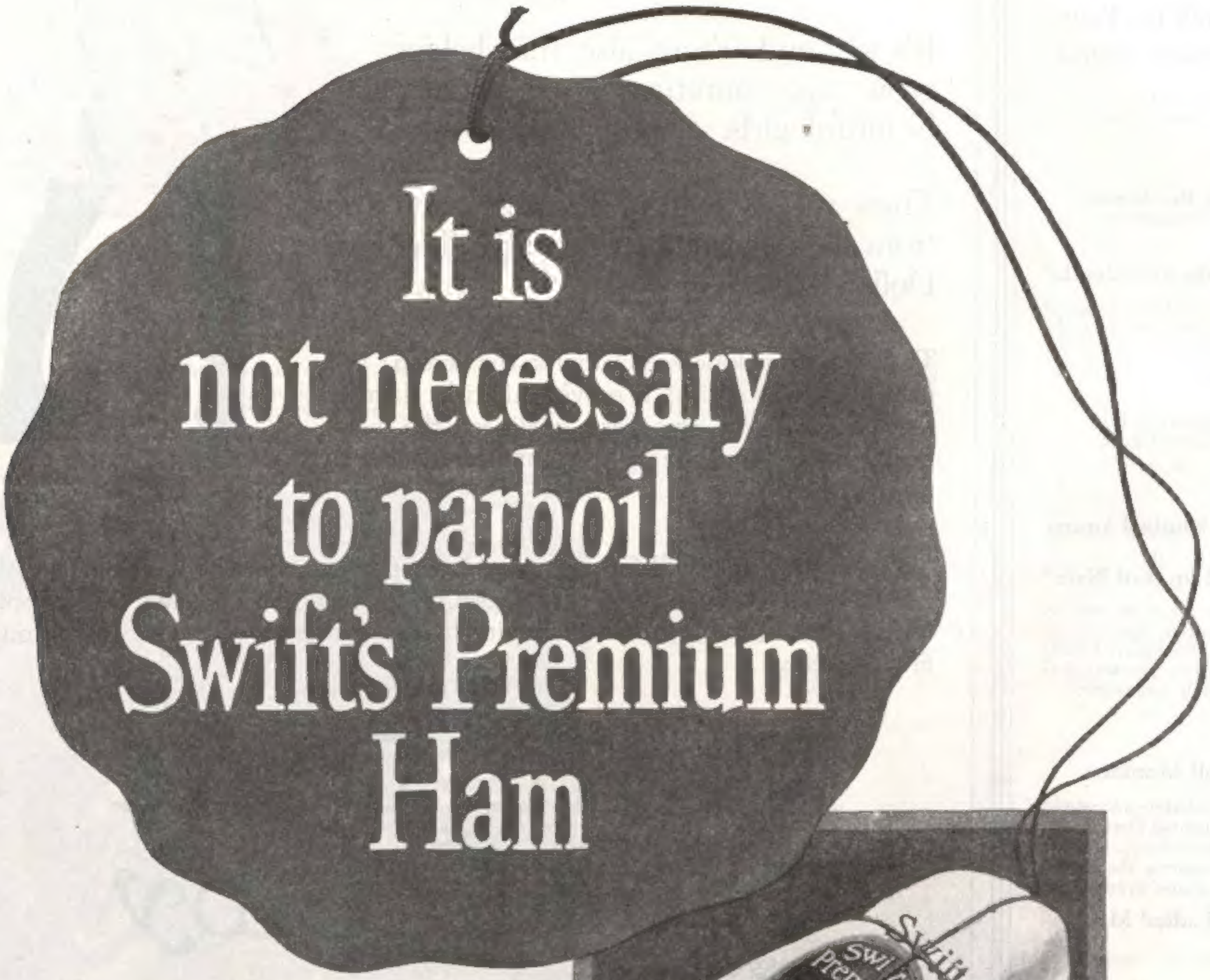

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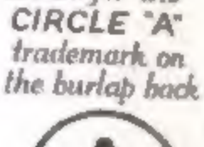

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